TRIUMPHANT SONGS

No. 2

By

E. O. EXCELL.

PRICE,

BY MAIL, B'DS. 35c EACH.

BY EXPRESS NOT PREPAID

$3.60 PER DOZ. $30.00 PER 100

Published by
E. O. EXCELL
CLARK & ADAMS STS.
CHICAGO ILL.
LAKESIDE BLDG.

CLOTH COVERS 50 EACH 5.00 PER DOZ.

J. D. HAMMOND,
1037 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Gift of
Walter Morritt

Accession No. _____

Date _____

TRIUMPHANT SONGS

No. 2

By

E. O. EXCELL.

PRICE,

BY MAIL, B'DS. 35¢ EACH.

BY EXPRESS NOT PREPAID

$3.60 PER DOZ. $30.00 PER 100

Published by
E. O. EXCELL
CLARK & ADAMS STS.
CHICAGO ILL. LAKESIDE B'LD'G

CLOTH COVERS 50¢ EACH $5.00 PER. DOZ.

EXB

PRELUDE.

I bespeak for "Triumphant Songs No. 2," your careful consideration in the hope that it will sing it's own praise.

Yours truly,

E. O. EXCELL,

Publisher.

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL LIBRARY

CAUTION.—The words and music of almost all the pieces in "Triumphant Songs No 2" are copyright property. All rights of republication of either the words or music, separate or combined, are reserved, and will be defended by the owners of the copyrights.

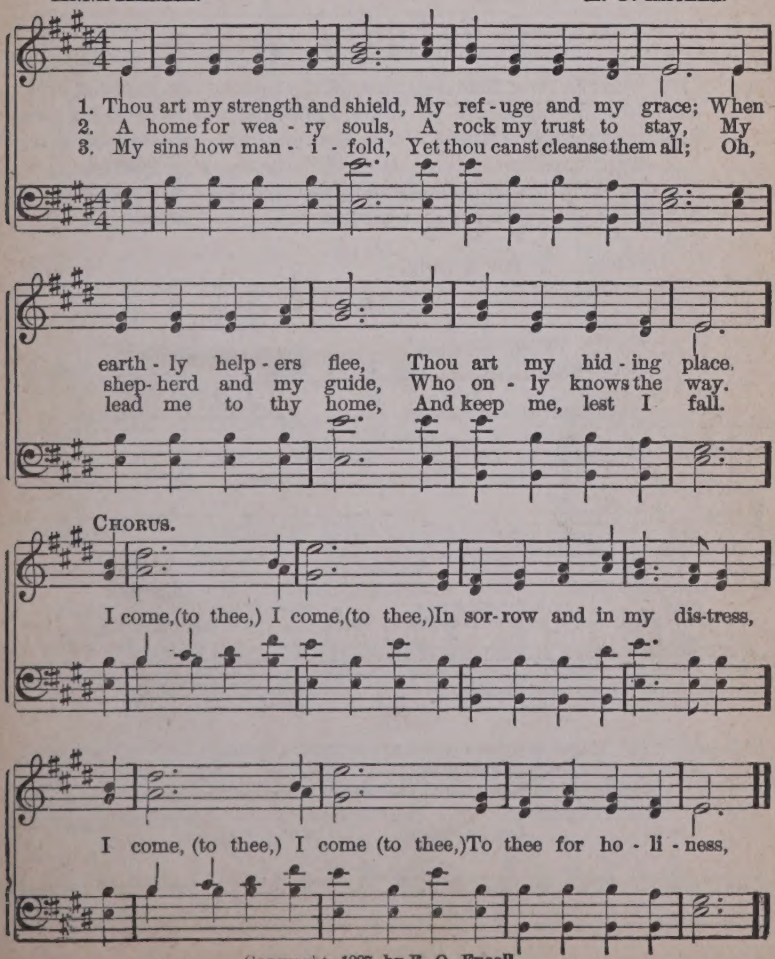
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.
Copyright, in England and Canada by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

T. S. Bigelow, Music Typographer, Chicago.

Triumphant Songs
No. 2.

No. 1. I Come to Thee.

ANNA MARLIM. E. O. EXCELL.

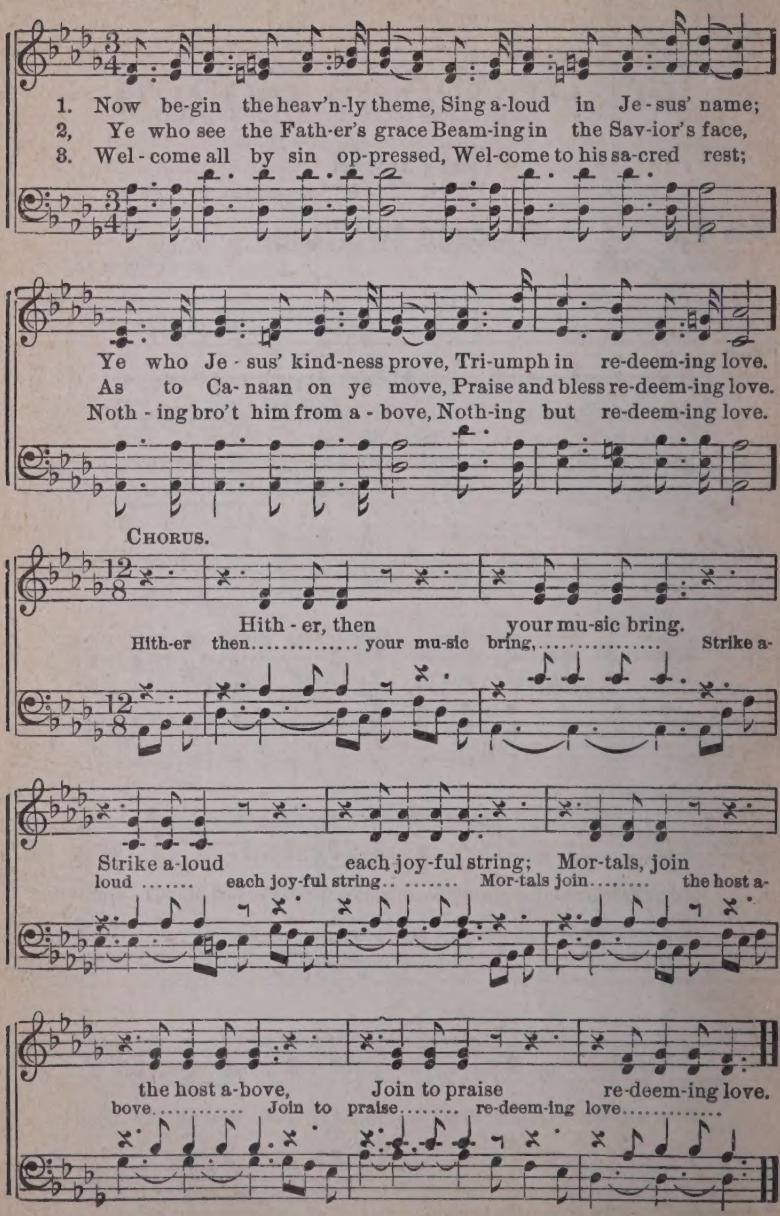

1. Thou art my strength and shield, My ref - uge and my grace; When
2. A home for wea - ry souls, A rock my trust to stay, My
3. My sins how man - i - fold, Yet thou canst cleanse them all; Oh,
earth - ly help - ers flee, Thou art my hid - ing place.
shep - herd and my guide, Who on - ly knows the way.
lead me to thy home, And keep me, lest I fall.
CHORUS.
I come,(to thee,) I come,(to thee,)In sor - row and in my dis - tress,
I come, (to thee,) I come (to thee,)To thee for ho - li - ness,

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

27028

No. 2. Redeeming Love.

M. MADAN. H. A. LEWIS.


1. Now be-gin the heav'n-ly theme, Sing a-loud in Je-sus' name;
2, Ye who see the Fath-er's grace Beam-ing in the Sav-ior's face,
3. Wel-come all by sin op-pressed, Wel-come to his sa-cred rest;
Ye who Je-sus' kind-ness prove, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing love.
As to Ca-naan on ye move, Praise and bless re-deem-ing love.
Noth-ing bro't him from a-bove, Noth-ing but re-deem-ing love.
CHORUS.
Hith-er, then your mu-sic bring.
Hith-er then..... your mu-sic bring,..... Strike a-
Strike a-loud each joy-ful string; Mor-tals, join
loud ..... each joy-ful string..... Mor-tals join..... the host a-
the host a-bove, Join to praise re-deem-ing love.
bove..... Join to praise..... re-deem-ing love.....

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 3. At Jesus' Feet.

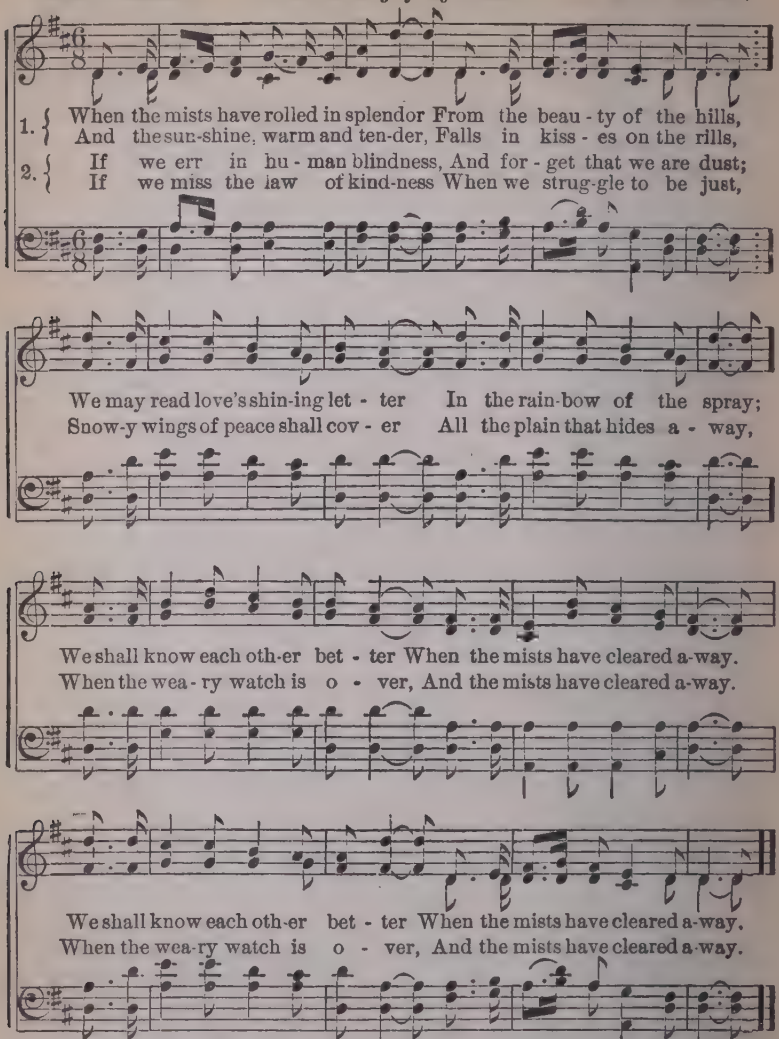
E. A. HOFFMAN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. At Je - sus' feet, O joy so sweet! I found for-give-ness free, And
2. At Je - sus' feet, O shel-ter sweet! My spir-it seeks for rest, And
3. At Je-sus' feet, O place so sweet! I find new strength each day, And
4. At Je - sus' feet, that blest retreat, My soul would ev-er be, To
CHO.
in the ful-ness of his love He breathed his peace on me. O
finds a sure and safe re-treat Up - on his lov-ing breast. O
grace to help in time of need, And courage on the way. O
gaze in - to his lov-ing face Who shed his blood for me. O
joy so sweet! at Je - sus feet My soul has found re - treat,
And there al-way my soul would stay, For that is heav'n to me, And
there al-way my soul would stay, For that is heav'n to me.

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 4. When the Mists.

ANNA HERBERT. *To the memory of my Mother* E. O. EXCELL.


1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau - ty of the hills,
And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kind-ness When we strug-gle to be just,
We may read love's shin-ing let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray;
Snow-y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way,
We shall know each oth-er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
We shall know each oth-er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea-ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.

3 When the silver mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
‖: Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists have cleared away. :‖

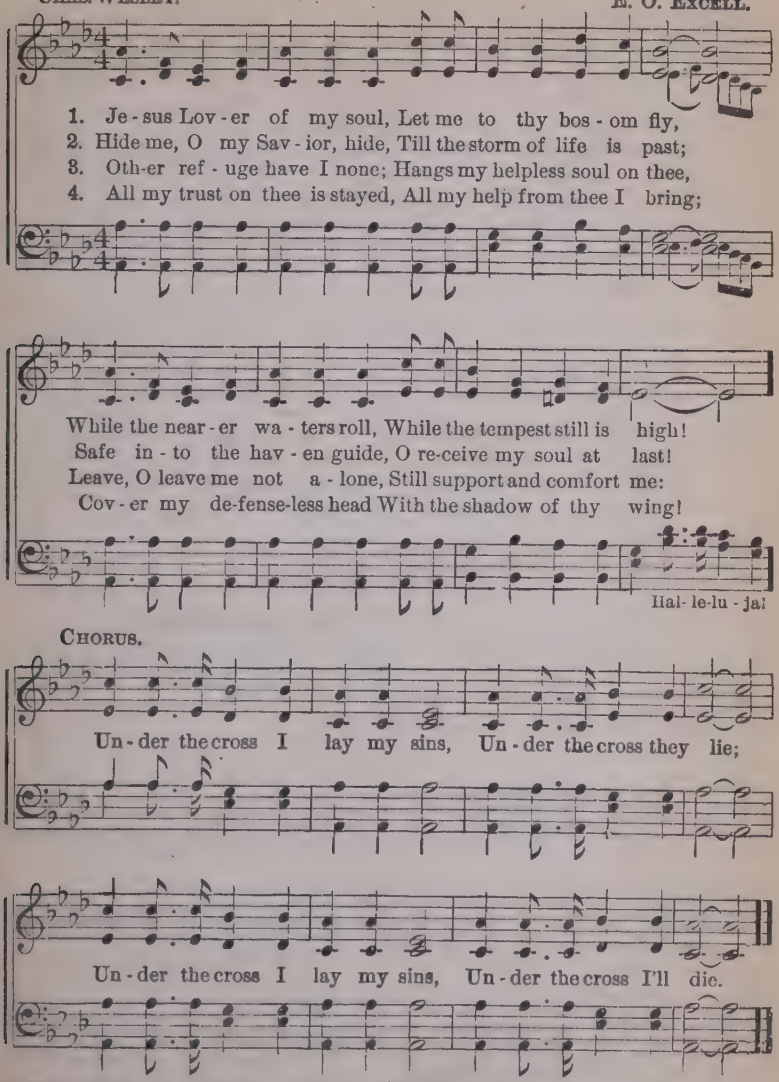
4 When the mists have risen above us,
As our father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known
Lo! beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
‖: Heart to heart we bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away. :‖

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 5. Under the Cross.

To my choir, Sam Jones meetings, Durham, N. C.

CHAS. WESLEY. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Je - sus Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth-er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
4. All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me:
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shadow of thy wing!
Hal - le-lu - ja!
CHORUS.
Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross they lie;
Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross I'll die.

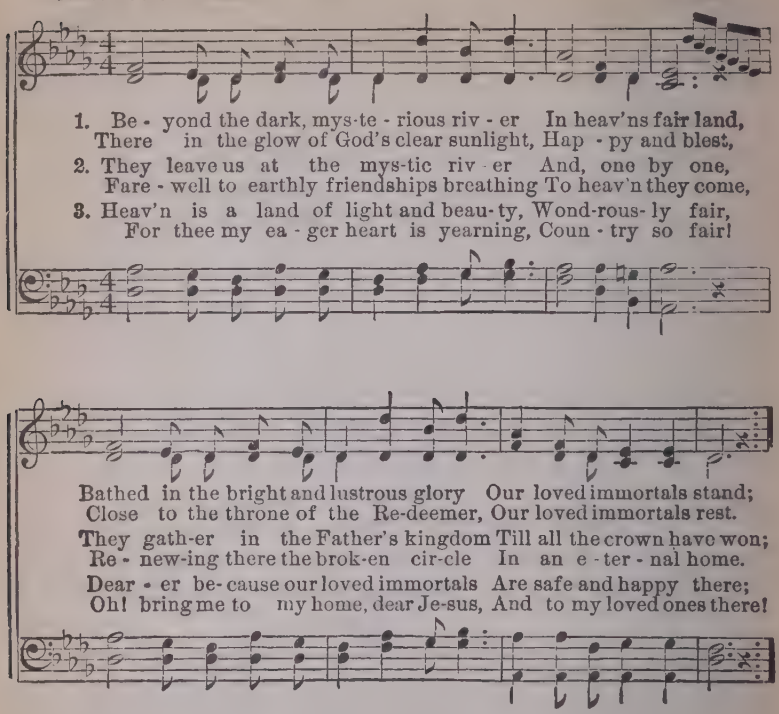
5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee.
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

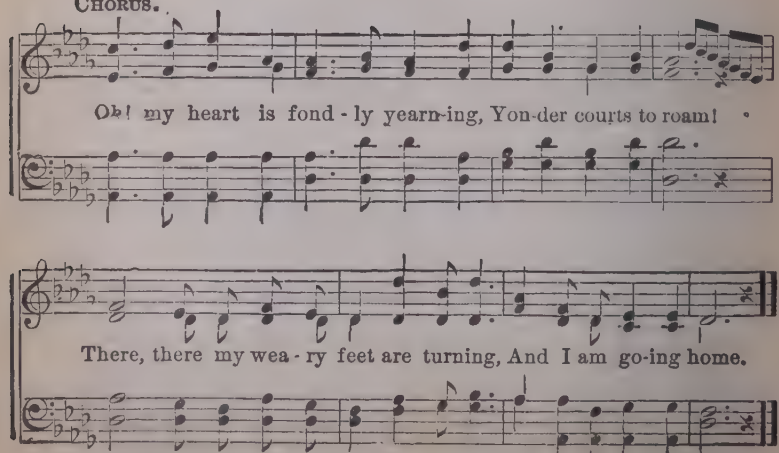
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 6. I am going Home.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. FOSTER.


1. Be - yond the dark, mys-te - rious riv - er In heav'ns fair land,
There in the glow of God's clear sunlight, Hap - py and blest,
2. They leave us at the mys-tic riv - er And, one by one,
Fare - well to earthly friendships breathing To heav'n they come,
3. Heav'n is a land of light and beau-ty, Wond-rous-ly fair,
For thee my ea - ger heart is yearning, Coun - try so fair!
Bathed in the bright and lustrous glory Our loved immortals stand;
Close to the throne of the Re-deemer, Our loved immortals rest.
They gath-er in the Father's kingdom Till all the crown have won;
Re - new-ing there the brok-en cir-cle In an e - ter - nal home.
Dear - er be-cause our loved immortals Are safe and happy there;
Oh! bring me to my home, dear Je-sus, And to my loved ones there!

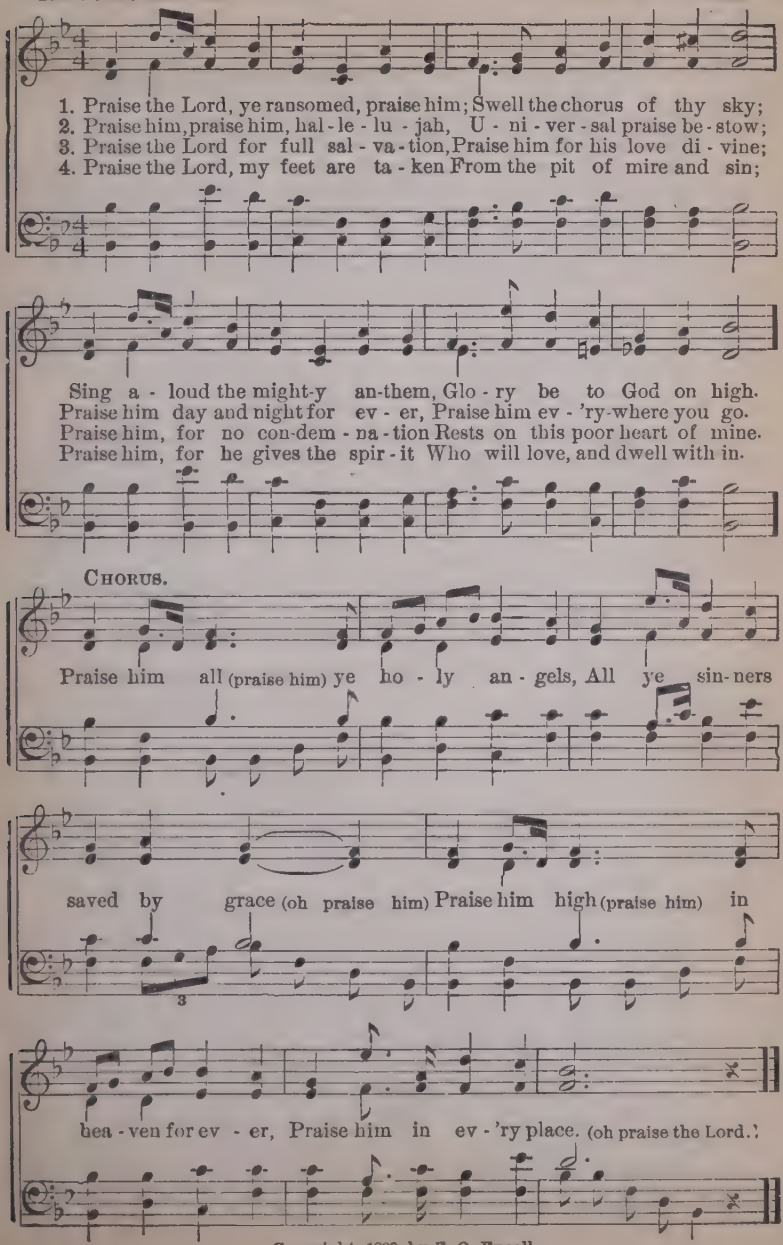
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell. Melody by per. O. Ditson & Co.

No. 7. Praise the Lord!

REV. JNO. MCPHAIL. J. M. DUNCAN.


1. Praise the Lord, ye ransomed, praise him; Swell the chorus of thy sky;
2. Praise him, praise him, hal - le - lu - jah, U - ni - ver - sal praise be - stow;
3. Praise the Lord for full sal - va - tion, Praise him for his love di - vine;
4. Praise the Lord, my feet are ta - ken From the pit of mire and sin;
Sing a - loud the might-y an-them, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Praise him day and night for ev - er, Praise him ev - 'ry-where you go.
Praise him, for no con-dem - na - tion Rests on this poor heart of mine.
Praise him, for he gives the spir - it Who will love, and dwell with in.
CHORUS.
Praise him all (praise him) ye ho - ly an - gels, All ye sin-ners
saved by grace (oh praise him) Praise him high (praise him) in
hea - ven for ev - er, Praise him in ev - 'ry place. (oh praise the Lord.)

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 8. More Love to Thee.

MRS. E. P. PRENTISS. HUTCHISON. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee!
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain;
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per thy praise;
Hear thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee;
Now, thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best;
Sweet are thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain,
This be my part-ing cry, My heart shall raise;
This is my earn-est plea, More love to thee;
This all my prayer shall be, More love to thee;
When they can sing with me,— More love to thee;
This still its prayer shall be, More love to thee;
More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 9. Blessed be the Fountain.

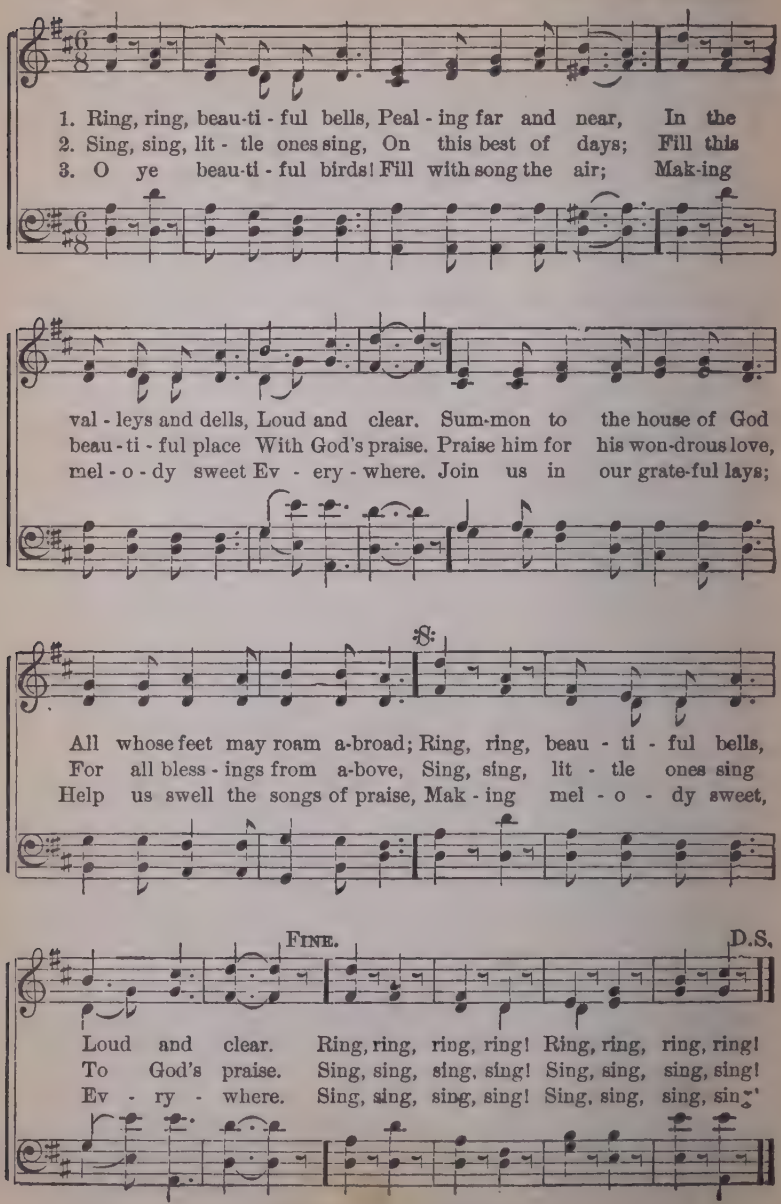
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Blessed be the fountain of life to-day! Flowing free,
2. Many have been cleansed in that fount for sin, Flowing free,
3. Lin-ger not a-way from this fountain pure, Flowing free, Flow-ing free,
flow-ing free, There the soul may wash all its guilt a-way,
Man-y yet, will come, and will wash there-in,
flow-ing free, so free, For the guilt-y soul 'tis a wond'rous cure,
Chorus.
In that foun-tain of life, flow-ing free! Oh!..... the
Blessed foun-tain of life, flow-ing free!
Blessed foun-tain of life, flow-ing free! Oh the blessed fount,
bless-ed foun-tain of life! free-ly flow-ing, To..... that
the bless-ed fount, To that bless-ed fount,
rit. Repeat ad lib.
bless-ed foun-tain, I'll go and I'll wash, and be clean.
the fount of life, be clean.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 10. Ring, Beautiful Bells!

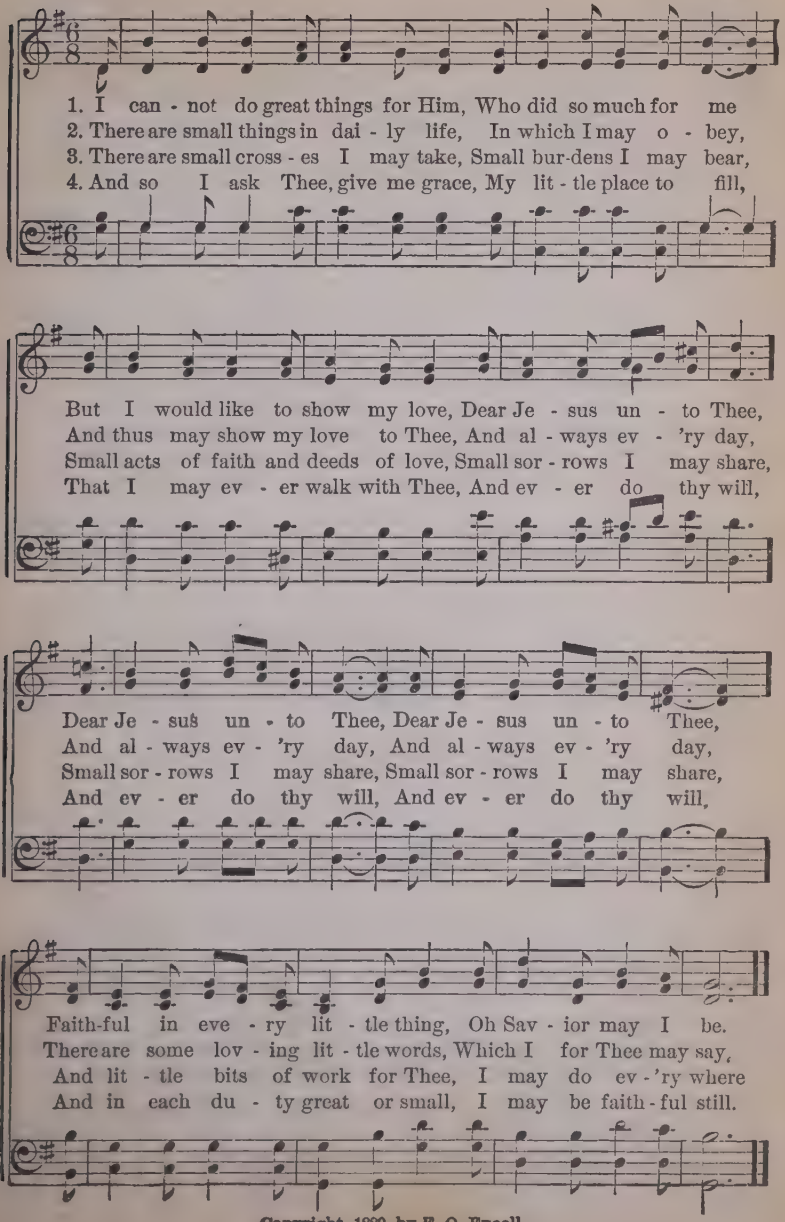
E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Ring, ring, beau-ti-ful bells, Peal-ing far and near, In the
2. Sing, sing, lit-tle ones sing, On this best of days; Fill this
3. O ye beau-ti-ful birds! Fill with song the air; Mak-ing
val-leys and dells, Loud and clear. Sum-mon to the house of God
beau-ti-ful place With God's praise. Praise him for his won-drous love,
mel-o-dy sweet Ev-ery-where. Join us in our grate-ful lays;
All whose feet may roam a-broad; Ring, ring, beau-ti-ful bells,
For all bless-ings from a-bove, Sing, sing, lit-tle ones sing
Help us swell the songs of praise, Mak-ing mel-o-dy sweet,
FINE.
D.S.
Loud and clear. Ring, ring, ring, ring! Ring, ring, ring, ring!
To God's praise. Sing, sing, sing, sing! Sing, sing, sing, sing!
Ev-ry-where. Sing, sing, sing, sing! Sing, sing, sing, sing!

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 11. A Child's Service.

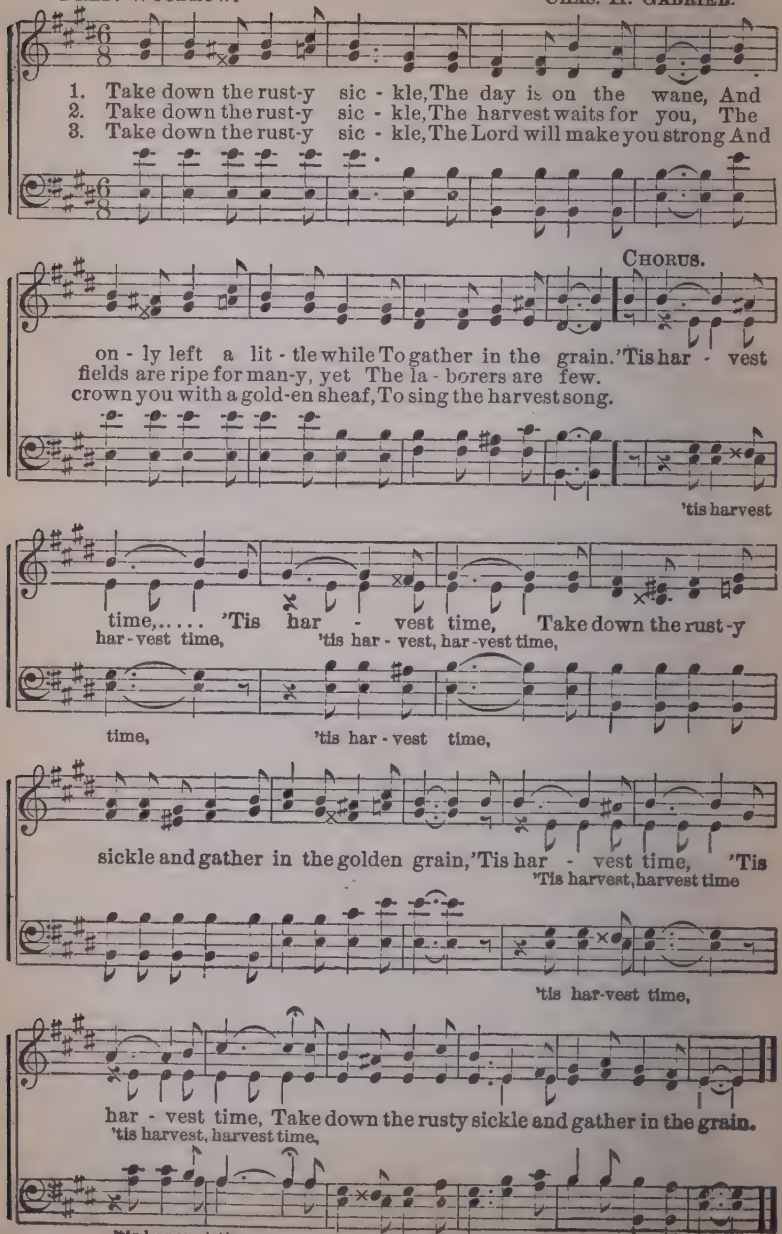
MRS. A. C. WALTON. J. M. DUNCAN.


1. I can - not do great things for Him, Who did so much for me
2. There are small things in dai - ly life, In which I may o - bey,
3. There are small cross - es I may take, Small bur-dens I may bear,
4. And so I ask Thee, give me grace, My lit - tle place to fill,
But I would like to show my love, Dear Je - sus un - to Thee,
And thus may show my love to Thee, And al - ways ev - 'ry day,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love, Small sor - rows I may share,
That I may ev - er walk with Thee, And ev - er do thy will,
Dear Je - sus un - to Thee, Dear Je - sus un - to Thee,
And al - ways ev - 'ry day, And al - ways ev - 'ry day,
Small sor - rows I may share, Small sor - rows I may share,
And ev - er do thy will, And ev - er do thy will,
Faith-ful in eve - ry lit - tle thing, Oh Sav - ior may I be.
There are some lov - ing lit - tle words, Which I for Thee may say,
And lit - tle bits of work for Thee, I may do ev - 'ry where
And in each du - ty great or small, I may be faith - ful still.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 12. The Rusty Sickle.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Take down the rust-y sic - kle, The day is on the wane, And
2. Take down the rust-y sic - kle, The harvest waits for you, The
3. Take down the rust-y sic - kle, The Lord will make you strong And
CHORUS.
on - ly left a lit - tle while To gather in the grain. 'Tis har - vest
fields are ripe for man-y, yet The la - borers are few.
crown you with a gold-en sheaf, To sing the harvest song.
'tis harvest
time,..... 'Tis har - vest time, Take down the rust-y
har - vest time, 'tis har - vest, har - vest time,
time, 'tis har - vest time,
sickle and gather in the golden grain, 'Tis har - vest time, 'Tis
'Tis harvest, harvest time
'tis har-vest time,
har - vest time, Take down the rusty sickle and gather in the grain.
'tis harvest, harvest time,
'tis har-vest time,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 13. Lift up the Cross.

C. C. HUNT. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Here stands the cross of the cru-ci-fied one, Sym-bol of faith in the
2. Cross of the might-y one, tho' cru-ci-fied, Sym-bol of death, here the
3. Sym-bol of death, yet the symbol of life, Death is now conquered, the
4. Gods of the heathen must crumble and fail, Systems of er-ror prove
5. Fal-ter not! Wav-er not! Faithful endure, Stand by the sa-cred cross
Fa-ther's dear Son, Sym-bol of vic-to-ries yet to be won,
dear Sav-ior died, Source of that foun-tain of blood from his side
cross is now rife On-ly, with pow-er to van-quish all strife,
worth-less and frail, Christ and his cross at the last must pre-vail,
tri-umph se-cure, Great is the rich reward, cer-tain and sure,
CHORUS.
By this we con-quer. Lift up the cross! Lift up the cross!
High o-ver sin with its ru-in and loss, Urge on the might-y strife,
Fight for e-ter-nal life, Lift up the cross! Lift up the cross!

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 14. All for Jesus.

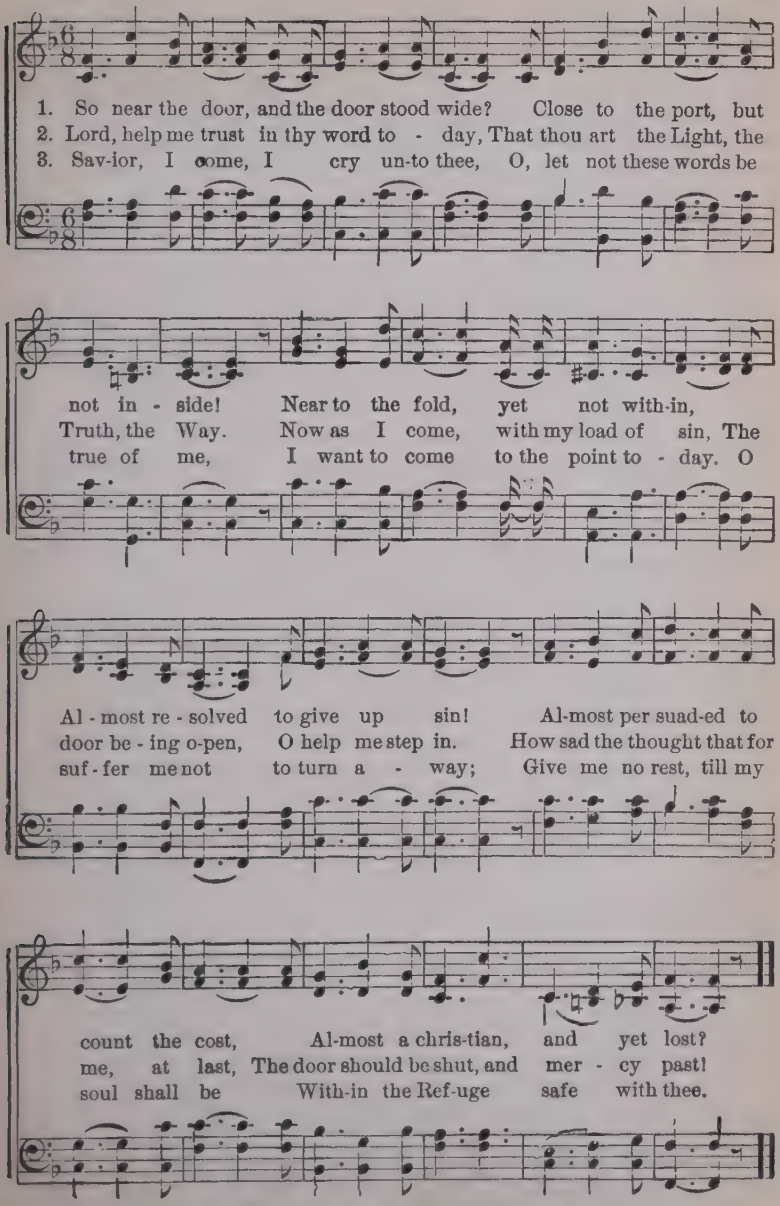
REV. J. B. ATCHISON. *To the "Deaconesses" of America.* E. O. EXCELL.

1. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
2. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
3. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
4. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
All my heart I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
All my love I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
All my life I give to Je - sus, It belongs to him,
Ev - er-more to be his dwelling, Ev - er-more his prais-es swelling,
Pleading for the young and hoar-y, Tell - ing of his pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing him for love un - ceas-ing, For his mer - cy e'er in-creas - ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,
Ev - er-more his good-ness tell-ing, It belongs to him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It belongs to him.
For his watchcare nev - er ceas-ing, It belongs to him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It belongs to him.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 15. Almost.

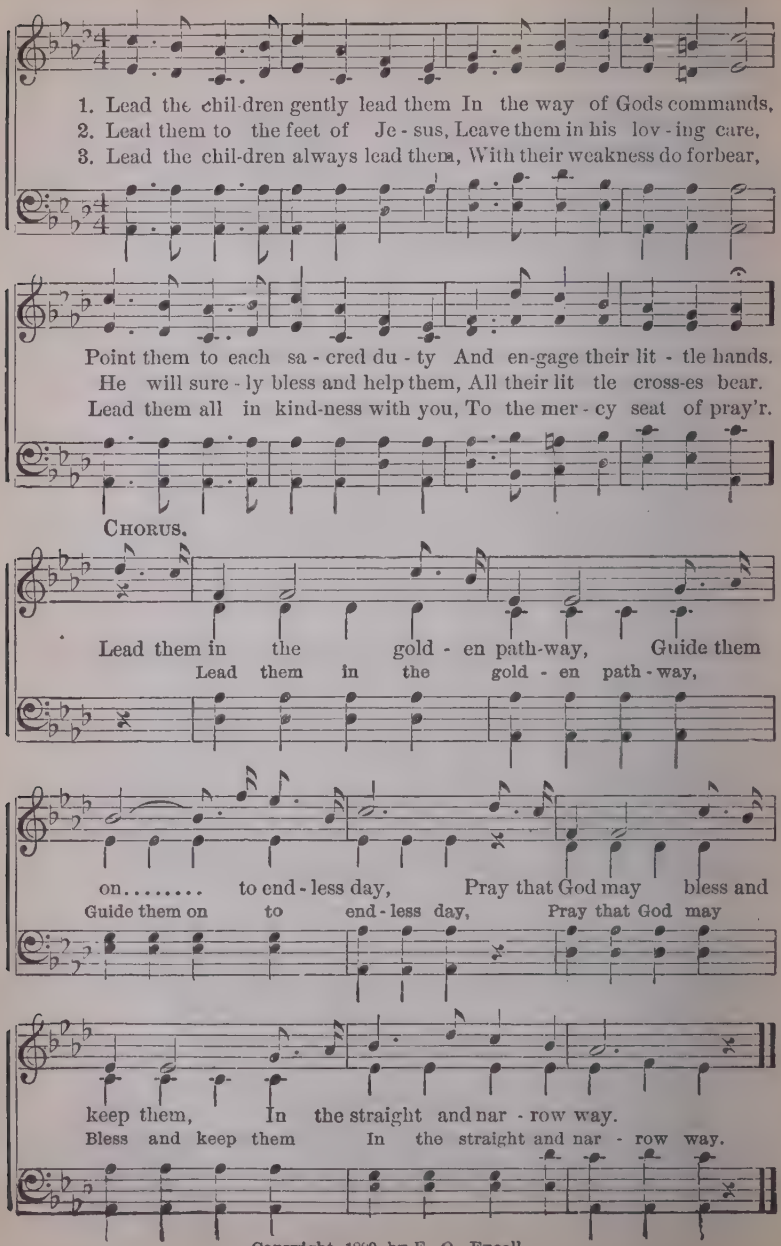
MRS. O. F. WALTON. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. So near the door, and the door stood wide? Close to the port, but
not in - side! Near to the fold, yet not with-in,
Al - most re - solved to give up sin! Al-most per suad-ed to
count the cost, Al-most a chris-tian, and yet lost?
2. Lord, help me trust in thy word to - day, That thou art the Light, the
Truth, the Way. Now as I come, with my load of sin, The
door be - ing o-pen, O help me step in. How sad the thought that for
me, at last, The door should be shut, and mer - cy past!
3. Sav-ior, I come, I cry un-to thee, O, let not these words be
true of me, I want to come to the point to - day. O
suf - fer me not to turn a - way; Give me no rest, till my
soul shall be With-in the Ref-uge safe with thee.

Copyright, 1885, by. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

No. 16. Lead the Children.

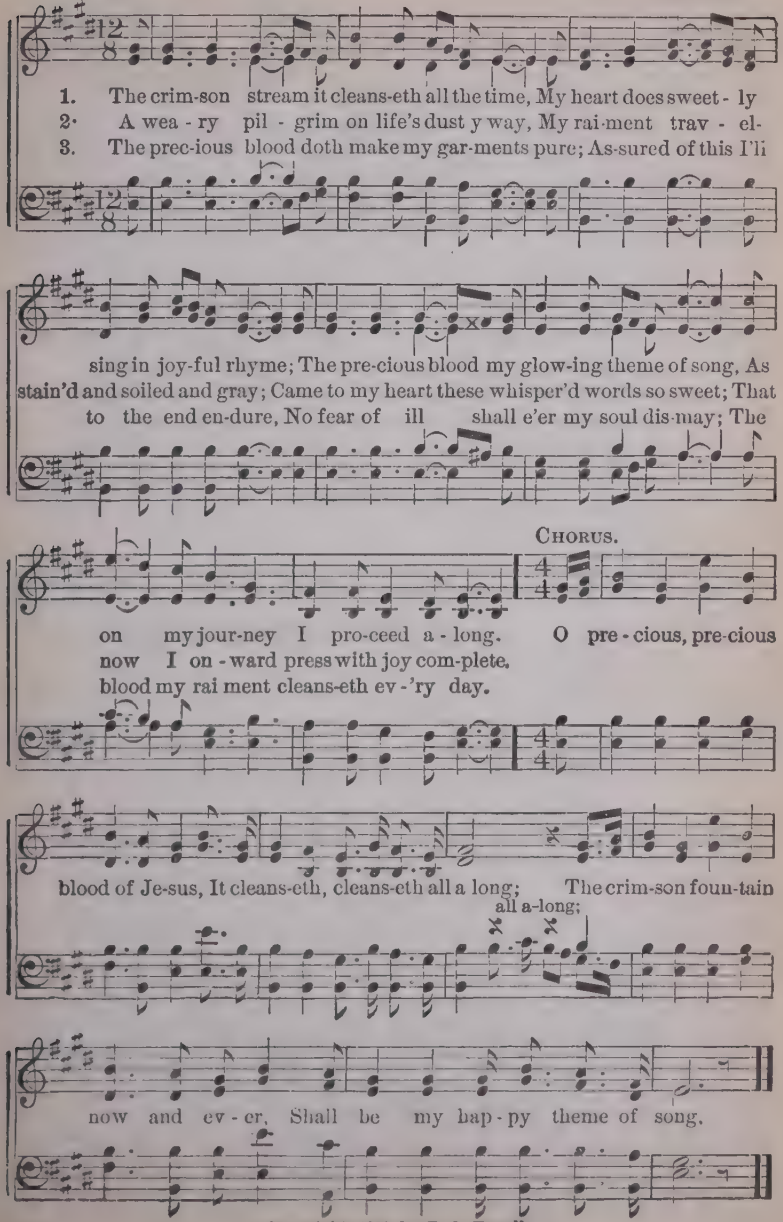
REV. JNO. MCPHAIL. J. M. DUNGAN.


1. Lead the chil-dren gently lead them In the way of Gods commands,
2. Lead them to the feet of Je-sus, Leave them in his lov-ing care,
3. Lead the chil-dren always lead them, With their weakness do forbear,
Point them to each sa-cred du-ty And en-gage their lit-tle hands.
He will sure-ly bless and help them, All their lit tle cross-es bear.
Lead them all in kind-ness with you, To the mer-cy seat of pray'r.
CHORUS.
Lead them in the gold-en path-way, Guide them
Lead them in the gold-en path-way,
on..... to end-less day, Pray that God may bless and
Guide them on to end-less day, Pray that God may
keep them, In the straight and nar-row way.
Bless and keep them In the straight and nar-row way.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 17. The Cleansing Blood.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

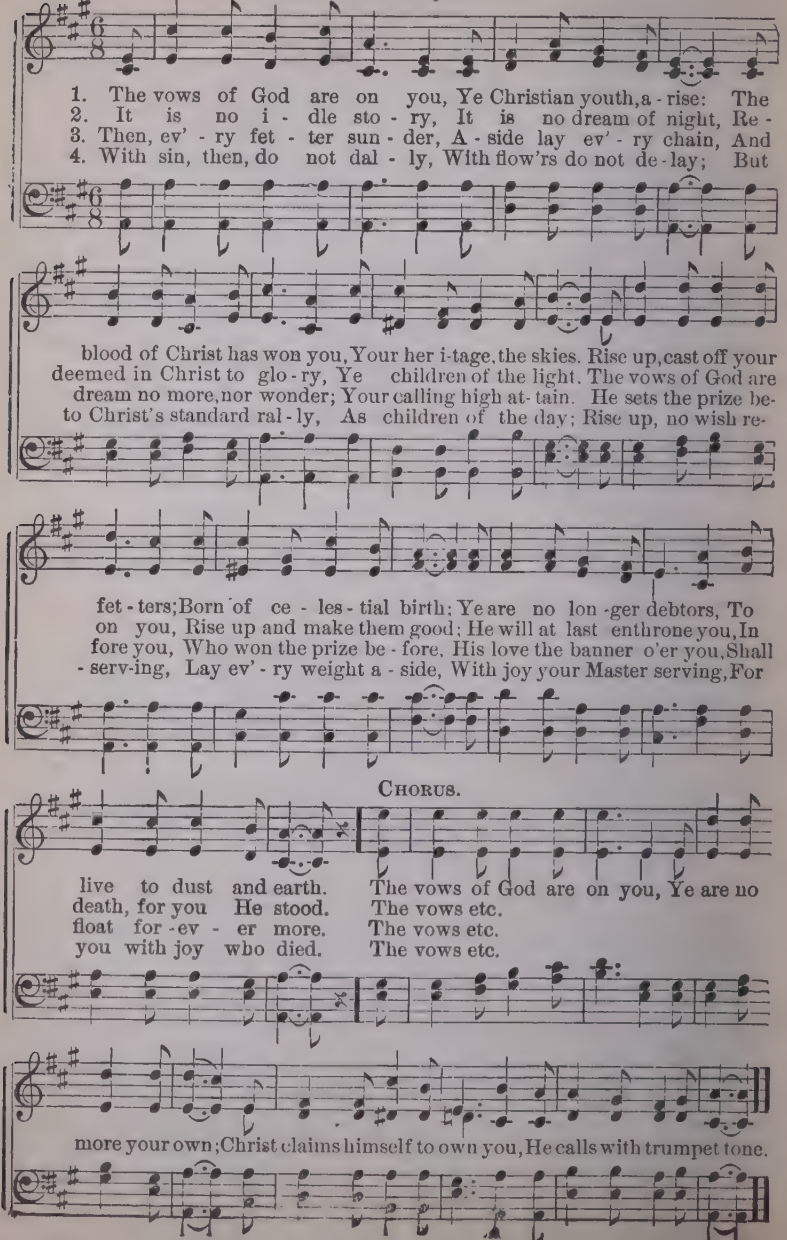

1. The crim-son stream it cleans-eth all the time, My heart does sweet - ly
2. A wea - ry pil - grim on life's dust y way, My rai-ment trav - el-
3. The prec-ious blood doth make my gar-ments pure; As-sured of this I'll
sing in joy-ful rhyme; The pre-cious blood my glow-ing theme of song, As
stain'd and soiled and gray; Came to my heart these whisper'd words so sweet; That
to the end en-dure, No fear of ill shall e'er my soul dis-may; The
CHORUS.
on my jour-ney I pro-ceed a - long. O pre - cious, pre-cious
now I on - ward press with joy com-plete.
blood my rai ment cleans-eth ev -'ry day.
blood of Je-sus, It cleans-eth, cleans-eth all a long; The crim-son foun-tain
all a-long;
now and ev - er, Shall be my hap - py theme of song.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 18. The Vows of God Are on You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. E. O. Excell.

To C. E. Societies of America.


1. The vows of God are on you, Ye Christian youth, a - rise: The
2. It is no i - dle sto - ry, It is no dream of night, Re -
3. Then, ev' - ry fet - ter sun - der, A - side lay ev' - ry chain, And
4. With sin, then, do not dal - ly, With flow'rs do not de - lay; But
blood of Christ has won you, Your her i-tage, the skies. Rise up, cast off your
deemed in Christ to glo - ry, Ye children of the light. The vows of God are
dream no more, nor wonder; Your calling high at - tain. He sets the prize be-
to Christ's standard ral - ly, As children of the day; Rise up, no wish re-
fet - ters; Born of ce - les - tial birth: Ye are no lon - ger debtors, To
on you, Rise up and make them good; He will at last enthrone you, In
fore you, Who won the prize be - fore. His love the banner o'er you, Shall
- serv-ing, Lay ev' - ry weight a - side, With joy your Master serving, For
Chorus.
live to dust and earth. The vows of God are on you, Ye are no
death, for you He stood. The vows etc.
float for - ev - er more. The vows etc.
you with joy who died. The vows etc.
more your own; Christ claims himself to own you, He calls with trumpet tone.

No. 19. I am Glad.

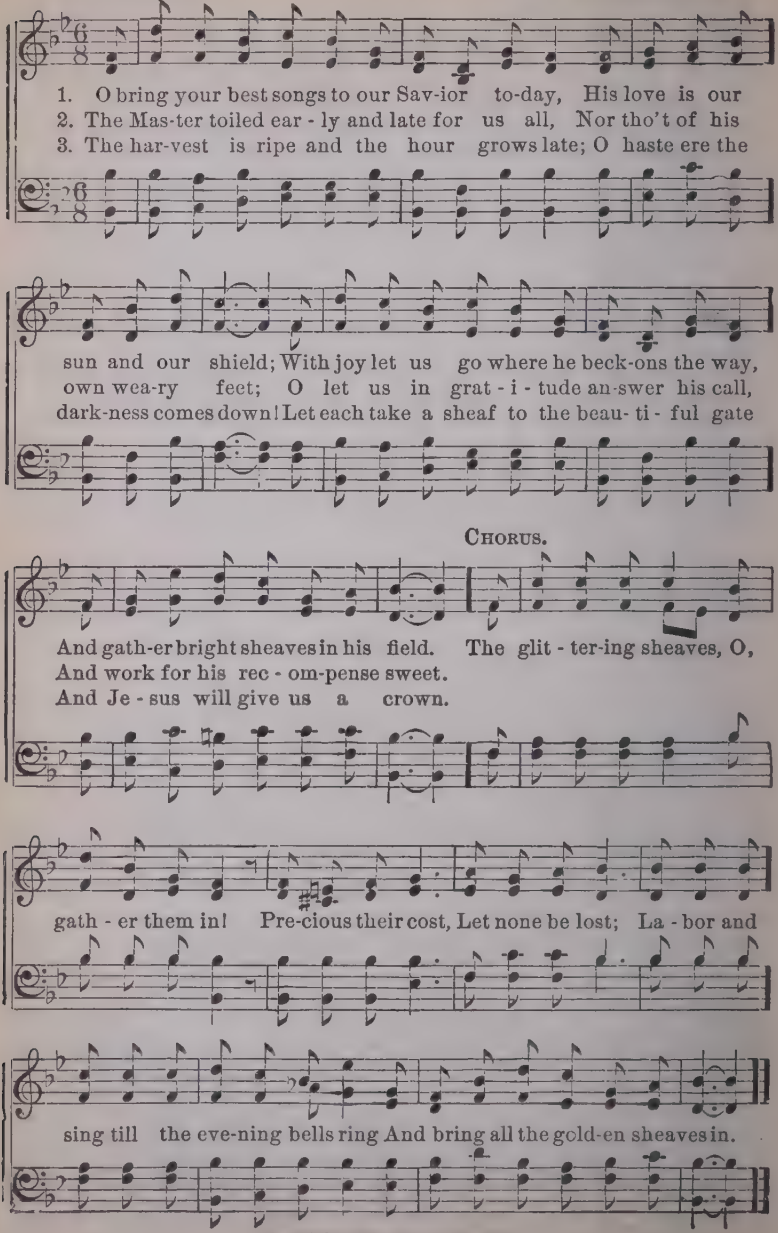
J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1, I am glad that Je - sus loves me, Glad that in his
2. How can I be sad or lone - ly, When this Sav - ior
3. Let me tell with joy the sto - ry, Tell it o'er and
word I find, How he came the lost to ran - som,
is my friend, For he has most sure - ly prom - ised,
o'er a - gain, Tell it till its strains shall lin - ger
Chorus.
Came to earth to save man - kind. I am
All my path-way to at - tend.
In my heart a glad re - frain. I am glad
glad, I am glad;
I am glad I am glad I am glad.
I am glad that Jesus loves me, Oh, wondrous love, he died for me.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 20. Sheaf and Crown.

ADALINE HOHF. T. MARTIN TOWNE.


1. O bring your best songs to our Sav-ior to-day, His love is our
2. The Mas-ter toiled ear - ly and late for us all, Nor tho't of his
3. The har-vest is ripe and the hour grows late; O haste ere the
sun and our shield; With joy let us go where he beck-ons the way,
own wea-ry feet; O let us in grat - i - tude an-swer his call,
dark-ness comes down! Let each take a sheaf to the beau- ti - ful gate
CHORUS.
And gath-er bright sheaves in his field. The glit - ter-ing sheaves, O,
And work for his rec - om-pense sweet.
And Je - sus will give us a crown.
gath - er them in! Pre-cious their cost, Let none be lost; La - bor and
sing till the eve-ning bells ring And bring all the gold-en sheaves in.

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 21. O Sinner Come!

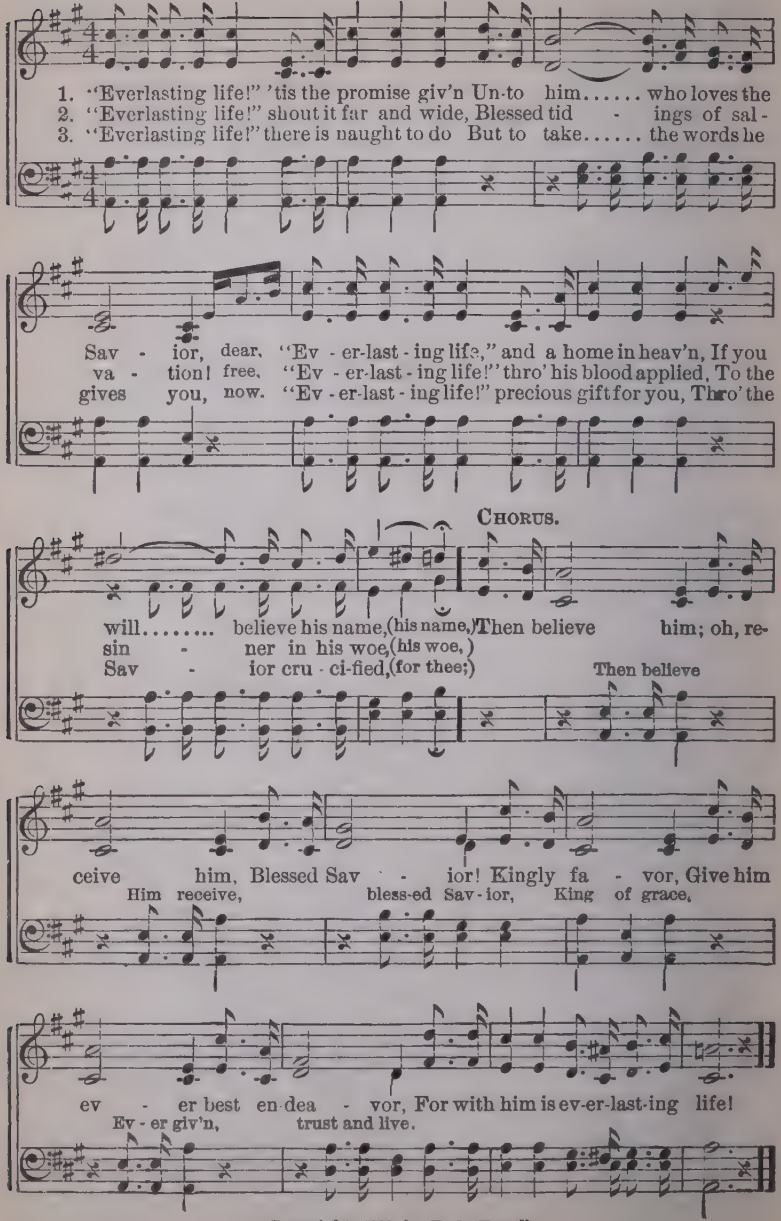
RUSSELL S. COOK. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Just as thou art with - out one trace Of love, or
2. Bur-den'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the
3. Come, leave thy bur - den at the cross, Count all thy
4. Come hith - er, bring thy bod - ing fears, Thy ach - ing
joy, or in - ward grace, Or meet - ness for the
world, it gives no rest; Christ brings re - lief to
gains but worth - less dross, His grace o'er pays all
heart, thy burst - ing tears, 'Tis mer - cy's voice sa -
heav - 'nly place; O guil - ty sin - - ner come.
hearts op - press'd; O wea - ry sin - - ner come.
earth - ly loss; O need - y sin - - ner come.
lutes thine ears; O trem-bling sin - - ner come.
CHORUS.
Repeat pp.
1
2
O come, O come, O come, sinner, come, come. 'Tis mer-cy's
Come, O sin - ner; sin - ner come, come.
voice that sweet-ly calls, O guil - ty sin - - ner come.
wea - ry
need - y
trembling

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 22. Everlasting Life!

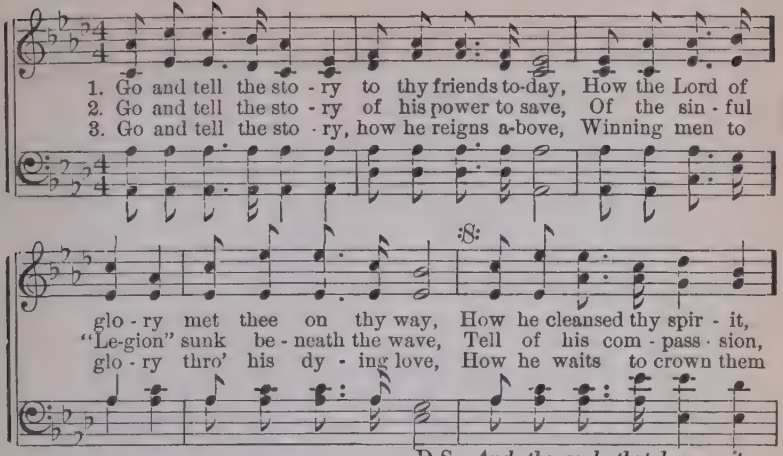
W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

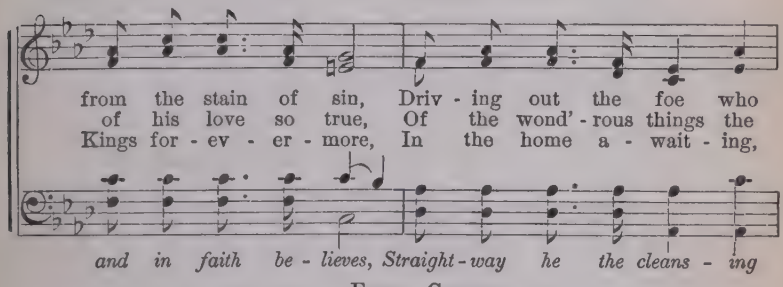

1. "Everlasting life!" 'tis the promise giv'n Un-to him..... who loves the
2. "Everlasting life!" shout it far and wide, Blessed tid - ings of sal-
3. "Everlasting life!" there is naught to do But to take..... the words he
Sav - ior, dear, "Ev - er-last - ing life," and a home in heav'n, If you
va - tion! free, "Ev - er-last - ing life!" thro' his blood applied, To the
gives you, now. "Ev - er-last - ing life!" precious gift for you, Thro' the
Chorus.
will..... believe his name, (his name,) Then believe him; oh, re-
sin - ner in his woe, (his woe,)
Sav - ior cru - ci-fied, (for thee;)
Then believe
ceive him, Blessed Sav - ior! Kingly fa - vor, Give him
Him receive, bless-ed Sav-ior, King of grace,
ev - er best en-dea - vor, For with him is ev-er-last-ing life!
Ev - er giv'n, trust and live.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

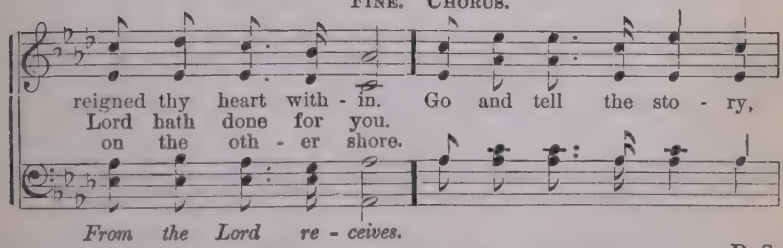
No. 23. Go and Tell the Story.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

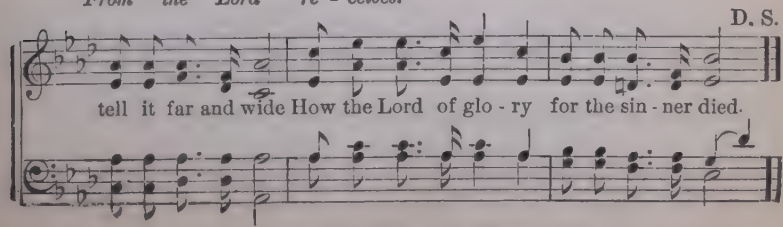

1. Go and tell the sto - ry to thy friends to-day, How the Lord of
2. Go and tell the sto - ry of his power to save, Of the sin - ful
3. Go and tell the sto - ry, how he reigns a-bove, Winning men to
glo - ry met thee on thy way, How he cleansed thy spir - it,
"Le-gion" sunk be - neath the wave, Tell of his com - pass - sion,
glo - ry thro' his dy - ing love, How he waits to crown them
D.S. And the soul that hears it,


from the stain of sin, Driv - ing out the foe who
of his love so true, Of the wond' - rous things the
Kings for - ev - er - more, In the home a - wait - ing,
and in faith be - lieves, Straight - way he the cleans - ing

FINE. CHORUS.



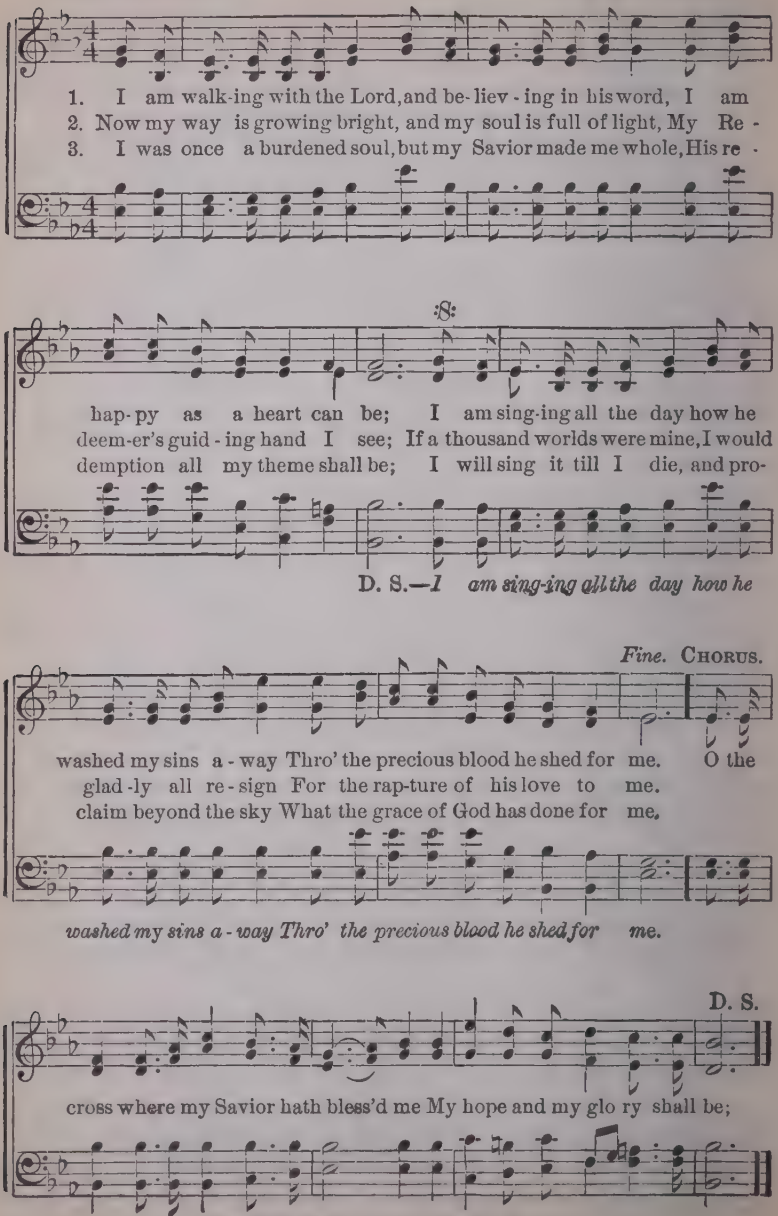
D. S.



Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 24. My Hope and my Glory.

FANNY J, CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

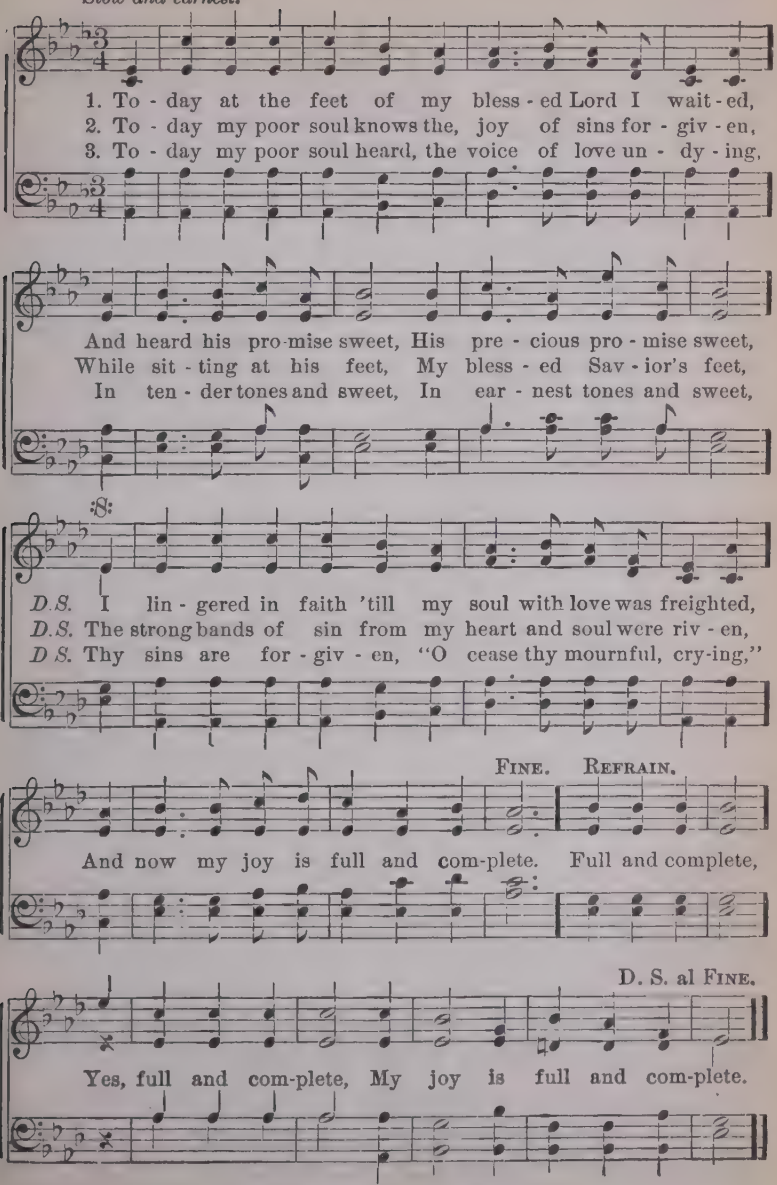

1. I am walk-ing with the Lord, and be-liev-ing in his word, I am
2. Now my way is growing bright, and my soul is full of light, My Re-
3. I was once a burdened soul, but my Savior made me whole, His re-
:8:
hap-py as a heart can be; I am sing-ing all the day how he
deem-er's guid-ing hand I see; If a thousand worlds were mine, I would
demption all my theme shall be; I will sing it till I die, and pro-
D. S.—I am sing-ing all the day how he
Fine. CHORUS.
washed my sins a-way Thro' the precious blood he shed for me. O the
glad-ly all re-sign For the rap-ture of his love to me.
claim beyond the sky What the grace of God has done for me.
washed my sins a-way Thro' the precious blood he shed for me.
D. S.
cross where my Savior hath bless'd me My hope and my glo ry shall be;

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood By per.

No. 25. Full and Complete.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

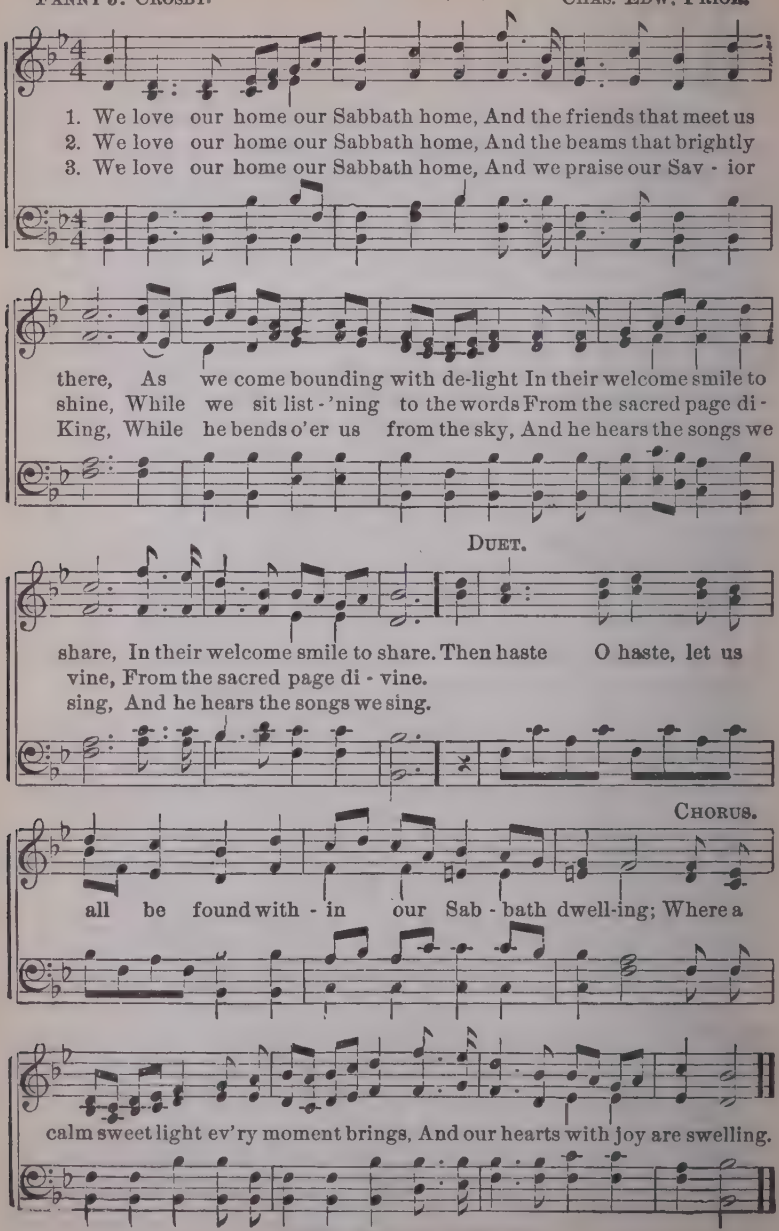
Slow and earnest.


1. To - day at the feet of my bless - ed Lord I wait - ed,
2. To - day my poor soul knows the, joy of sins for - giv - en,
3. To - day my poor soul heard, the voice of love un - dy - ing,
And heard his pro-mise sweet, His pre - cious pro - mise sweet,
While sit - ting at his feet, My bless - ed Sav - ior's feet,
In ten - der tones and sweet, In ear - nest tones and sweet,
D.S. I lin - gered in faith 'till my soul with love was freighted,
D.S. The strong bands of sin from my heart and soul were riv - en,
D.S. Thy sins are for - giv - en, "O cease thy mournful, cry-ing,"
Fine. Refrain.
And now my joy is full and com-plete. Full and complete,
D. S. al Fine.
Yes, full and com-plete, My joy is full and com-plete.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 26. Our Sabbath Dwelling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. We love our home our Sabbath home, And the friends that meet us
2. We love our home our Sabbath home, And the beams that brightly
3. We love our home our Sabbath home, And we praise our Sav - ior
there, As we come bounding with de-light In their welcome smile to
shine, While we sit list - 'ning to the words From the sacred page di -
King, While he bends o'er us from the sky, And he hears the songs we
DUET.
share, In their welcome smile to share. Then haste O haste, let us
vine, From the sacred page di - vine.
sing, And he hears the songs we sing.
CHORUS.
all be found with - in our Sab - bath dwell-ing; Where a
calm sweet light ev'ry moment brings, And our hearts with joy are swelling.

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 27. Why keep Jesus Waiting?

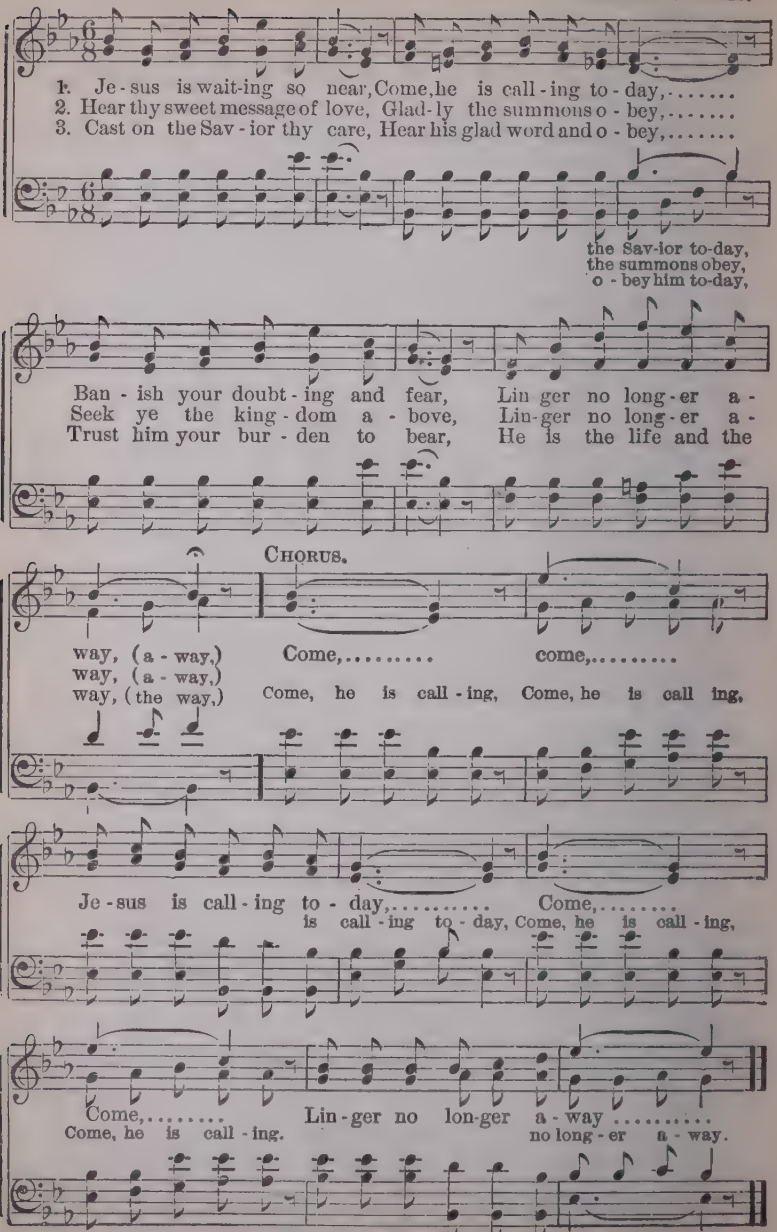
E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Why keep Je - sus wait - ing, (wait-ing,) wait - ing at the door?
2. Why keep Je - sus stand - ing, (stand-ing,) wear - y, faint and sore?
3. Why not now ac - cept him, (sin-ner,) trust his grace and live?
Why re - sist the Spir - it, (Ho-ly,) o'er and o'er? O how hard thy
Why not o - pen glad-ly, (glad-ly,) now the door? O how ten - der-
For his heart is read - y, (read-y,) to for - give. Shall his love re-
heart must be! O how blind with sin! That so good and kind a guest
ly he pleads, and how pa - tient he! Canst thou still re - sist such grace
sist - ed be? Shall he plead in vain? Shall he leave thee, nev-er - more
CHORUS.
may not en - ter in! O - pen now your heart, (O sin - ner!)
and such love to thee?
to re - turn a - gain?
Let the Sav-ior in (to save you) Sin-ner now ad-mit him and be saved from sin.

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 28. Come, he is calling.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Je - sus is wait-ing so near, Come, he is call - ing to - day,.....
2. Hear thy sweet message of love, Glad-ly the summons o - bey,.....
3. Cast on the Sav - ior thy care, Hear his glad word and o - bey,.....
the Sav-ior to-day,
the summons obey,
o - bey him to-day,
Ban - ish your doubt - ing and fear, Lin ger no long - er a -
Seek ye the king - dom a - bove, Lin-ger no long - er a -
Trust him your bur - den to bear, He is the life and the
CHORUS.
way, (a - way,) Come,..... come,.....
way, (a - way,)
way, (the way,) Come, he is call - ing, Come, he is call ing,
Je - sus is call - ing to - day,..... Come,.....
is call - ing to - day, Come, he is call - ing,
Come,.....
Come, he is call - ing.
Lin - ger no lon-ger a - way .....
no long - er a - way.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 29. Jesus, Savior.

F. L. B. FRANK. L. BRISTOW.

1. Lil - y of the Val - ley, Bright and Morning Star, Fair - est of ten
2. Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Flow-ing free as air, Liv - ing Wa - ter,
3. Vine of faith and beau - ty, Joy - ous fruit ye bear, Door to life e -
3. Heav-en's Great Phy-si - cian For all grief and care, For each tear of
thou - sand, Rose of Shar - on rare! King of ra - diant glo - ry,
Heal - ing Sin and dark de - spair, Pa - tient Bur - den Bear - er,
ter - nal, All may en - ter there, Way of ver - dant past - ure,
sor - row, Balm will e'en pre - pare, Vic - tor o - ver Death's sting;
Prince of per - fect Peace! Je - sus, Name beyond compare.....
Comfor - ter, Re - lief! be - yond compare.
Path of Per-fect love,
Conq'ror of the Grave,
CHORUS.
Savior! Savior! Heaven blest, Light of Life, Eternal rest! Lil - y of the Val - ley,
Bright and Morning Star, Je - sus, name be-yond compare.....
be - yond com-pare.

Copyright 1889 by E. O. Excell.

No. 30. Little Ones.

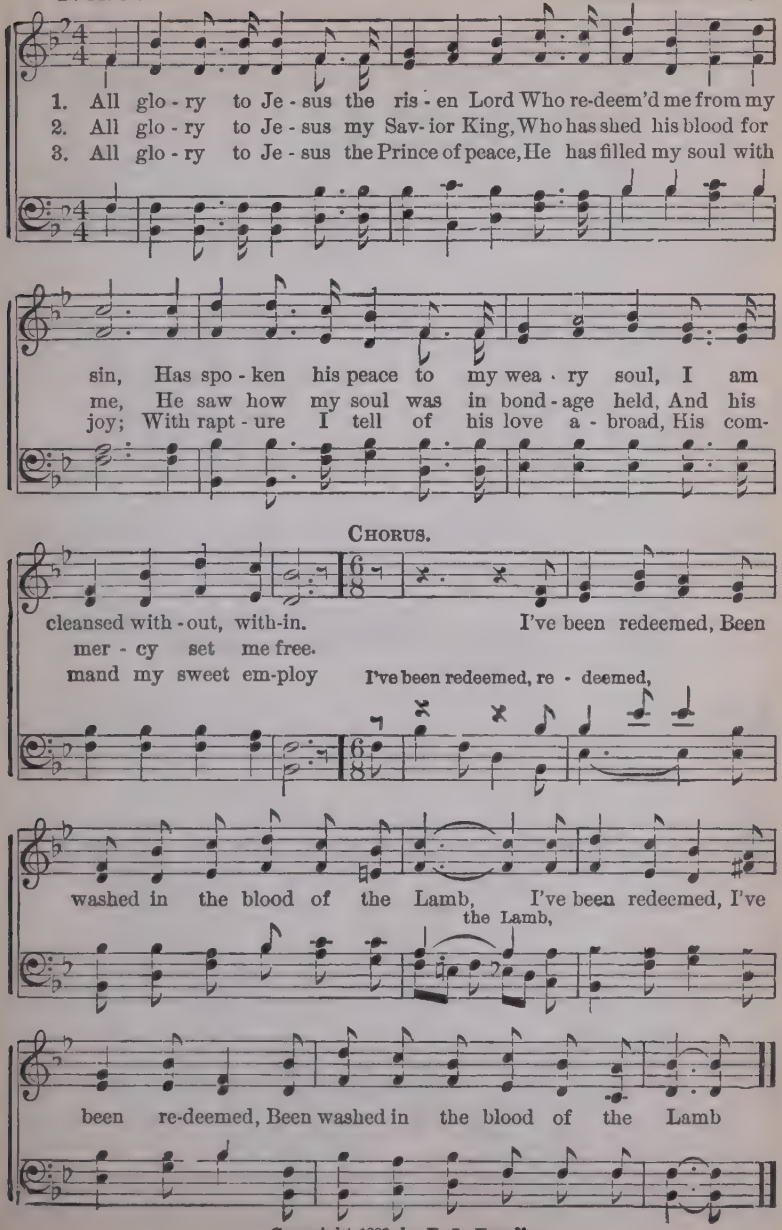
JOSIAH BLISS. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Lit - tle feet may find the path-way Lead-ing up-ward un - to God;
Youth-ful hearts may be the tem-ples For the spir - it's dwell-ing place,
2. "Lit - tle ones," tho' frail and earth-born, Heirs of bless-ed - ness may be;
And in that e - ter - nal king-dom, 'Mid the grand tri - umphal throng,
1
Lit - tle hands may learn to scat-ter Seeds of pre-cious truth a - broad
Childhood's lips de - clare the rich - es Of God's [Omit.].....
For the Sav - ior whis-pers gent - ly "Suf-fer such to come to me,"
Children's voi - ces sweet may min - gle In the [Omit.].....
CHORUS.
2
all - a-bounding grace. Jesus said, Let the lit - tle ones," Je-sus
glo-rious cho- ral song.
Je-sus said, "Let the lit - tle ones come,"
said, "Let the lit - tle ones," Je-sus said, "Let the lit - tle ones
Jesus said, "Let the lit - tle ones come."
come un - to me, for of such, for of such, is the kingdom of heav'n."

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 31. I've been Redeemed.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. All glo - ry to Je - sus the ris - en Lord Who re-deem'd me from my
2. All glo - ry to Je - sus my Sav - ior King, Who has shed his blood for
3. All glo - ry to Je - sus the Prince of peace, He has filled my soul with
sin, Has spo - ken his peace to my wea - ry soul, I am
me, He saw how my soul was in bond - age held, And his
joy; With rapt - ure I tell of his love a - broad, His com-
CHORUS.
cleansed with - out, with-in. I've been redeemed, Been
mer - cy set me free.
mand my sweet em-ploy
I've been redeemed, re - deemed,
washed in the blood of the Lamb, I've been redeemed, I've
the Lamb,
been re-deemed, Been washed in the blood of the Lamb

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 32. Gently, Lord. No. 1.

THOS. HASTINGS. J. M. DUNCAN.

Andante.
1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,
2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,
Through the tri - als yet de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to
Dim e rit.
pears..... When temptation's darts as - sail us,
fear;..... And, when mor-tal life is end - ed,
great change ap - pears,
our souls to fear,
When in de-vious paths we stray, Let thy goodness nev - er
Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till by an - gel bands at-
fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest.

Copyright, 1886, by E. O. Excell.

No. 33. My Happy Home.

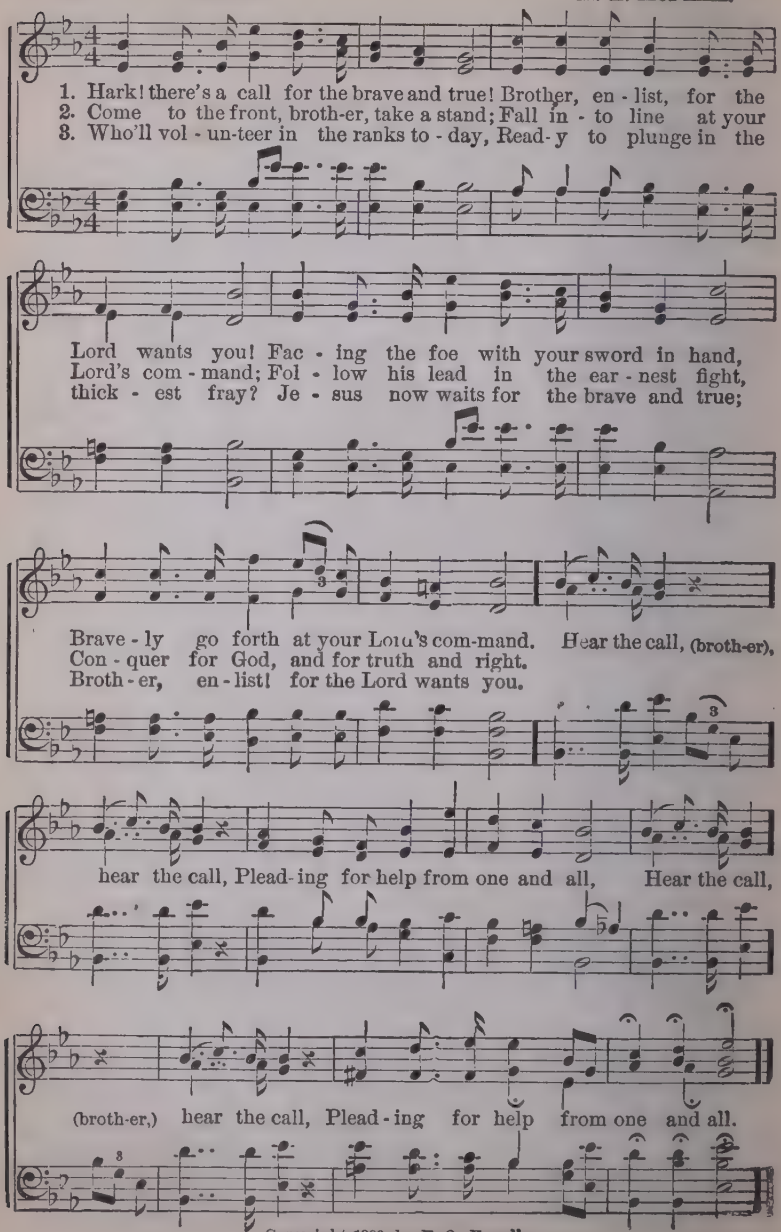
ANON. (To my Choir, Round Lake, N. Y.) E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to be - hold;
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to ascend
When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con-gre - ga-tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.
CHORUS.
I will meet you in the Cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa-lem, I am
washed in the blood of the Lamb, ... I will meet you in the Cit - y
washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,
of the New Je - ru - sa-lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 34. Hark! There's a Call to the Brave.

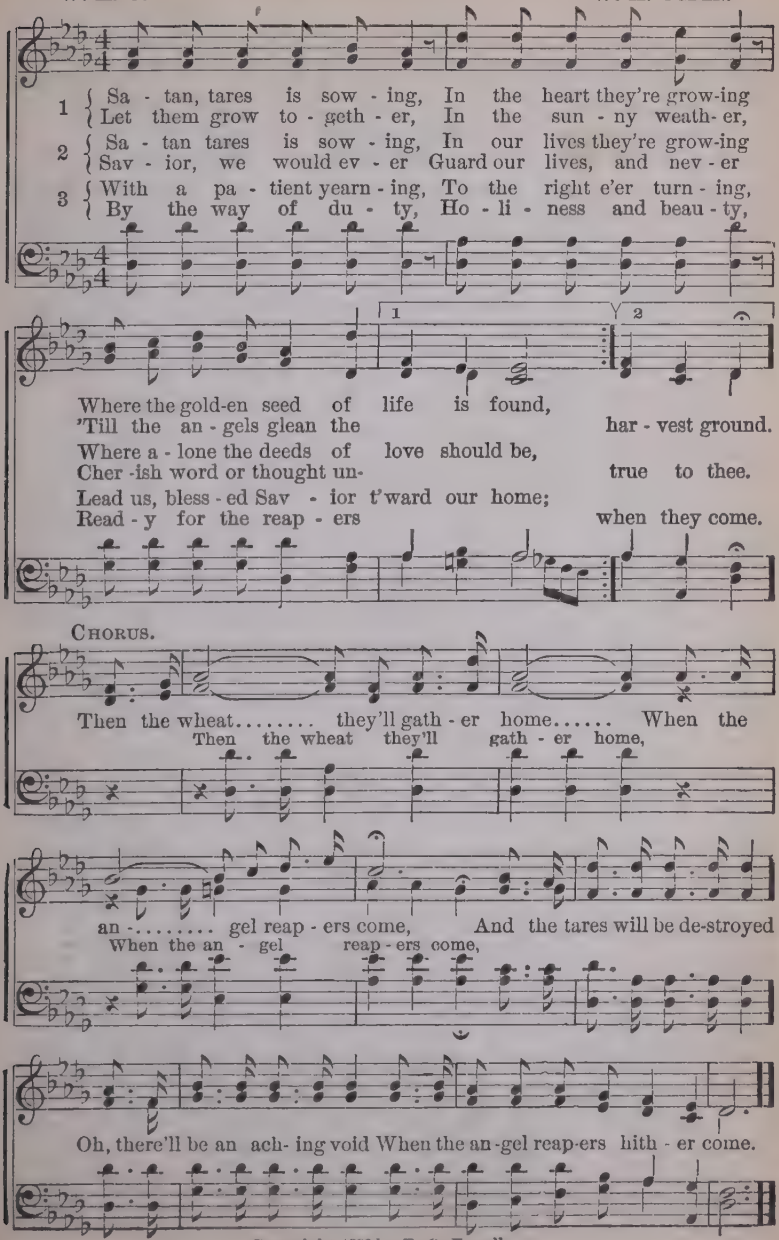
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. Hark! there's a call for the brave and true! Brother, en - list, for the
2. Come to the front, broth-er, take a stand; Fall in - to line at your
3. Who'll vol - un-teer in the ranks to - day, Read- y to plunge in the
Lord wants you! Fac - ing the foe with your sword in hand,
Lord's com - mand; Fol - low his lead in the ear - nest fight,
thick - est fray? Je - sus now waits for the brave and true;
Brave - ly go forth at your Lord's com-mand. Hear the call, (broth-er),
Con - quer for God, and for truth and right.
Broth - er, en - list! for the Lord wants you.
hear the call, Plead-ing for help from one and all, Hear the call,
(broth-er,) hear the call, Plead - ing for help from one and all.

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 35. When the Reapers Come.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.


1 Sa - tan, tares is sow - ing, In the heart they're grow-ing
Let them grow to - geth - er, In the sun - ny weath- er,
2 Sa - tan tares is sow - ing, In our lives they're grow-ing
Sav - ior, we would ev - er Guard our lives, and nev - er
3 With a pa - tient yearn - ing, To the right e'er turn - ing,
By the way of du - ty, Ho - li - ness and beau - ty,
1
2
Where the gold-en seed of life is found,
'Till the an - gels glean the har - vest ground.
Where a - lone the deeds of love should be,
Cher -ish word or thought un- true to thee.
Lead us, bless - ed Sav - ior t'ward our home;
Read - y for the reap - ers when they come.
CHORUS.
Then the wheat..... they'll gath - er home..... When the
Then the wheat they'll gath - er home,
an - ..... gel reap - ers come, And the tares will be de-stroyed
When the an - gel reap - ers come,
Oh, there'll be an ach- ing void When the an-gel reap-ers hith - er come.

Copyright 1889 by E. O. Excell.

No. 36. Nearer the Cross.

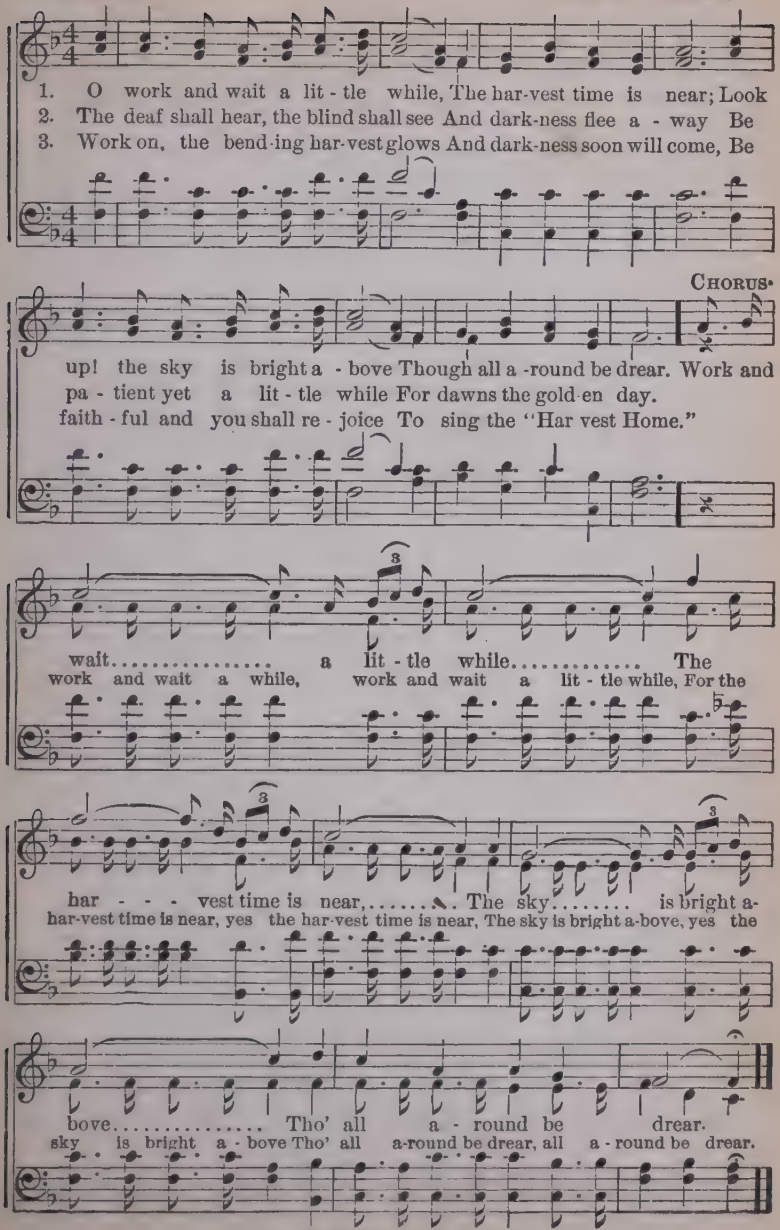
Mrs. F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near - er,
2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near - er,
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near - er,
Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er;
Feast-ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near - er;
Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com-ing near - er;
Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun-tain's
Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave him-
Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I
crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
self for me; Near - er to him I still would be:
long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear·
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er,
Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

By permission.

No. 37. Work On.

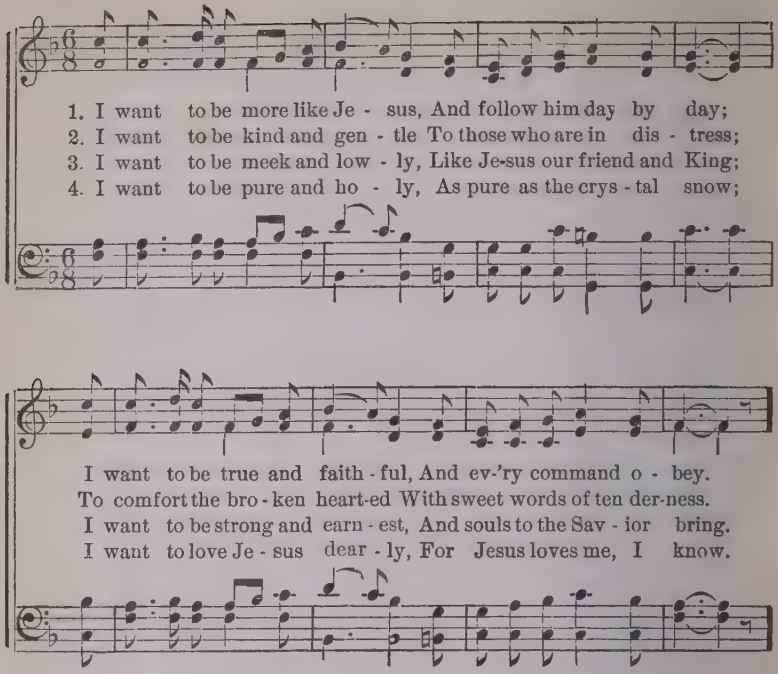
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. O work and wait a lit - tle while, The har-vest time is near; Look
2. The deaf shall hear, the blind shall see And dark-ness flee a - way Be
3. Work on, the bend-ing har-vest glows And dark-ness soon will come, Be
CHORUS.
up! the sky is bright a - bove Though all a -round be drear. Work and
pa - tient yet a lit - tle while For dawns the gold-en day.
faith - ful and you shall re - joice To sing the "Har vest Home."
wait..... a lit - tle while..... The
work and wait a while, work and wait a lit - tle while, For the
har - - - vest time is near,..... The sky..... is bright a-
har-vest time is near, yes the har-vest time is near, The sky is bright a-bove, yes the
bove..... Tho' all a - round be drear.
sky is bright a - bove Tho' all a-round be drear, all a - round be drear.

Copyright 1889. by E. O. Excell.

No. 38. More like Jesus.

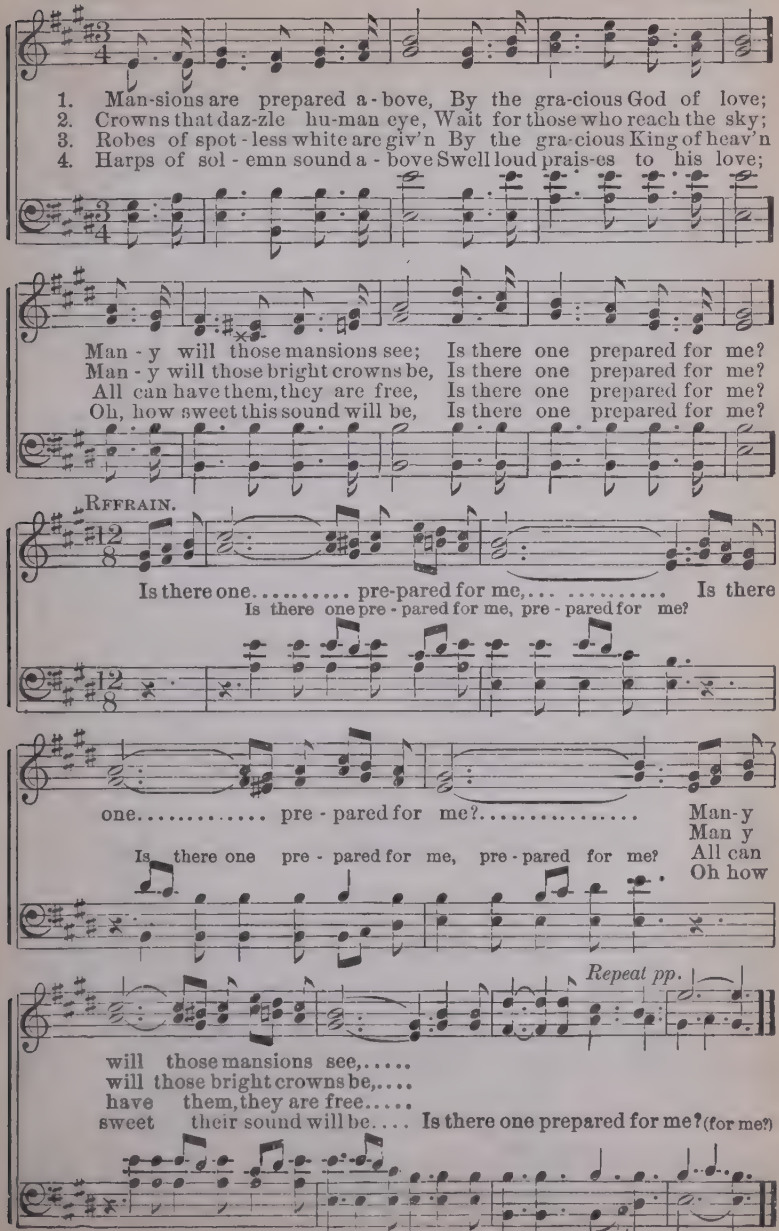
J. M. S. J. M. STILLMAN.


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And follow him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je-sus our friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;
I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev-'ry command o - bey.
To comfort the bro - ken heart-ed With sweet words of ten der-ness.
I want to be strong and earn - est, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Jesus loves me, I know.
REFRAIN.
More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be.....
ev - er be;
More and more like Je - sus, My Savior who died for me.

From "Goodwill," by permission.

No. 39. Is There One Prepared for Me?

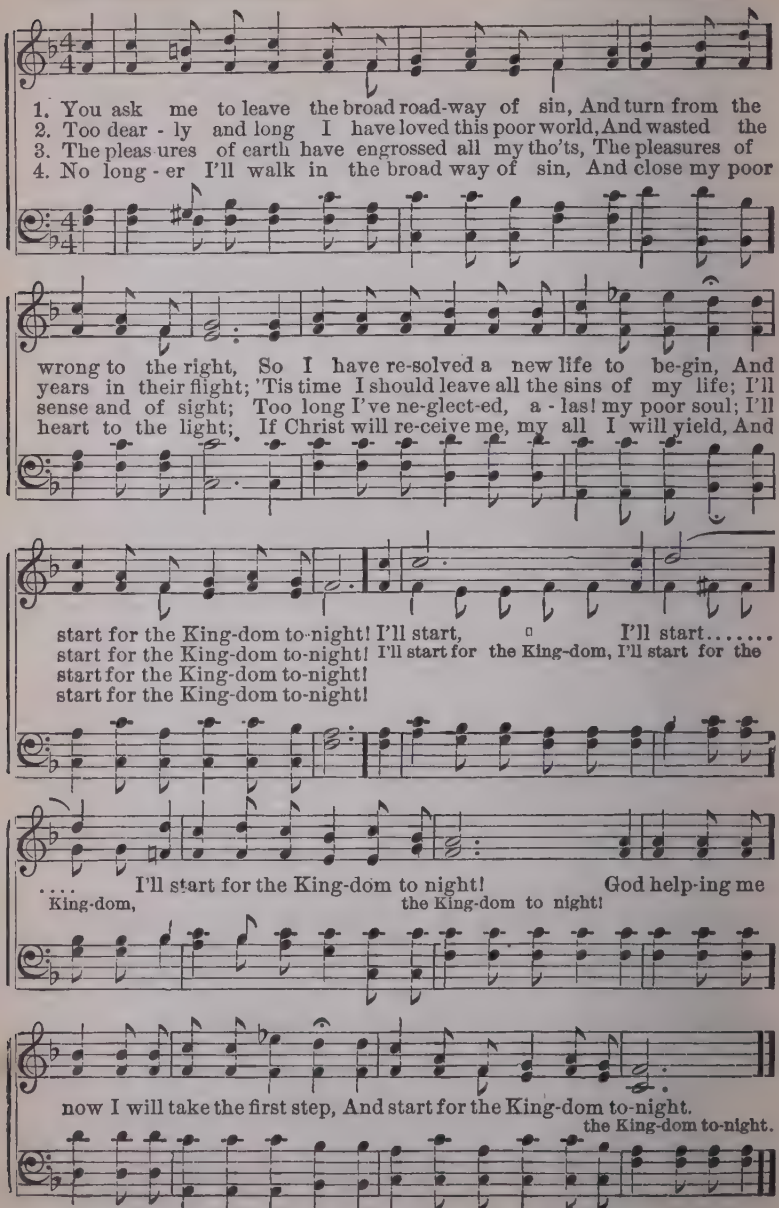
Anon. H. A. Lewis.


1. Man-sions are prepared a-bove, By the gra-cious God of love;
2. Crowns that daz-zle hu-man eye, Wait for those who reach the sky;
3. Robes of spot-less white are giv'n By the gra-cious King of heav'n
4. Harps of sol-emn sound a-bove Swell loud prais-es to his love;
Man-y will those mansions see; Is there one prepared for me?
Man-y will those bright crowns be, Is there one prepared for me?
All can have them, they are free, Is there one prepared for me?
Oh, how sweet this sound will be, Is there one prepared for me?
Refrain.
Is there one..... pre-pared for me,..... Is there
Is there one pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me?
one..... pre-pared for me?..... Man-y
Man y
All can
Oh how
Is there one pre-pared for me, pre-pared for me?
Repeat pp.
will those mansions see,.....
will those bright crowns be,....
have them, they are free.....
sweet their sound will be.... Is there one prepared for me? (for me?)

Copyright 1889. by E. O. Excell.

No. 40. I'll Start for the Kingdom!

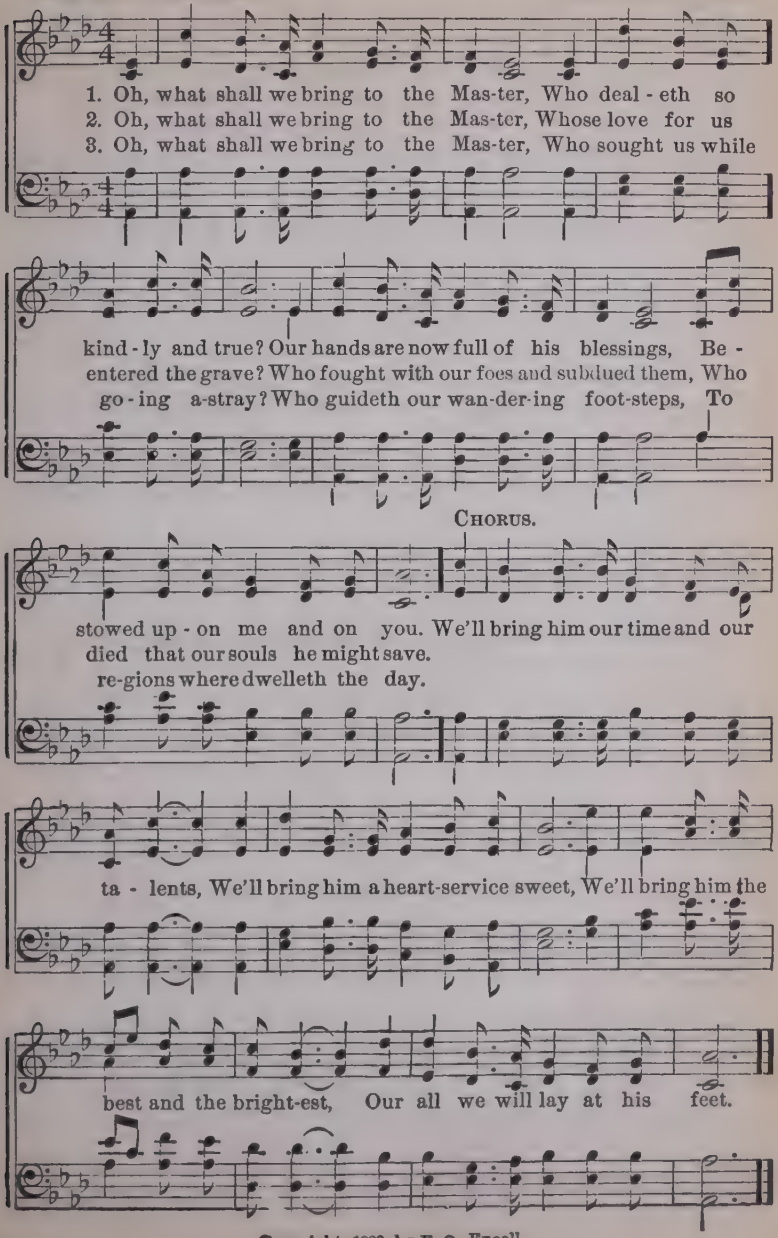
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. DR. I. N. MCHOSE.


1. You ask me to leave the broad road-way of sin, And turn from the
2. Too dear - ly and long I have loved this poor world, And wasted the
3. The pleas ures of earth have engrossed all my tho'ts, The pleasures of
4. No long - er I'll walk in the broad way of sin, And close my poor
wrong to the right, So I have re-solved a new life to be-gin, And
years in their flight; 'Tis time I should leave all the sins of my life; I'll
sense and of sight; Too long I've ne-glect-ed, a - las! my poor soul; I'll
heart to the light; If Christ will re-ceive me, my all I will yield, And
start for the King-dom to-night! I'll start, I'll start.....
start for the King-dom to-night! I'll start for the King-dom, I'll start for the
start for the King-dom to-night!
start for the King-dom to-night!
I'll start for the King-dom to night! God help-ing me
King-dom, the King-dom to night!
now I will take the first step, And start for the King-dom to-night.
the King-dom to-night.

Copyright, 1889, E. A. Hoffman and I. N. McHose

No. 41. What shall We bring?

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

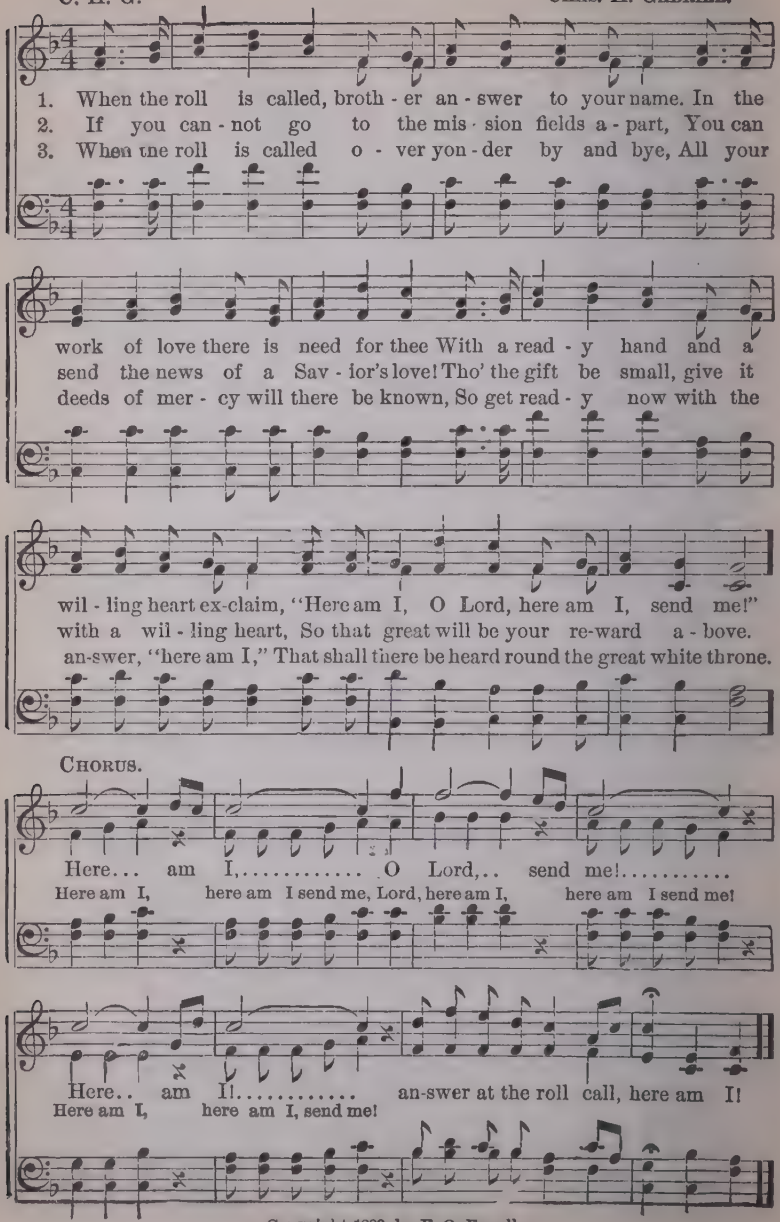

1. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas-ter, Who deal-eth so
2. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas-ter, Whose love for us
3. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas-ter, Who sought us while
kind-ly and true? Our hands are now full of his blessings, Be-
entered the grave? Who fought with our foes and subdued them, Who
go-ing a-stray? Who guideth our wan-der-ing foot-steps, To
CHORUS.
stowed up-on me and on you. We'll bring him our time and our
died that our souls he might save.
re-gions where dwelleth the day.
ta-lents, We'll bring him a heart-service sweet, We'll bring him the
best and the bright-est, Our all we will lay at his feet.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 42. The Roll Call.

Missionary Song.

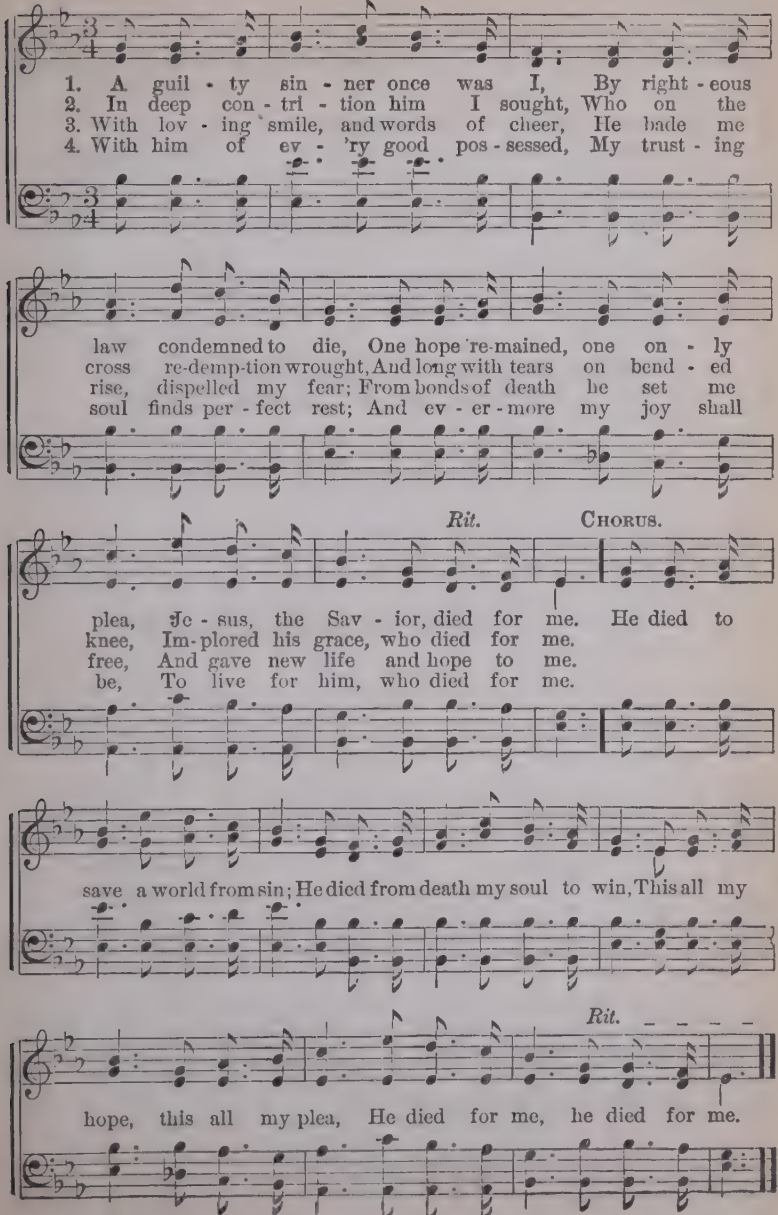
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. When the roll is called, broth - er an - swer to your name. In the
2. If you can - not go to the mis - sion fields a - part, You can
3. When the roll is called o - ver yon - der by and bye, All your
work of love there is need for thee With a read - y hand and a
send the news of a Sav - ior's love! Tho' the gift be small, give it
deeds of mer - cy will there be known, So get read - y now with the
wil - ling heart ex-claim, "Here am I, O Lord, here am I, send me!"
with a wil - ling heart, So that great will be your re-ward a - bove.
an-swer, "here am I," That shall there be heard round the great white throne.
CHORUS.
Here... am I,..... O Lord,.. send me!.....
Here am I, here am I send me, Lord, here am I, here am I send me!
Here.. am I!..... an-swer at the roll call, here am I!
Here am I, here am I, send me!

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 43. Jesus Died For Me.

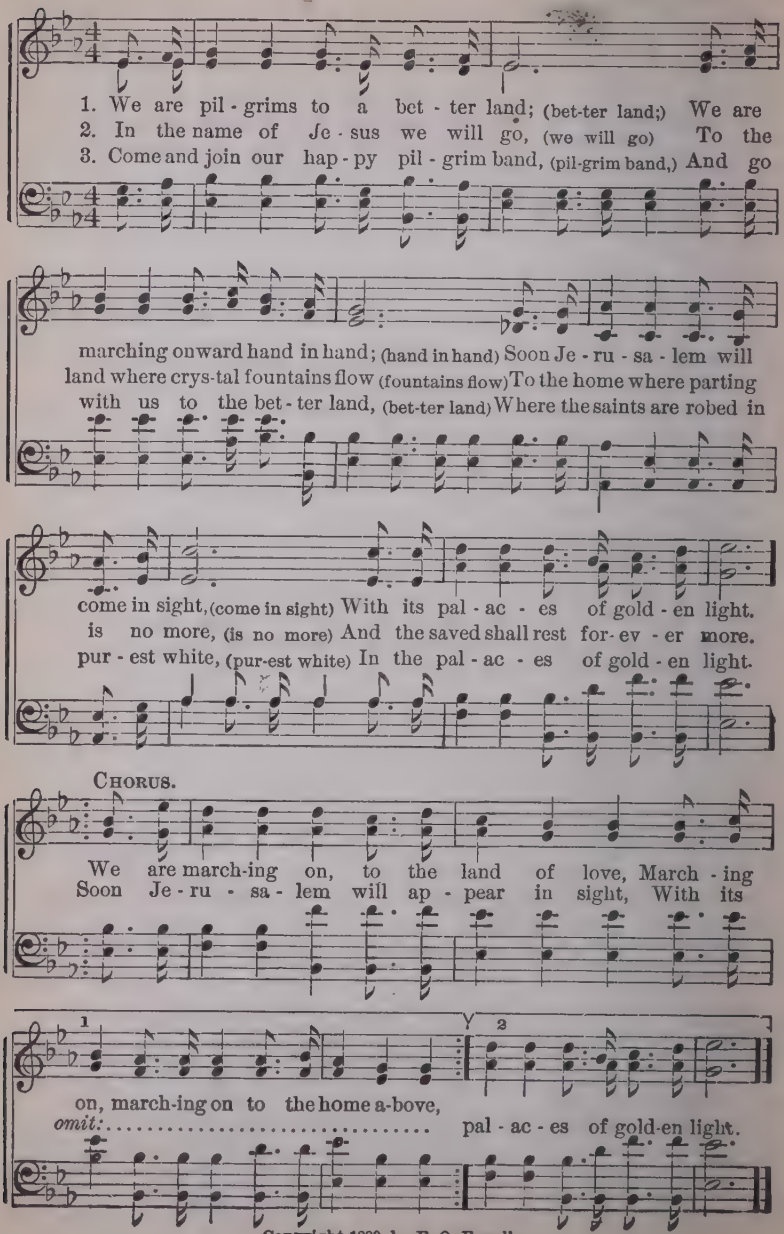
REV. H. G. JACKSON. D.D. W. S. NICKLE.


1. A guil - ty sin - ner once was I, By right - eous
2. In deep con - tri - tion him I sought, Who on the
3. With lov - ing smile, and words of cheer, He bade me
4. With him of ev - 'ry good pos - sessed, My trust - ing
law condemned to die, One hope re-mained, one on - ly
cross re-demp-tion wrought, And long with tears on bend - ed
rise, dispelled my fear; From bonds of death he set me
soul finds per - fect rest; And ev - er - more my joy shall
Rit.
CHORUS.
plea, Je - sus, the Sav - ior, died for me. He died to
knee, Im-plored his grace, who died for me.
free, And gave new life and hope to me.
be, To live for him, who died for me.
save a world from sin; He died from death my soul to win, This all my
Rit.
hope, this all my plea, He died for me, he died for me.

Copyright, 1889, by W. S. Nickle.

No. 44. Pilgrims to a better Land.

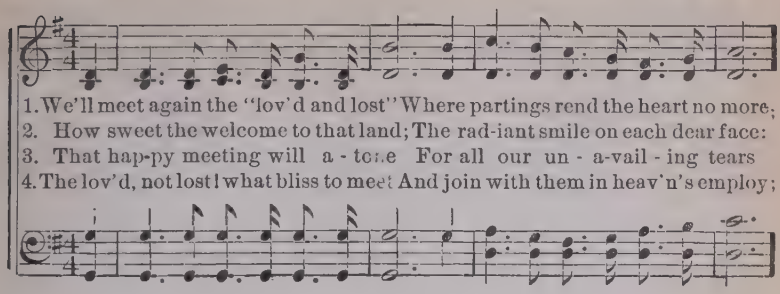
E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

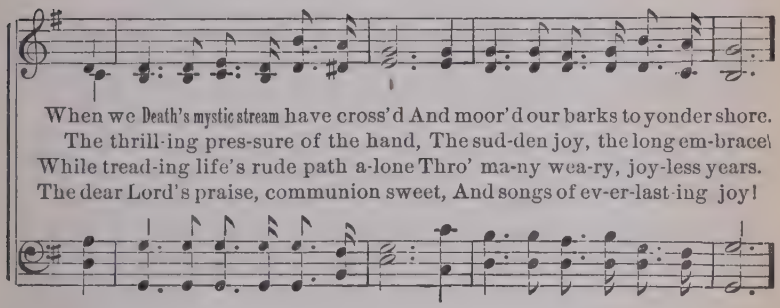

1. We are pil - grims to a bet - ter land; (bet-ter land;) We are
2. In the name of Je - sus we will go, (we will go) To the
3. Come and join our hap - py pil - grim band, (pil-grim band,) And go
marching onward hand in hand; (hand in hand) Soon Je - ru - sa - lem will
land where crys-tal fountains flow (fountains flow) To the home where parting
with us to the bet - ter land, (bet-ter land) Where the saints are robed in
come in sight, (come in sight) With its pal - ac - es of gold - en light.
is no more, (is no more) And the saved shall rest for-ev - er more.
pur - est white, (pur-est white) In the pal - ac - es of gold - en light.
CHORUS.
We are march-ing on, to the land of love, March - ing
Soon Je - ru - sa - lem will ap - pear in sight, With its
1
2
on, march-ing on to the home a-bove,
omit: ..... pal - ac - es of gold-en light.

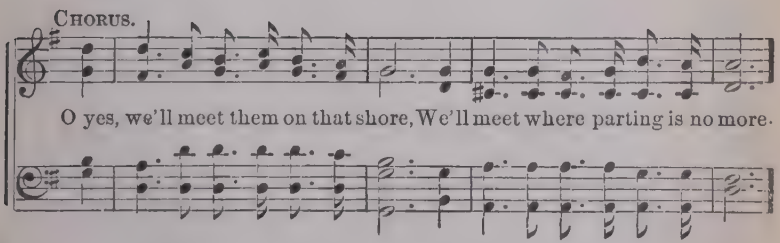
Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

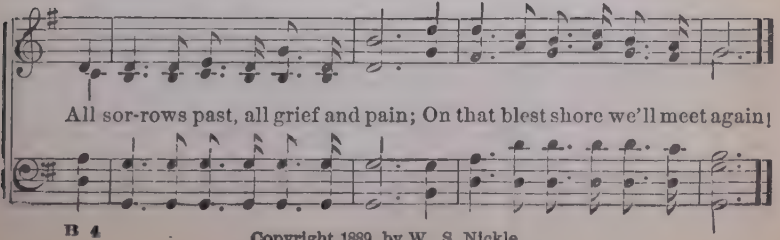
No. 45. We'll Meet Again.

REV. H. G. JACKSON, D.D. MRS. W. S. NICKLE.


1. We'll meet again the "lov'd and lost" Where partings rend the heart no more;
2. How sweet the welcome to that land; The rad-iant smile on each dear face:
3. That hap-py meeting will a - tone For all our un - a-vail - ing tears
4. The lov'd, not lost! what bliss to meet And join with them in heav'n's employ;


When we Death's mystic stream have cross'd And moor'd our barks to yonder shore.
The thrill-ing pres-sure of the hand, The sud-den joy, the long em-brace\
While tread-ing life's rude path a-lone Thro' ma-ny wea-ry, joy-less years.
The dear Lord's praise, communion sweet, And songs of ev-er-last-ing joy!

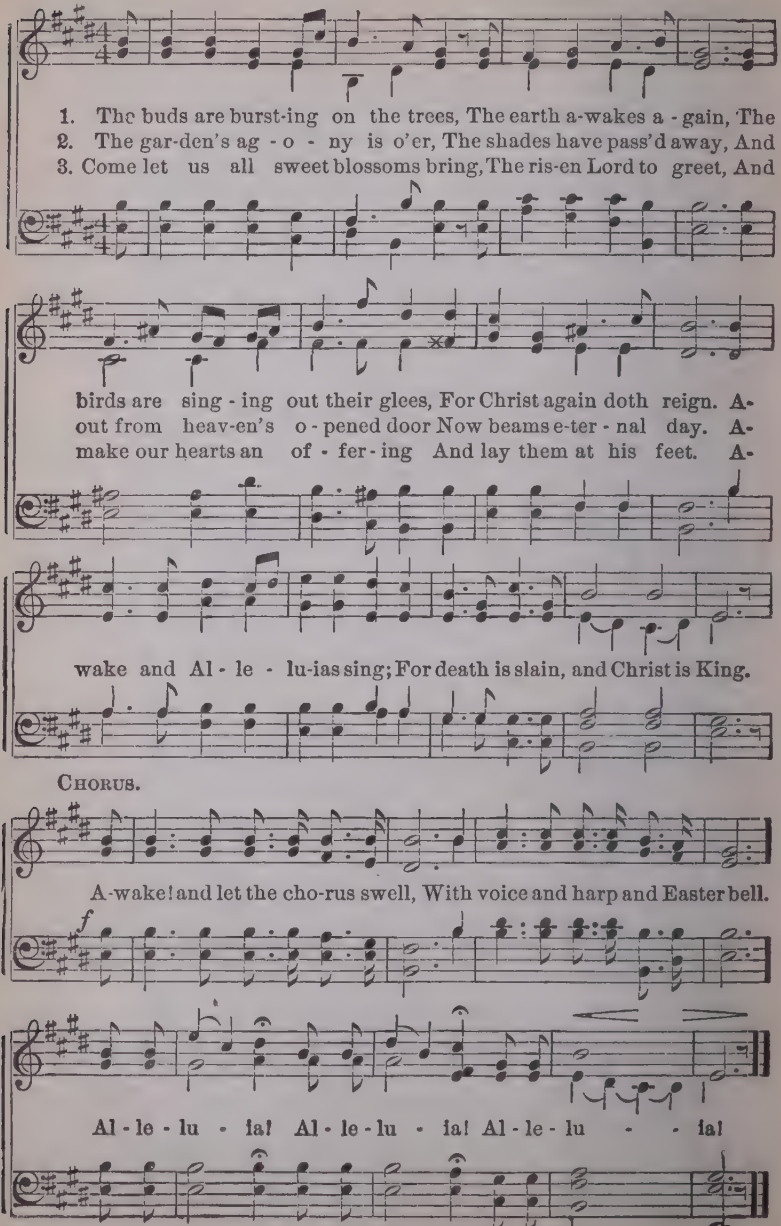




Copyright 1889, by W. S. Nickle.

No. 46. The Buds are Bursting.

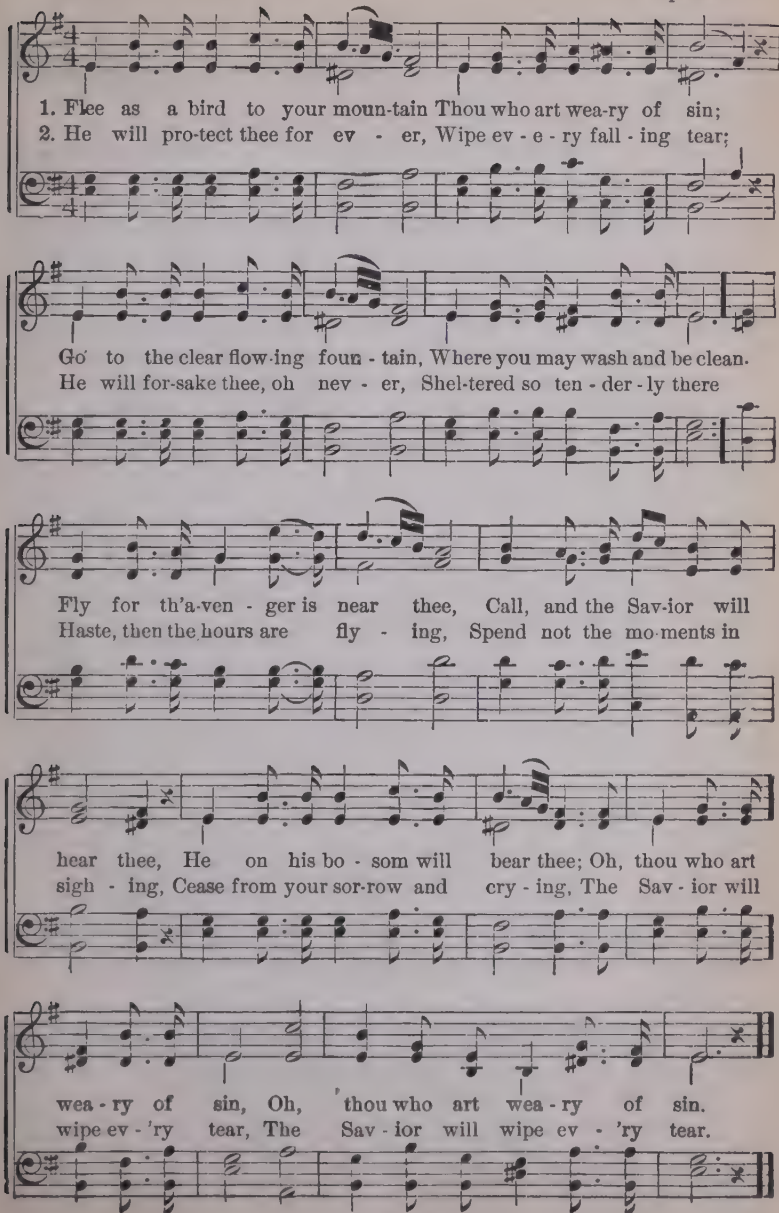
MABEL G. OSGOOD. H. W. FAIRBANK.


1. The buds are burst-ing on the trees, The earth a-wakes a - gain, The
2. The gar-den's ag - o - ny is o'er, The shades have pass'd away, And
3. Come let us all sweet blossoms bring, The ris-en Lord to greet, And
birds are sing - ing out their glees, For Christ again doth reign. A-
out from heav-en's o - pened door Now beams e-ter - nal day. A-
make our hearts an of - fer - ing And lay them at his feet. A-
wake and Al - le - lu-ias sing; For death is slain, and Christ is King.
CHORUS.
A-wake! and let the cho-rus swell, With voice and harp and Easter bell.
f
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia!

Copyright, 1889, by H W. Fairbank.

No. 47. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.


1. Flee as a bird to your moun-tain Thou who art wea-ry of sin;
2. He will pro-tect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - e - ry fall - ing tear;
Go to the clear flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will for-sake thee, oh nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der - ly there
Fly for th'a-ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav-ior will
Haste, then the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in
hear thee, He on his bo - som will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor-row and cry - ing, The Sav - ior will
wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

By permission.

No. 48. Star of Hope.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Star of hope to wand'rers wea-ry, Sail-ing o'er life's troubled sea,
2. Far from shore, and deep the wa-ter, Dark the night, so dark and long;
3. I am bound for shores e - ter-nal; They will shine at break of day;
Spare a beam, O spare it kind-ly, Shine, sweet star, O shine on me.
O'er the floods the winds so storm-y, Blow in an - ger fierce and strong.
Be with me un - til the morning, Lord, be with me all the way.
CHORUS.
Star of hope, my star of hope, Shin - ing brightly o'er the
Star of hope, my star of hope, Shin-ing bright - ly
sea, O spare a beam, O spare it
shin - ing o'er the sea, O spare a beam, O
kind - ly; Shine sweet star, O shine on me.
spare it kind - ly, Shine, for - ev - er shine on me.

Copyright 1889 by E. O. Excell.

No. 49. Walk in the Light.

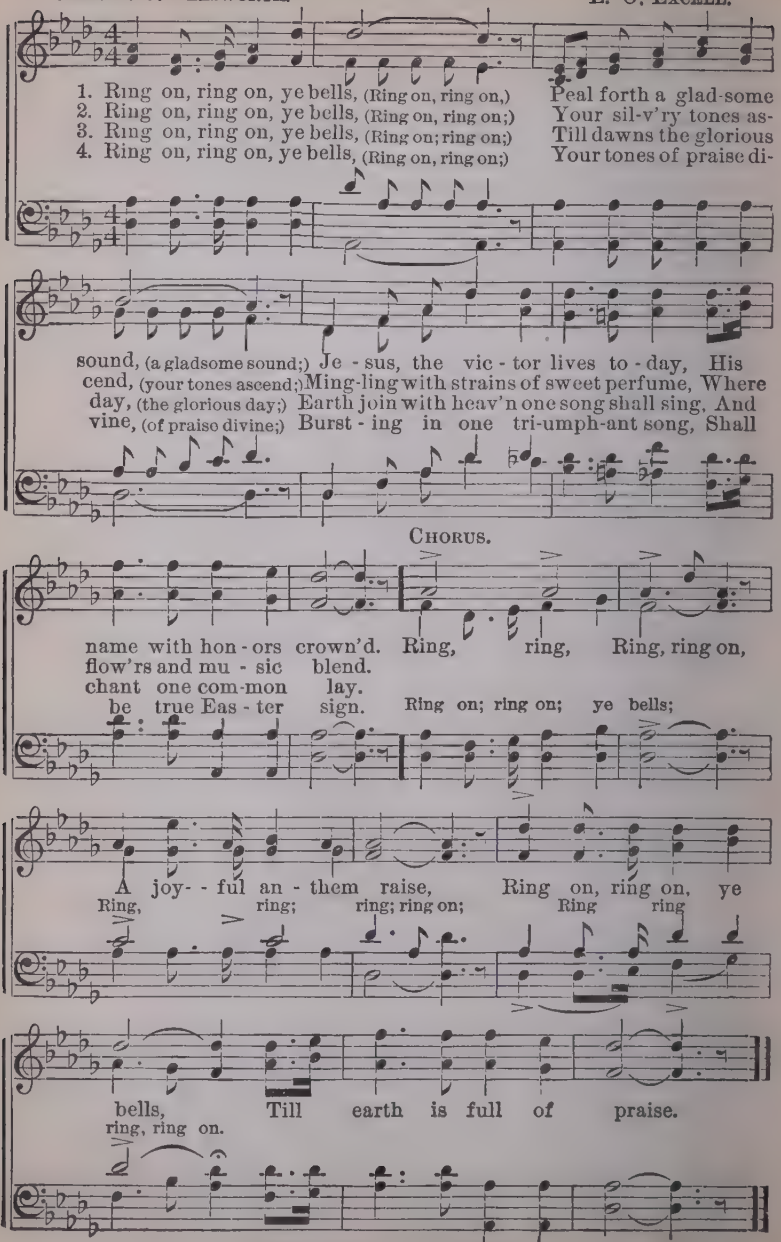
ISAAC WATTS. ARR. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ery beds of ease?
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.
CHORUS.
Let us walk in the Light, ... Let us walk in the
Let us walk in the Light, Let us walk
Light, ... Oh, let us walk, in the
in the Light, Oh, let us walk
Light, ... In the Light, the beau-ti-ful Light of God.
in the Light,

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

No. 50. The true Easter.

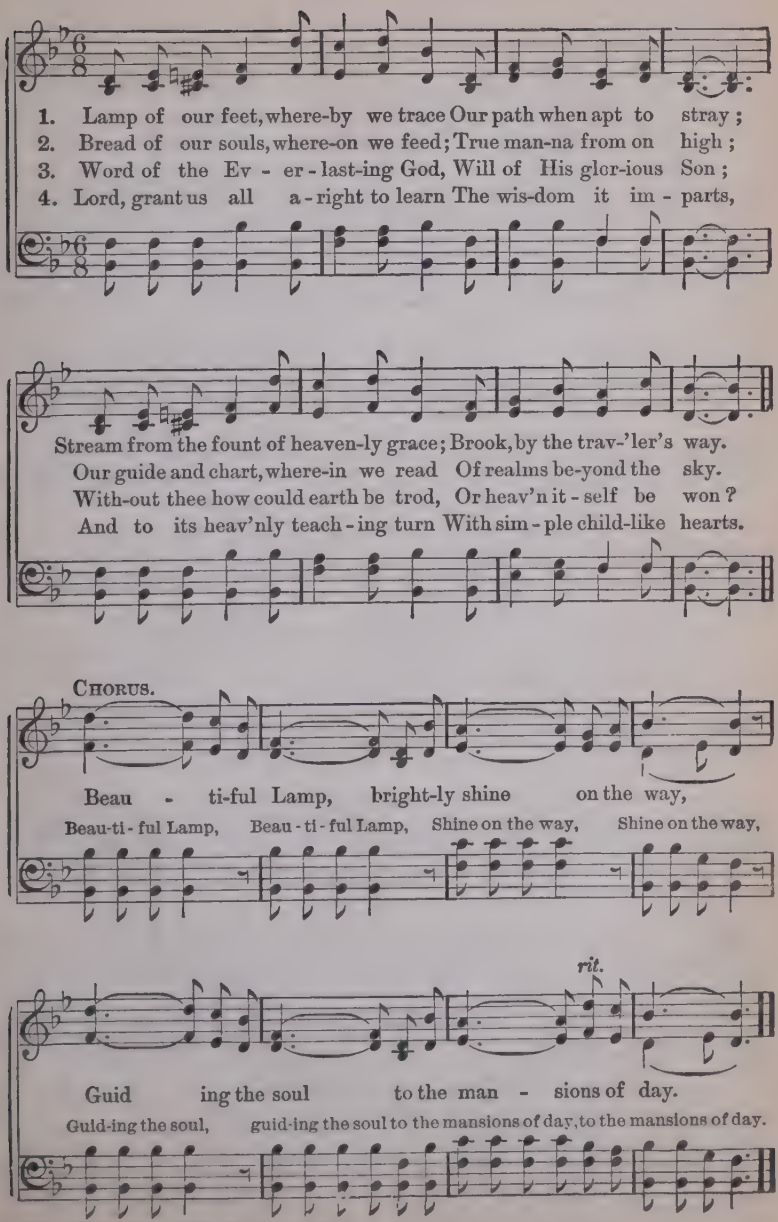
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, (Ring on, ring on,) Peal forth a glad-some
2. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, (Ring on, ring on;) Your sil-v'ry tones as-
3. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, (Ring on; ring on;) Till dawns the glorious
4. Ring on, ring on, ye bells, (Ring on, ring on;) Your tones of praise di-
sound, (a gladsome sound;) Je - sus, the vic - tor lives to - day, His
cend, (your tones ascend;) Ming-ling with strains of sweet perfume, Where
day, (the glorious day;) Earth join with heav'n one song shall sing, And
vine, (of praise divine;) Burst - ing in one tri-umph-ant song, Shall
CHORUS.
name with hon - ors crown'd. Ring, ring, Ring, ring on,
flow'rs and mu - sic blend.
chant one com-mon lay.
be true Eas - ter sign. Ring on; ring on; ye bells;
A joy- - ful an - them raise, Ring on, ring on, ye
Ring, ring; ring; ring on; Ring ring
bells, Till earth is full of praise.
ring, ring on.

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

No. 51. The Bible.

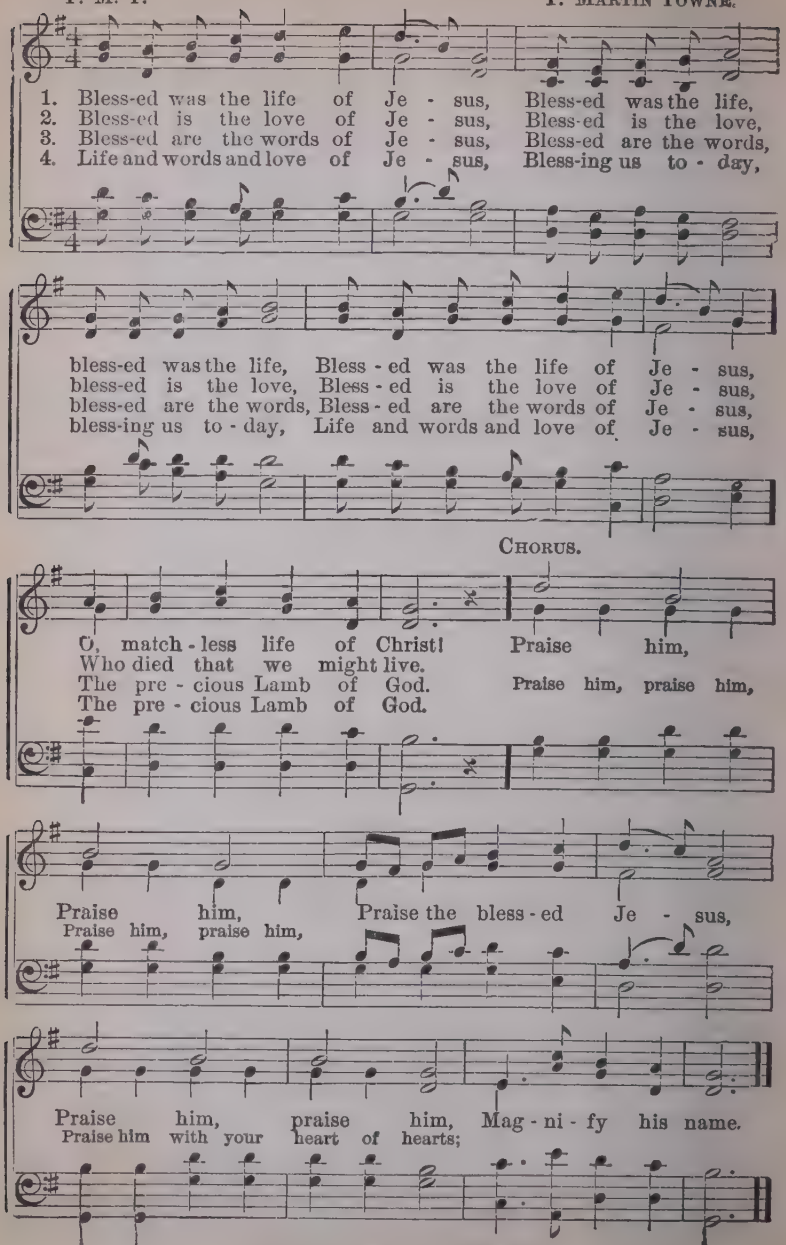
BARTON. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed; True man-na from on high;
3. Word of the Ev - er - last-ing God, Will of His glor-ious Son;
4. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis-dom it im - parts,
Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace; Brook, by the trav-'ler's way.
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky.
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
And to its heav'nly teach - ing turn With sim - ple child-like hearts.
CHORUS.
Beau - ti-ful Lamp, bright-ly shine on the way,
Beau-ti - ful Lamp, Beau - ti - ful Lamp, Shine on the way, Shine on the way,
rit.
Guid ing the soul to the man - sions of day.
Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul to the mansions of day, to the mansions of day.

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

No. 52. Life, Words, Love.

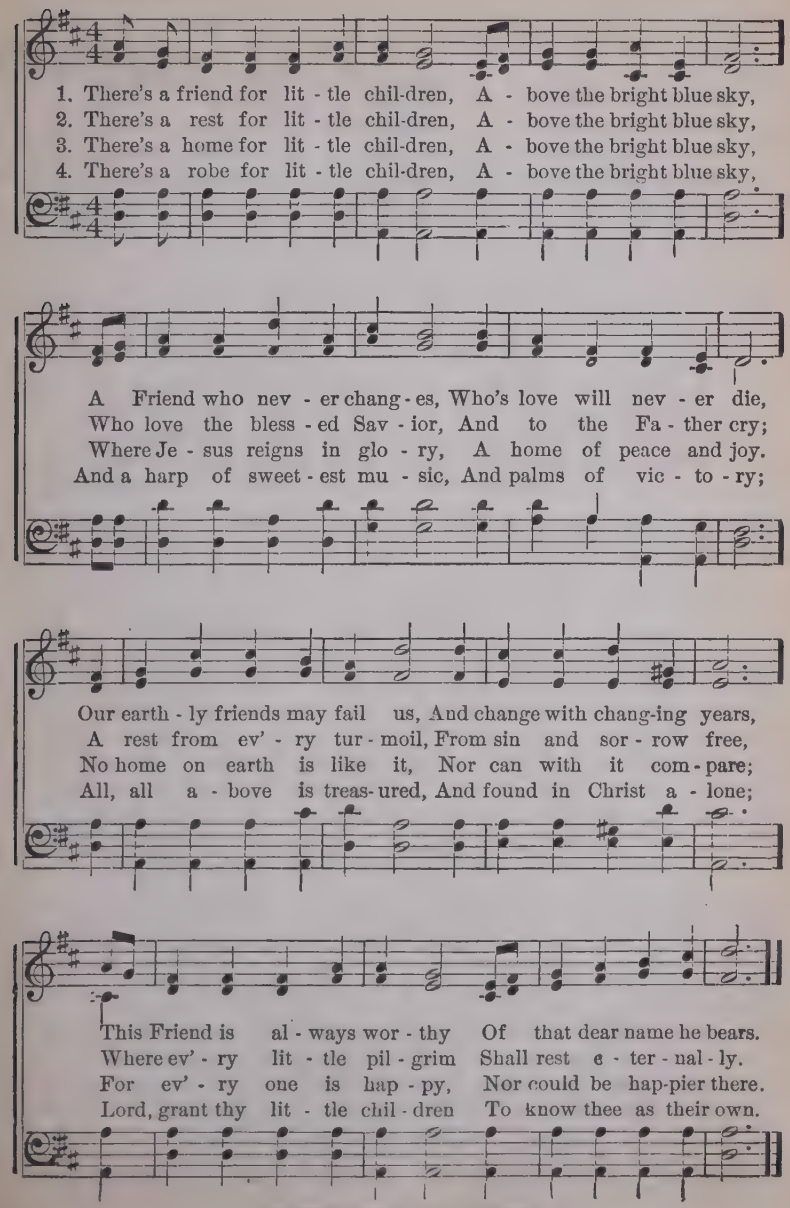
T. M. T. T. Martin Towne.


1. Bless-ed was the life of Je - sus, Bless-ed was the life,
2. Bless-ed is the love of Je - sus, Bless-ed is the love,
3. Bless-ed are the words of Je - sus, Bless-ed are the words,
4. Life and words and love of Je - sus, Bless-ing us to - day,
bless-ed was the life, Bless - ed was the life of Je - sus,
bless-ed is the love, Bless - ed is the love of Je - sus,
bless-ed are the words, Bless - ed are the words of Je - sus,
bless-ing us to - day, Life and words and love of Je - sus,
Chorus.
O, match - less life of Christ! Praise him,
Who died that we might live.
The pre - cious Lamb of God. Praise him, praise him,
The pre - cious Lamb of God.
Praise him, Praise the bless - ed Je - sus,
Praise him, praise him,
Praise him, praise him, Mag - ni - fy his name.
Praise him with your heart of hearts;

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 53. There's a Friend for Little Children.

ALBERT MIDLANE. M. L. MCPHAIL.

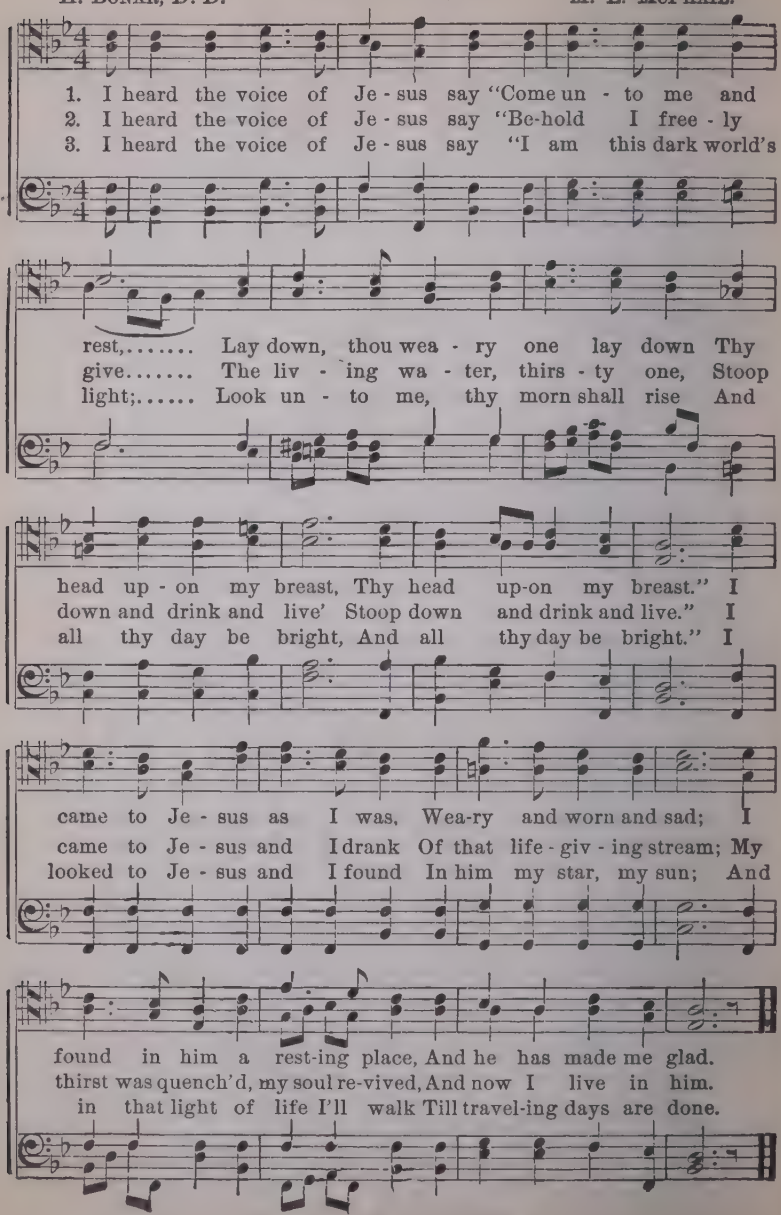

1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a home for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
4. There's a robe for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Who's love will nev - er die,
Who love the bless - ed Sav - ior, And to the Fa - ther cry;
Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy.
And a harp of sweet - est mu - sic, And palms of vic - to - ry;
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang-ing years,
A rest from ev' - ry tur - moil, From sin and sor - row free,
No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
All, all a - bove is treas-ured, And found in Christ a - lone;
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name he bears.
Where ev' - ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
For ev' - ry one is hap - py, Nor could be hap-pier there.
Lord, grant thy lit - tle chil - dren To know thee as their own.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 54. I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

Male Voices.

H. Bonar, D. D. M. L. McPhail.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say "Come un - to me and
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say "Be-hold I free - ly
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say "I am this dark world's
rest,..... Lay down, thou wea - ry one lay down Thy
give..... The liv - ing wa - ter, thirs - ty one, Stoop
light;..... Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And
head up - on my breast, Thy head up-on my breast." I
down and drink and live' Stoop down and drink and live." I
all thy day be bright, And all thy day be bright." I
came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
looked to Je - sus and I found In him my star, my sun; And
found in him a rest-ing place, And he has made me glad.
thirst was quench'd, my soul re-vived, And now I live in him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till travel-ing days are done.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 55. Come to the Savior Now.

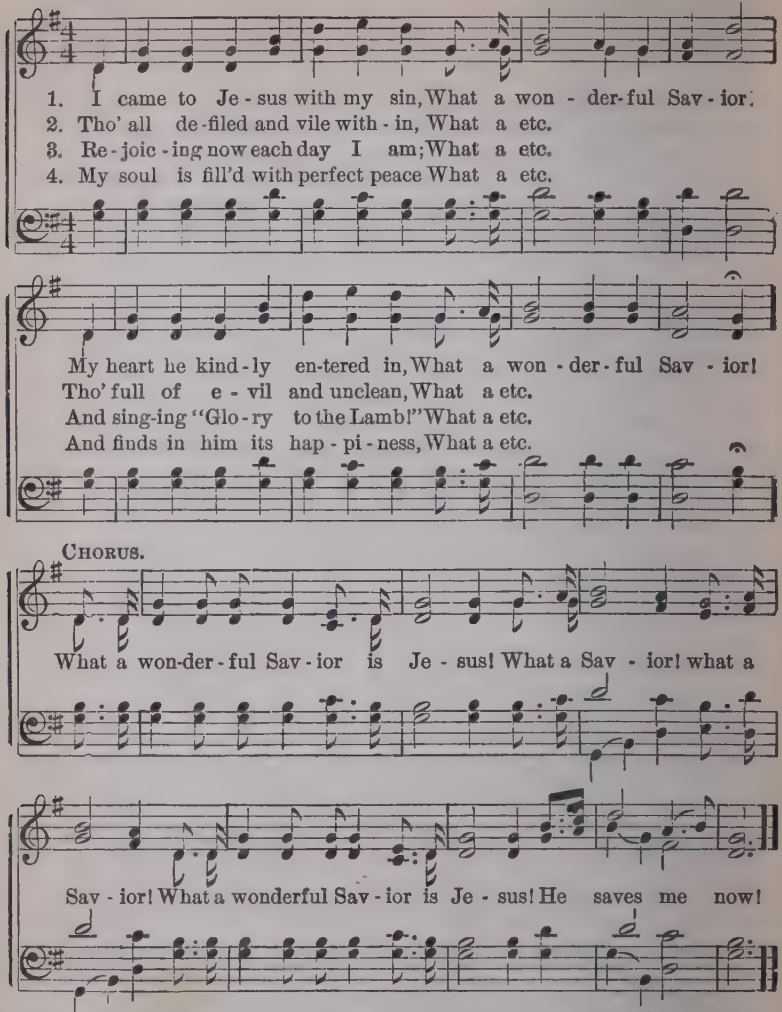
CHARLES WESLEY. E. S. FOGG.

1. Come sin ners to the gos-pel feast: Let ev-'ry soul be Je - sus guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi- ta-tion is for all;
3. Come all ye souls by sin op-prest, Ye rest-less wan-d'rers after rest,
4. My mes-sage as from God re-ceive; Ye all may come to Christ and live;
5. See him set forth be-fore your eyes, That pre-cious blend-ing sac-ri-fice,
Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bidden all man-kind.
Come all the world, come sinners thou! All things in Christ are ready now.
Ye poor and maim'd and halt and blind, In Christ a hearty welcome find.
O let his love your heart con-strain, Nor suf-fer him to die in vain.
His of-fered ben - e-fits em - brace, And freely now be saved by grace.
CHORUS.
Oh come to the Sav - ior, oh come!
Come to the Sav - ior, come, oh come to him now,
Come to the Sav-ior, oh come! Come
Come to the Sav - ior, come oh come to him now, Come to the Sav - ior,
to the Sav - ior oh come, Come to the Sav - ior now.
Come, oh come to him now,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 56. What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. I came to Je - sus with my sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
2. Tho' all de - filed and vile with - in, What a etc.
3. Re - joic - ing now each day I am; What a etc.
4. My soul is fill'd with perfect peace What a etc.
My heart he kind - ly en - tered in, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
Tho' full of e - vil and unclean, What a etc.
And sing - ing "Glo - ry to the Lamb!" What a etc.
And finds in him its hap - pi - ness, What a etc.
CHORUS.
What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus! What a Sav - ior! what a
Sav - ior! What a wonderful Sav - ior is Je - sus! He saves me now!

No. 57. Of Him who did Salvation bring.

1. Of him who did salvation bring
   What a wonderful Savior!
   I could forever sit and sing,
   What a etc.

2. Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve,
   What a etc.
   Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
   What a etc.

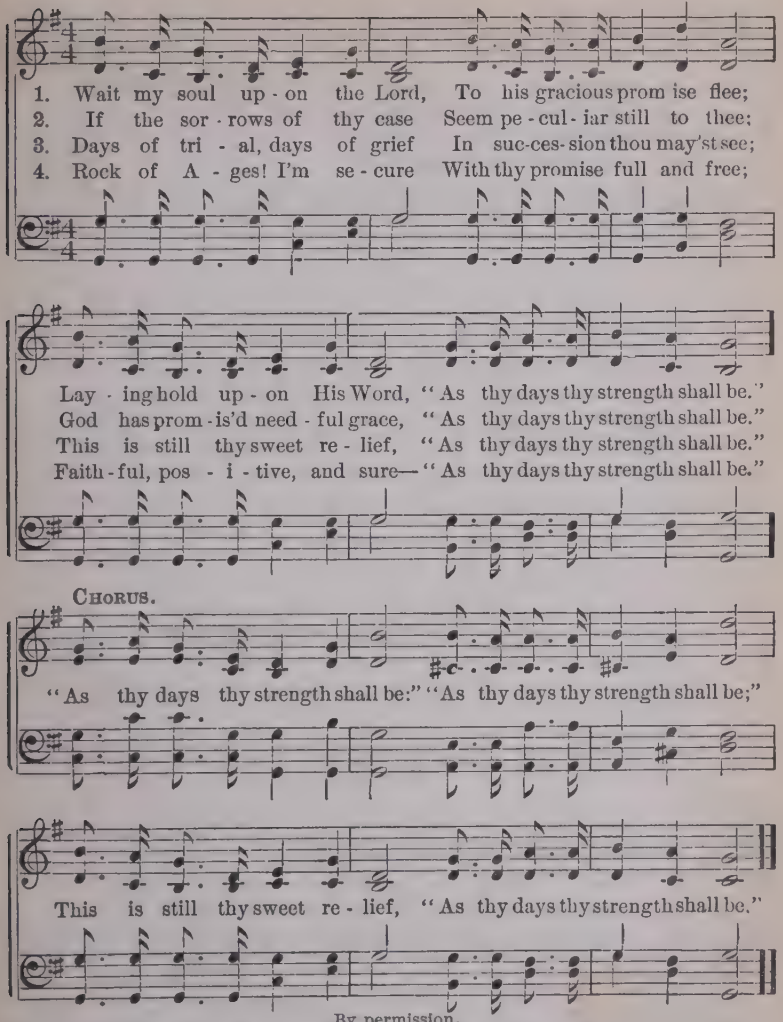
3. Ask but his grace, and lo 'tis given,
   What a etc.
   Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n,
   What a etc.

4. Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
   What a etc.
   Jesus, thy balm will make it whole,
   What a etc.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 58. As thy days thy strength shall be.

Wm. F. Lloyd. Rev. J. M. Driver.


1. Wait my soul up - on the Lord, To his gracious prom ise flee;
2. If the sor - rows of thy case Seem pe - cul - iar still to thee;
3. Days of tri - al, days of grief In suc-ces-sion thou may'st see;
4. Rock of A - ges! I'm se - cure With thy promise full and free;
Lay - ing hold up - on His Word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
God has prom - is'd need - ful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
This is still thy sweet re - lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Faith - ful, pos - i - tive, and sure— "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Chorus.
"As thy days thy strength shall be:" "As thy days thy strength shall be;"
This is still thy sweet re - lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

By permission.

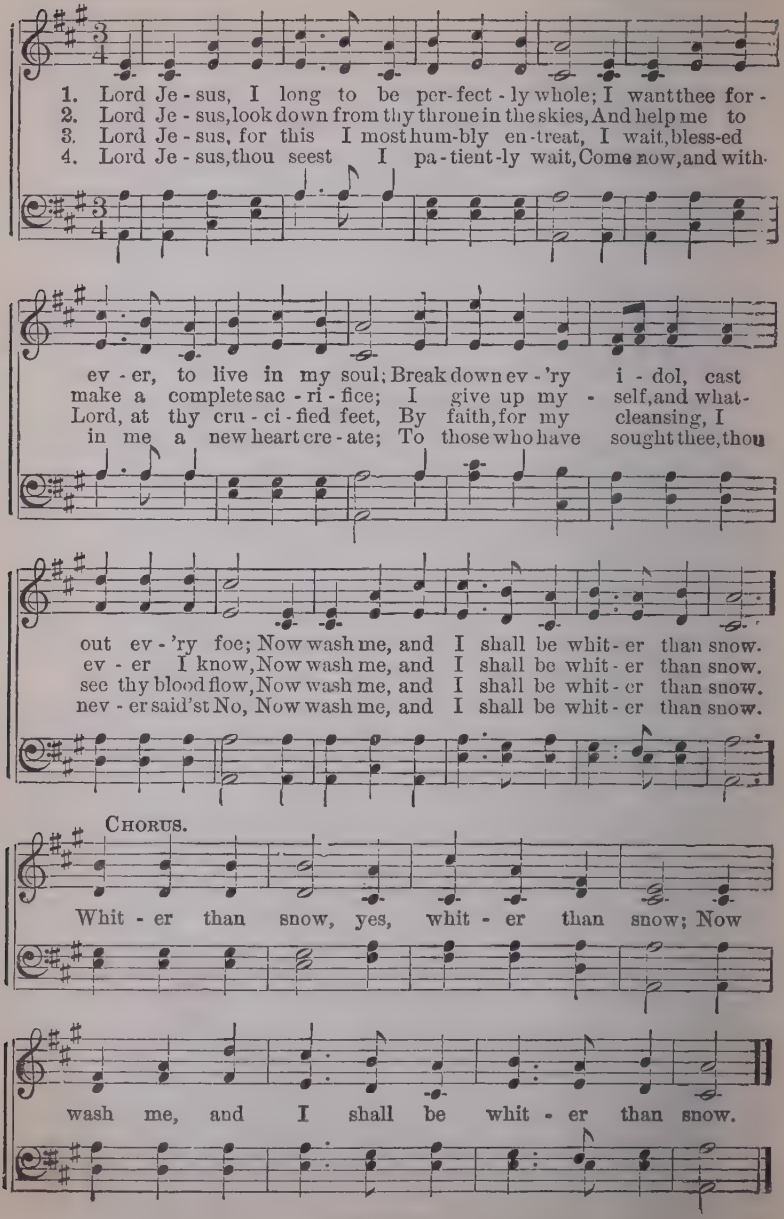
No. 59. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?

1 Sinner turn; why will ye die!
God, your Maker; asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

No. 60. Whiter than Snow.

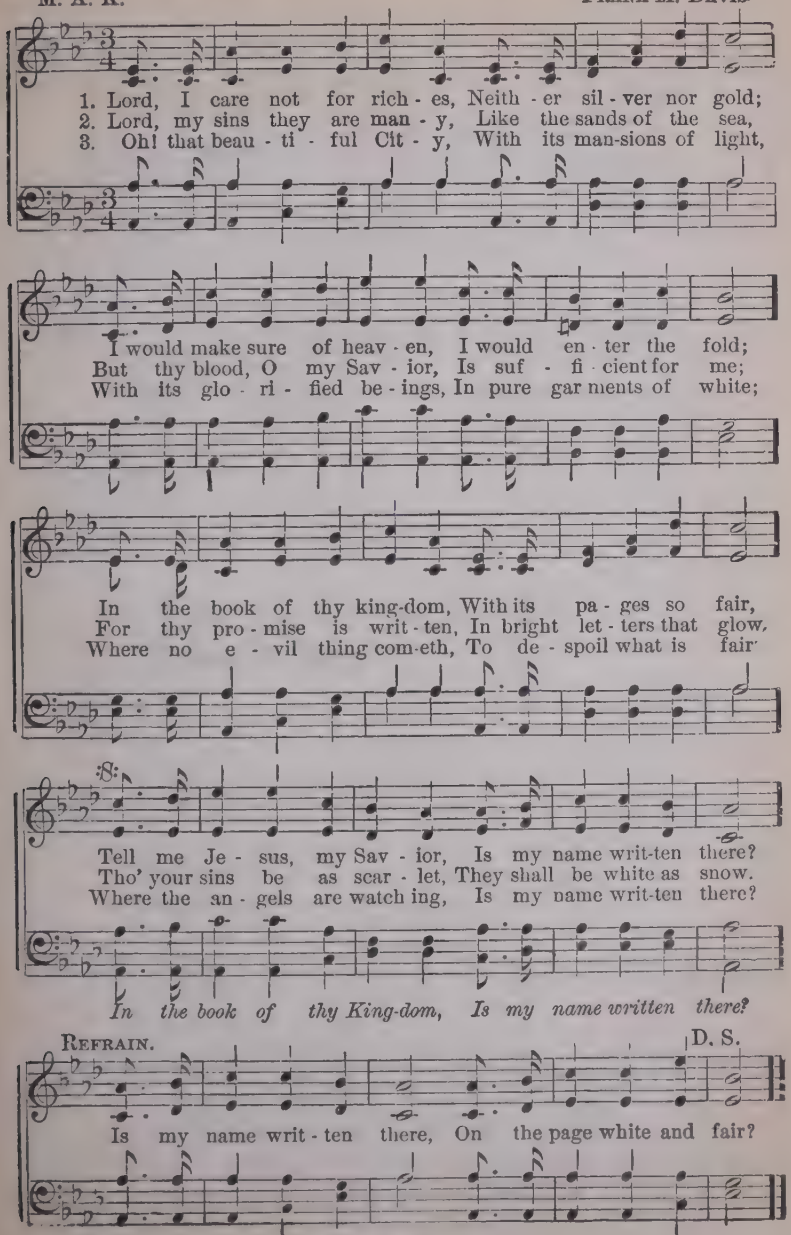
JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what- ev - er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
4. Lord Je - sus, thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait, Come now, and with- in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

By permission.

No. 61. Is My Name written There?

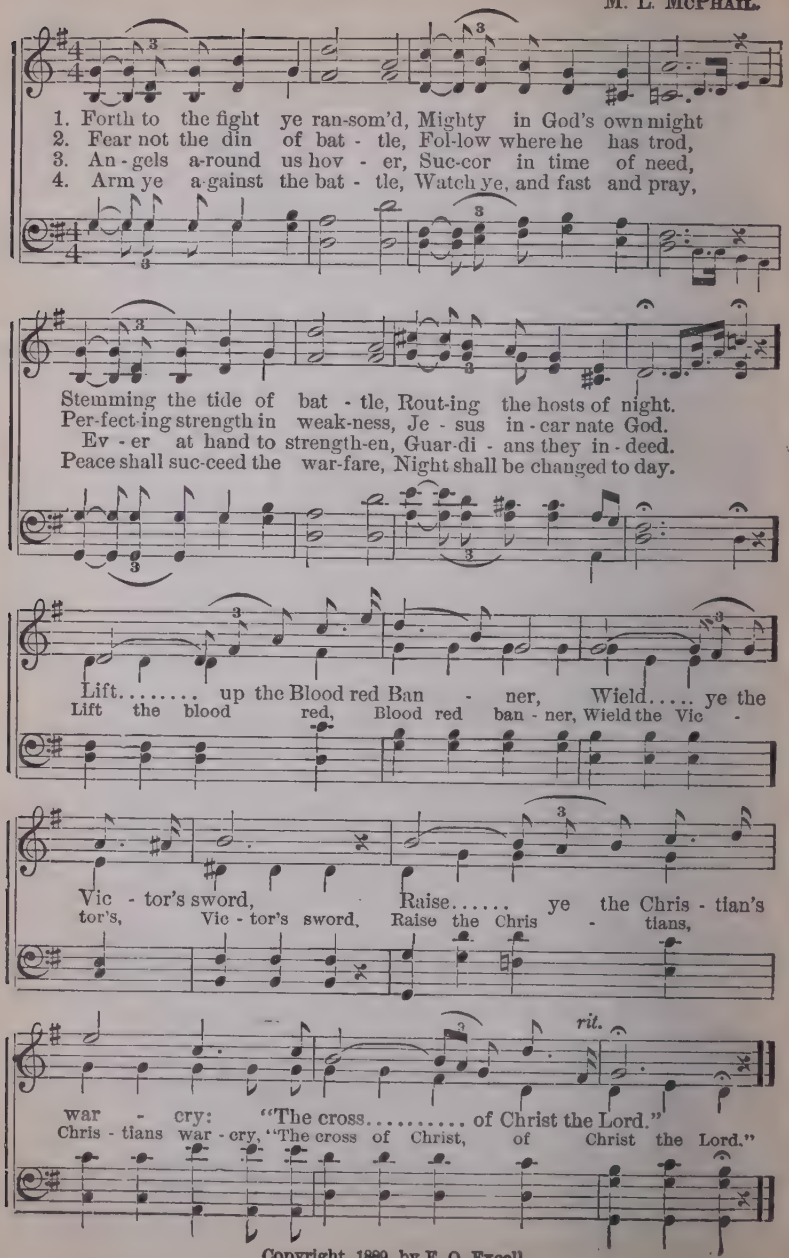
M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful Cit - y, With its man-sions of light,
I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold;
But thy blood, O my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar ments of white;
In the book of thy king-dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
For thy pro - mise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com-eth, To de - spoil what is fair
Tell me Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ-ten there?
Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be white as snow.
Where the an - gels are watch ing, Is my name writ-ten there?
In the book of thy King-dom, Is my name written there?
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

By permission.

No. 62. Forth to the Fight!

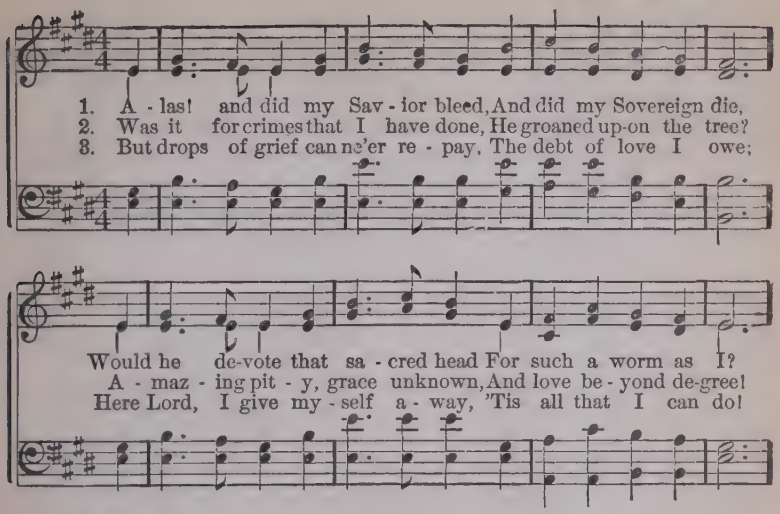
M. L. McPhail.


1. Forth to the fight ye ran-som'd, Mighty in God's own might
2. Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fol-low where he has trod,
3. An - gels a-round us hov - er, Suc-cor in time of need,
4. Arm ye a-gainst the bat - tle, Watch ye, and fast and pray,
Stemming the tide of bat - tle, Rout-ing the hosts of night.
Per-fect-ing strength in weak-ness, Je - sus in - car nate God.
Ev - er at hand to strength-en, Guar-di - ans they in - deed.
Peace shall suc-ceed the war-fare, Night shall be changed to day.
Lift..... up the Blood red Ban - ner, Wield..... ye the
Lift the blood red, Blood red ban - ner, Wield the Vic -
Vic - tor's sword, Raise..... ye the Chris - tian's
tor's, Vic - tor's sword, Raise the Chris - tians,
rit.
war - cry: "The cross..... of Christ the Lord."
Chris - tians war - cry, "The cross of Christ, of Christ the Lord."

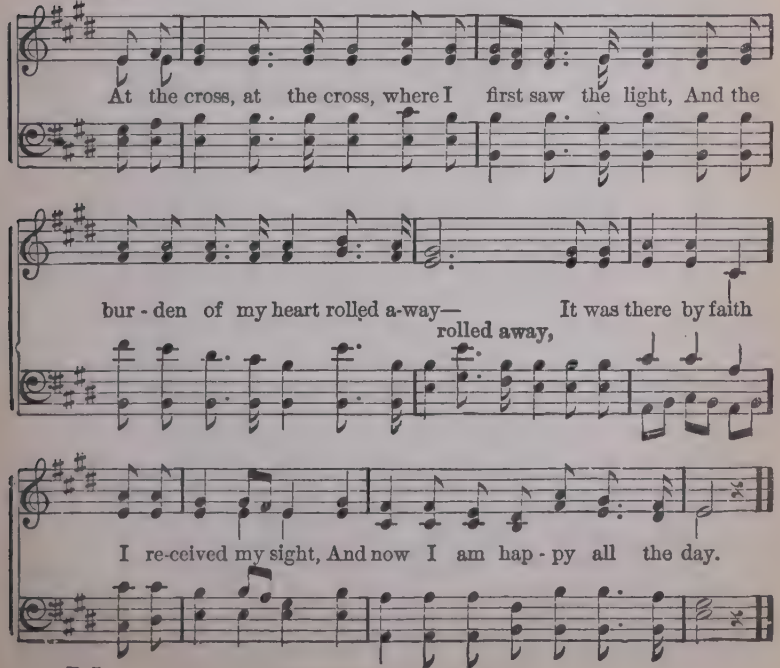
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 63. At the Cross.

R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;
Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

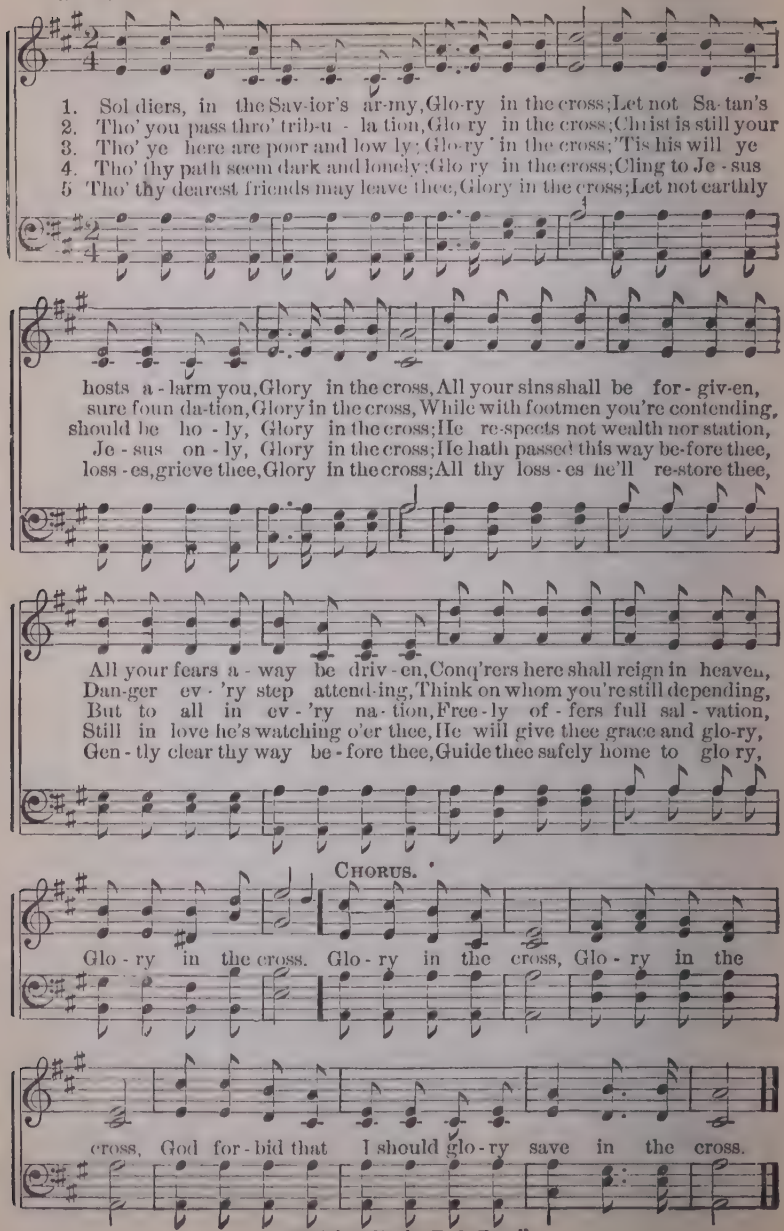
Chorus.


At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a-way— It was there by faith
rolled away,
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 64. Glory in the Cross.

D. B. WATKINS. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Sol diers, in the Sav-ior's ar-my, Glo-ry in the cross; Let not Sa-tan's
2. Tho' you pass thro' trib-u - la tion, Glo ry in the cross; Christ is still your
3. Tho' ye here are poor and low ly; Glo-ry in the cross; 'Tis his will ye
4. Tho' thy path seem dark and lonely; Glo ry in the cross; Cling to Je - sus
5 Tho' thy dearest friends may leave thee, Glory in the cross; Let not earthly
hosts a - larm you, Glory in the cross, All your sins shall be for - giv-en,
sure foun da-tion, Glory in the cross, While with footmen you're contending,
should be ho - ly, Glory in the cross; He re-spects not wealth nor station,
Je - sus on - ly, Glory in the cross; He hath passed this way be-fore thee,
loss - es, grieve thee, Glory in the cross; All thy loss - es he'll re-store thee,
All your fears a - way be driv - en, Conq'rers here shall reign in heaven,
Dan-ger ev - 'ry step attend-ing, Think on whom you're still depending,
But to all in ev - 'ry na - tion, Free - ly of - fers full sal - vation,
Still in love he's watching o'er thee, He will give thee grace and glo-ry,
Gen - tly clear thy way be - fore thee, Guide thee safely home to glo ry,
CHORUS.
Glo - ry in the cross. Glo - ry in the cross, Glo - ry in the
cross, God for - bid that I should glo - ry save in the cross.

Copyright, 1888, by E. O. Excell.

No. 65. Twilight is Falling.

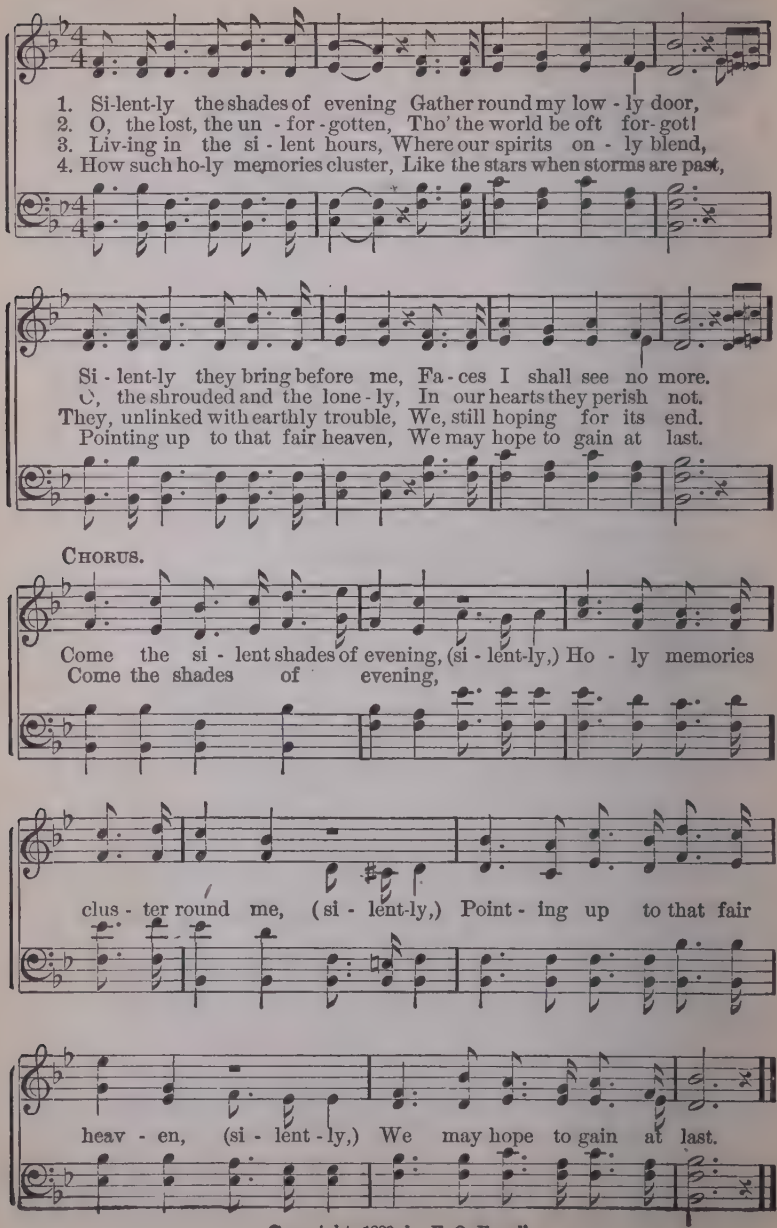
A. S. Kieffer. B. C. Unseld.

Andantino.

1. Twi-light is steal-ing o-ver the sea, Shad-ows are fall-ing
2. Voic-es of loved ones! songs of the past! Still lin-ger round me
3. Come in the twi-light, come, come to me! Bring-ing some message
dark on the lea; Borne on the night winds, voic-es of yore
while life shall last; Lone-ly I wan-der, sad-ly I roam,
o-ver the sea, Cheer-ing my path-way while here I roam,
f Chorus.
Come from the far-off shore.
Seek-ing that far-off home.
Seek-ing that far-off home.
Far a-way be-yond the star-lit skies.
Where the love-light nev-er nev-er dies, Gleameth a man-sion,
fill'd with de-light, Sweet hap-py home, so bright!

No. 66. Silently the Shades of Evening.

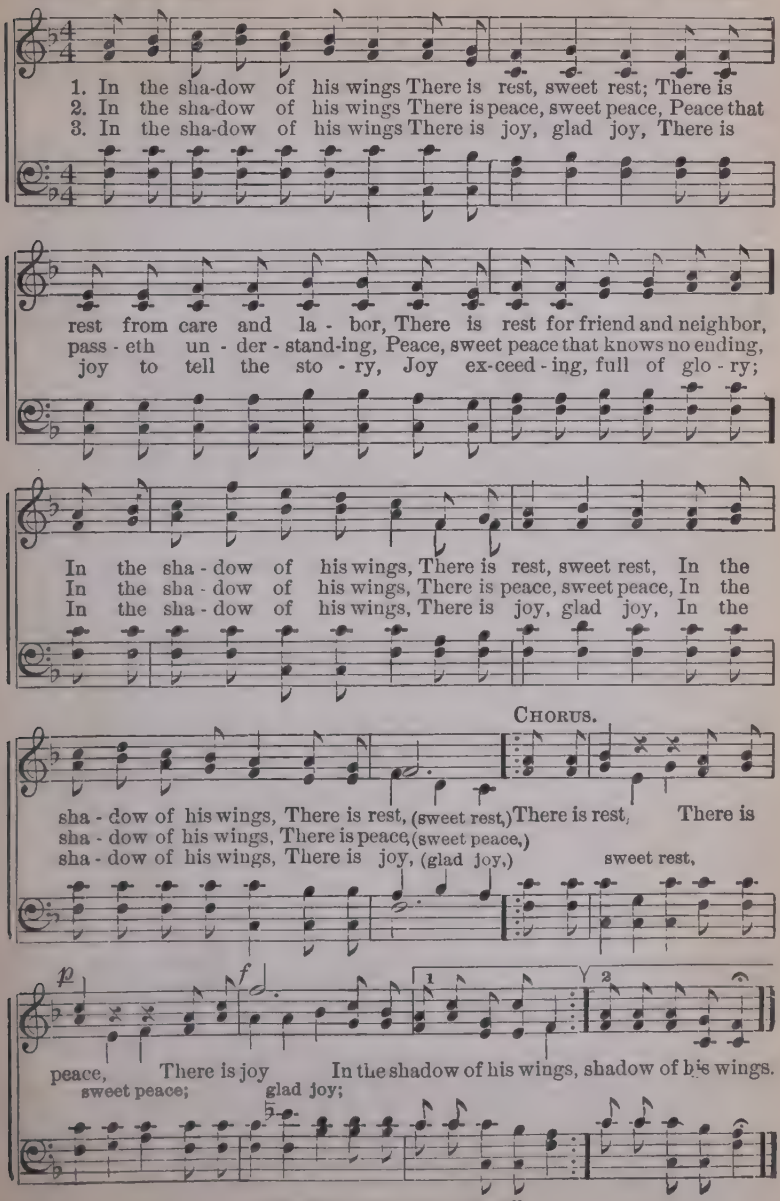
C. C Cox. CAREY BOGGESS.


1. Si-lent-ly the shades of evening Gather round my low - ly door,
2. O, the lost, the un - for - gotten, Tho' the world be oft for- got!
3. Liv-ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spirits on - ly blend,
4. How such ho-ly memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past,
Si - lent-ly they bring before me, Fa - ces I shall see no more.
O, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they perish not.
They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We, still hoping for its end.
Pointing up to that fair heaven, We may hope to gain at last.
CHORUS.
Come the si - lent shades of evening, (si - lent-ly,) Ho - ly memories
Come the shades of evening,
clus - ter round me, (si - lent-ly,) Point - ing up to that fair
heav - en, (si - lent - ly,) We may hope to gain at last.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 67. In the Shadow of His Wings.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.


1. In the sha-dow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
2. In the sha-dow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
3. In the sha-dow of his wings There is joy, glad joy, There is
rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor,
pass - eth un - der - stand-ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending,
joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex-ceed - ing, full of glo - ry;
In the sha - dow of his wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the
In the sha - dow of his wings, There is peace, sweet peace, In the
In the sha - dow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy, In the
CHORUS.
sha - dow of his wings, There is rest, (sweet rest,) There is rest, There is
sha - dow of his wings, There is peace, (sweet peace,)
sha - dow of his wings, There is joy, (glad joy,) sweet rest,
p
f
1
2
peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings, shadow of his wings.
sweet peace; glad joy;

Copyright, 1882, by E. O. Excell.

No. 68. Beautiful City.

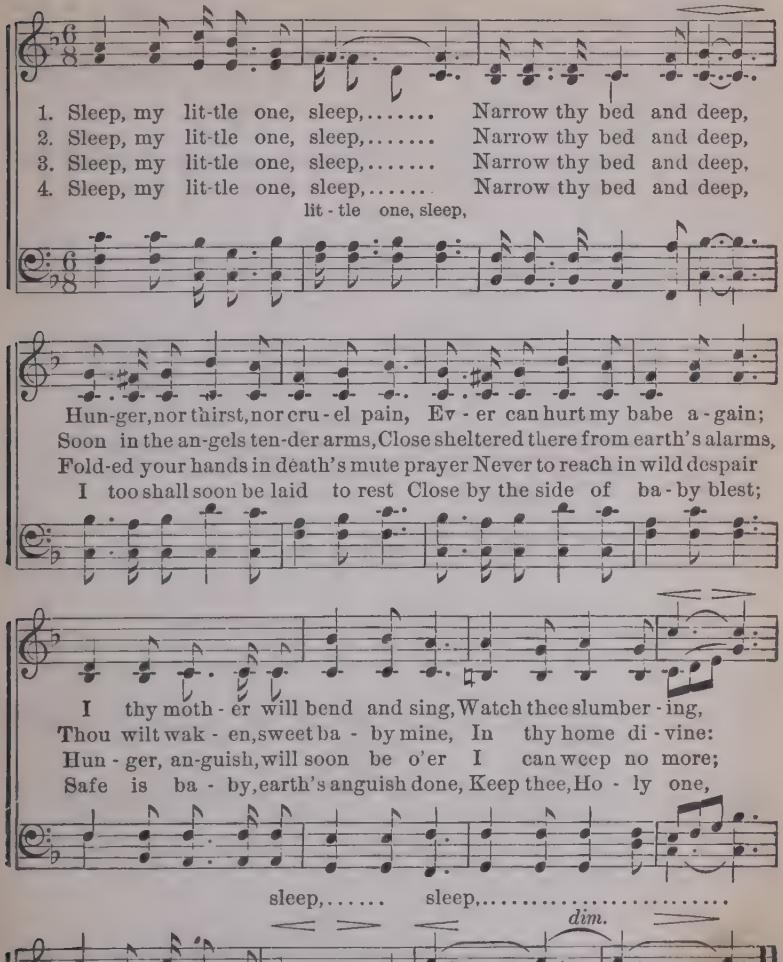
T. J. Cook.

mf
1. Beautiful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful cit - y that I
2. Beautiful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful an-gels clothed in
3. Beautiful crowns on ev - 'ry brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors
4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the an - gels
f
love! Beautiful gates of pearl-y white, Beautiful temple, God its
white, Beautiful strains that nev - er tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the
show, Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear, Beautiful all who en-ter
sing, Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease, Beautiful home of per-fect
light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those
choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshipping
there; Thith-er I press with ea - ger feet, There shall my
peace; There shall my eyes the Sav - ior see, Haste to this
f
pearl - y gates to me. Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly
at the Sav - iors feet.
rest be long and sweet.
heav-'nly home with me.
Repeat pp
Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Cit - y of our God.

No. 69. Sleep, my Little one, Sleep.

In memory of Anna Small, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam. W. Small.

MISS A. BENSEL. ART. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,
2. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,
3. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,
4. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep,..... Narrow thy bed and deep,
lit - tle one, sleep,
Hun-ger, nor thirst, nor cru-el pain, Ev - er can hurt my babe a - gain;
Soon in the an-gels ten-der arms, Close sheltered there from earth's alarms,
Fold-ed your hands in death's mute prayer Never to reach in wild despair
I too shall soon be laid to rest Close by the side of ba - by blest;
I thy moth - er will bend and sing, Watch thee slumber - ing,
Thou wilt wak - en, sweet ba - by mine, In thy home di - vine:
Hun - ger, an-guish, will soon be o'er I can weep no more;
Safe is ba - by, earth's anguish done, Keep thee, Ho - ly one,
sleep,..... sleep,.....
dim.
Sleep, my lit-tle one, lit-tle one, sleep, sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep.
sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 70. Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee home, Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest, Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to him now, Wait-ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to his voice, Hear him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam,
call - ing to - day; Bring him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest;
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at his feet low - ly bow;
hear him to - day; They who be - lieve on his name shall re-joice;
REFRAIN.
Far-ther and far-ther a - way? Call - ing to - day,.....
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no long - er de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to-day;
call - - ing to - day,..... Je - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Je - sus is ten-der - ly
call - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call - ing to - day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins. by per.

No. 71. Soldiers, To the War!

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN IRA O. HOFFMAN.

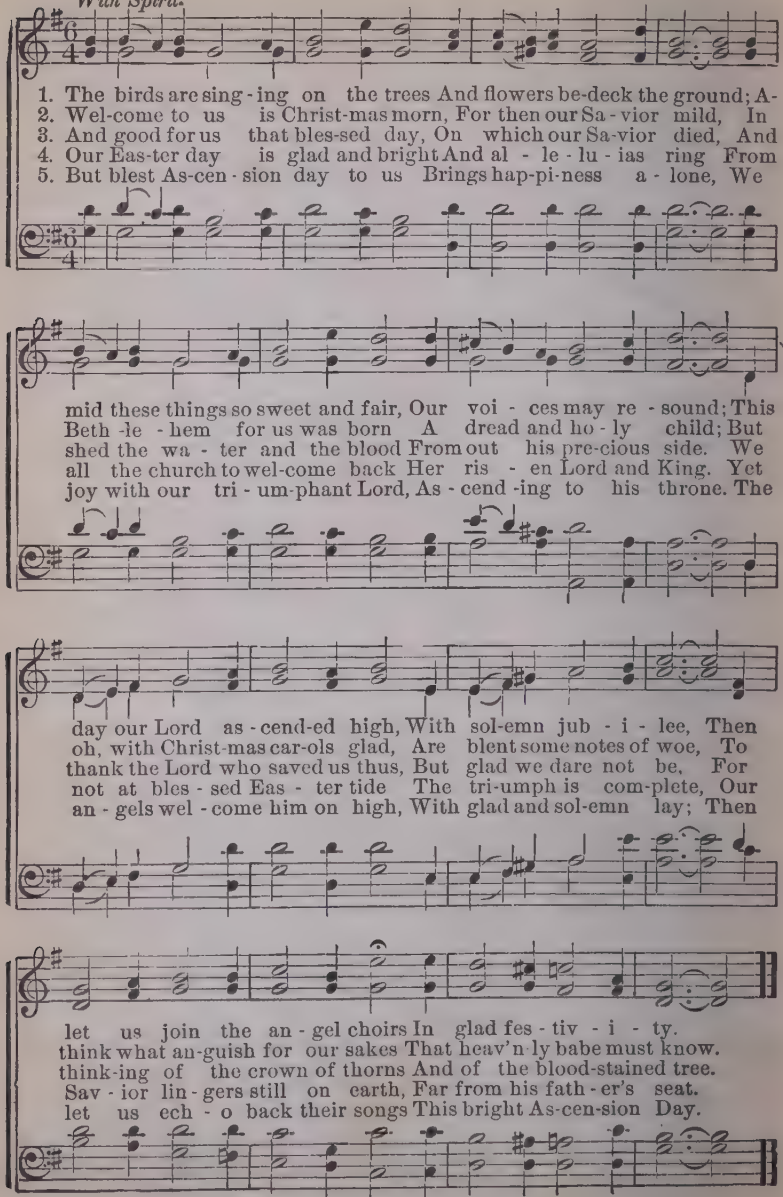
1. O, the world must be con quer'd for Christ, And the stand-ard reared up
2. Yes, the world must be con-quer'd for Christ! Ev-'ry soul must be brought
3. Yes, the world must be con-quer'd for Christ! Take the shield, soldiers, gird
in his name, Must be plant - ed on hill and in vale, Till the
to his fold! To the front, O ye sol - diers, to arms! To the
on the sword! Let the strug-gle be ear - nest and brave! To the
CHORUS.
world shall re - ech - o his fame. For-ward, sol - diers! For-ward,
war, ye whose names are en-rolled! For-ward march!
war in the name of the Lord!
sol - diers! Take the shield, brave-ly gird on the sword! To the
For-ward march! For-ward, for - ward, for-ward march!
bat - tle! To the bat - tle! To the war in the name of the Lord!
For - ward march! For - ward march!

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 72. The Birds are Singing.

M. L. McPhail.

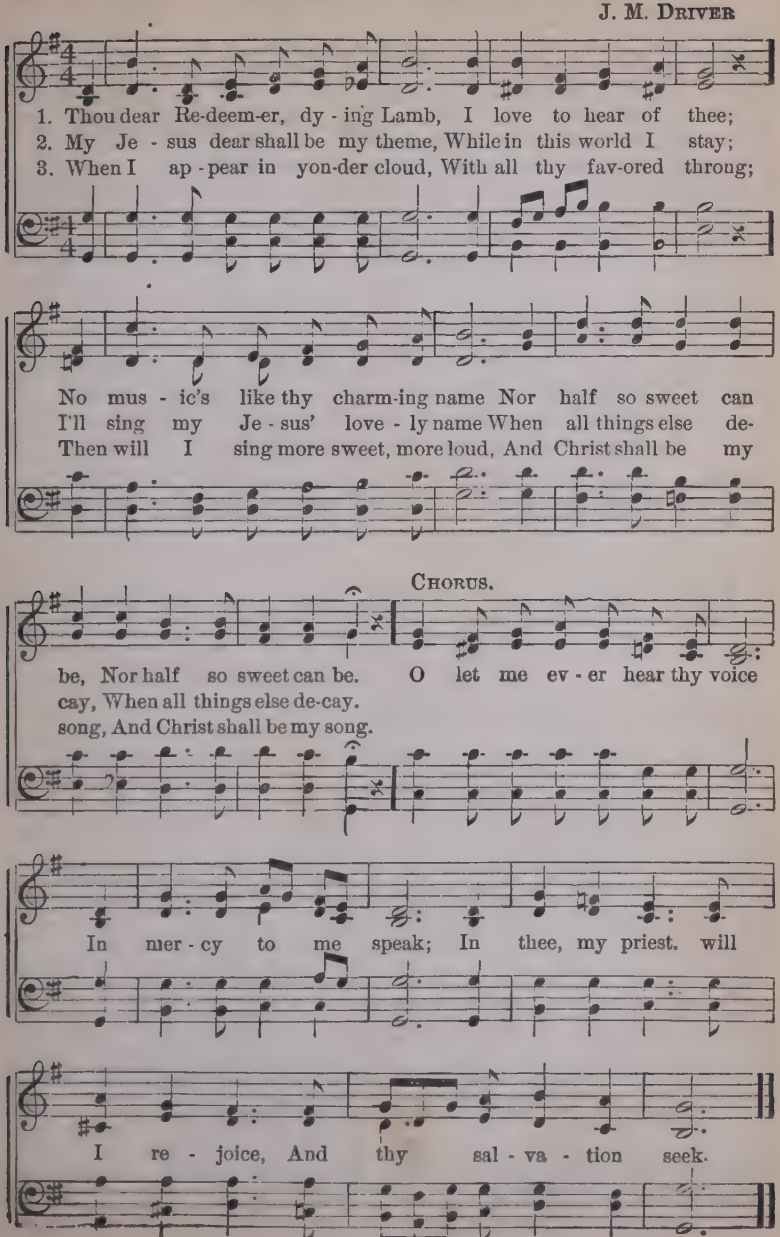
With Spirit.


1. The birds are sing - ing on the trees And flowers be-deck the ground; A-
2. Wel-come to us is Christ-mas morn, For then our Sa - vior mild, In
3. And good for us that bles-sed day, On which our Sa-vior died, And
4. Our Eas-ter day is glad and bright And al - le - lu - ias ring From
5. But blest As-cen - sion day to us Brings hap-pi-ness a - lone, We
mid these things so sweet and fair, Our voi - ces may re - sound; This
Beth -le - hem for us was born A dread and ho - ly child; But
shed the wa - ter and the blood From out his pre-cious side. We
all the church to wel-come back Her ris - en Lord and King. Yet
joy with our tri - um-phant Lord, As - cend -ing to his throne. The
day our Lord as - cend-ed high, With sol-emn jub - i - lee, Then
oh, with Christ-mas car-ols glad, Are blent some notes of woe, To
thank the Lord who saved us thus, But glad we dare not be, For
not at bles - sed Eas - ter tide The tri-umph is com-plete, Our
an - gels wel - come him on high, With glad and sol-emn lay; Then
let us join the an - gel choirs In glad fes - tiv - i - ty.
think what an-guish for our sakes That heav'n-ly babe must know.
think-ing of the crown of thorns And of the blood-stained tree.
Sav - ior lin - gers still on earth, Far from his fath - er's seat.
let us ech - o back their songs This bright As-cen-sion Day.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 73. Christ shall be my Song.

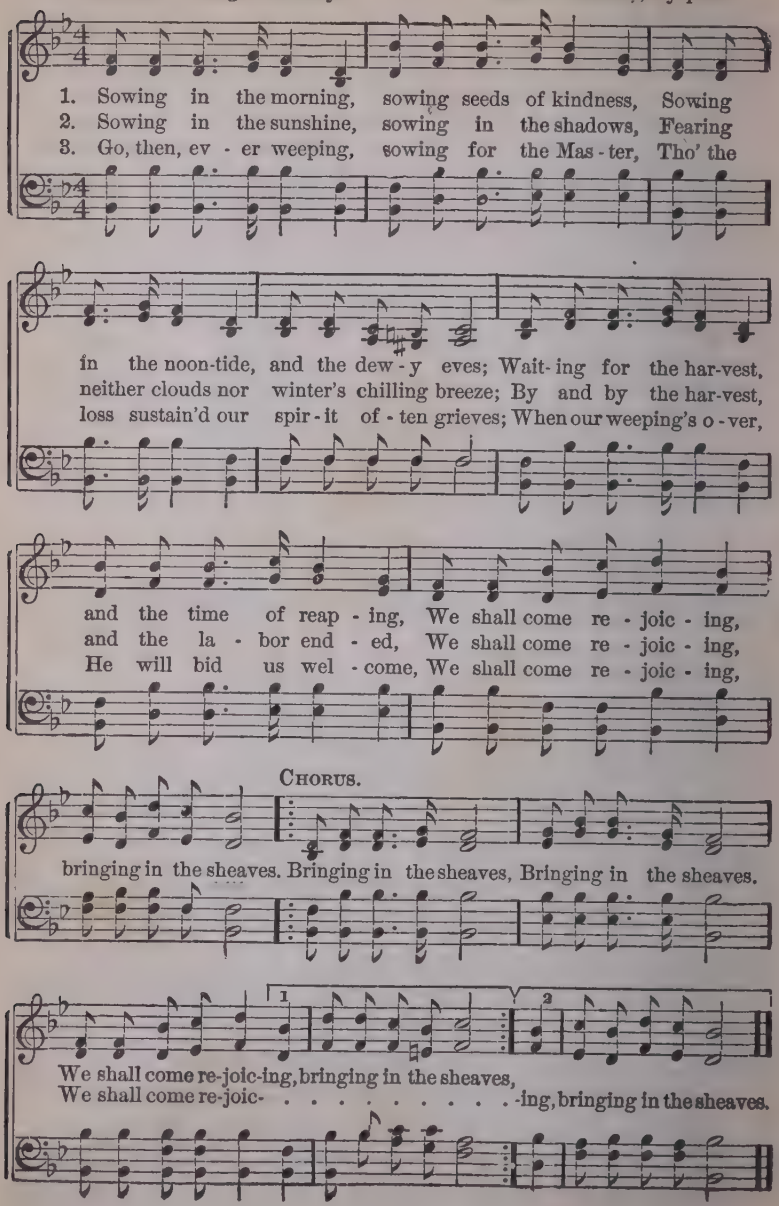
J. M. DRIVER


1. Thou dear Re-deem-er, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee;
2. My Je - sus dear shall be my theme, While in this world I stay;
3. When I ap - pear in yon-der cloud, With all thy fav-ored throng;
No mus - ic's like thy charm-ing name Nor half so sweet can
I'll sing my Je - sus' love - ly name When all things else de-
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my
CHORUS.
be, Nor half so sweet can be. O let me ev - er hear thy voice
cay, When all things else de-cay.
song, And Christ shall be my song.
In mer - cy to me speak; In thee, my priest. will
I re - joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 74. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR, by per.


1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing
3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the
in the noon-tide, and the dew - y eves; Wait - ing for the har-vest,
neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest,
loss sustain'd our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's o - ver,
and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,
CHORUS.
bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.
1
2
We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come re-joic- . . . . . -ing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 75. Remember, Keep Holy.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. If you meet a comrade on the Sabbath day, Who would seek to lead you
2. If along the highway, or the bu-sy street, Lit - tle Sab bath breakers
3. In the world around you, in the sky above, There are hearts to cheer you,
in - to paths a - stray, Be a lit - tle he - ro, and your courage show,
you should chance to meet, Be a lit - tle Christian, do not with them go.
there are souls to love, Follow in the path-way of your Lord be - low.
Chorus.
Tell him ver - y plain - ly No! No! no! no! I can - not go.
Let your ac - tion tell them No! No! no! no! etc.
Nev - er from the right way go. No! no! no! ete.
'Tis the Lord's command and I'll o - bey, In his word I read it,
'Twas the Lord who said it, "Remember, keep ho - ly, the Sab-bath day."

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 76. The Mercy Seat.

HUGH STOWELL. E. O. EXCELL.

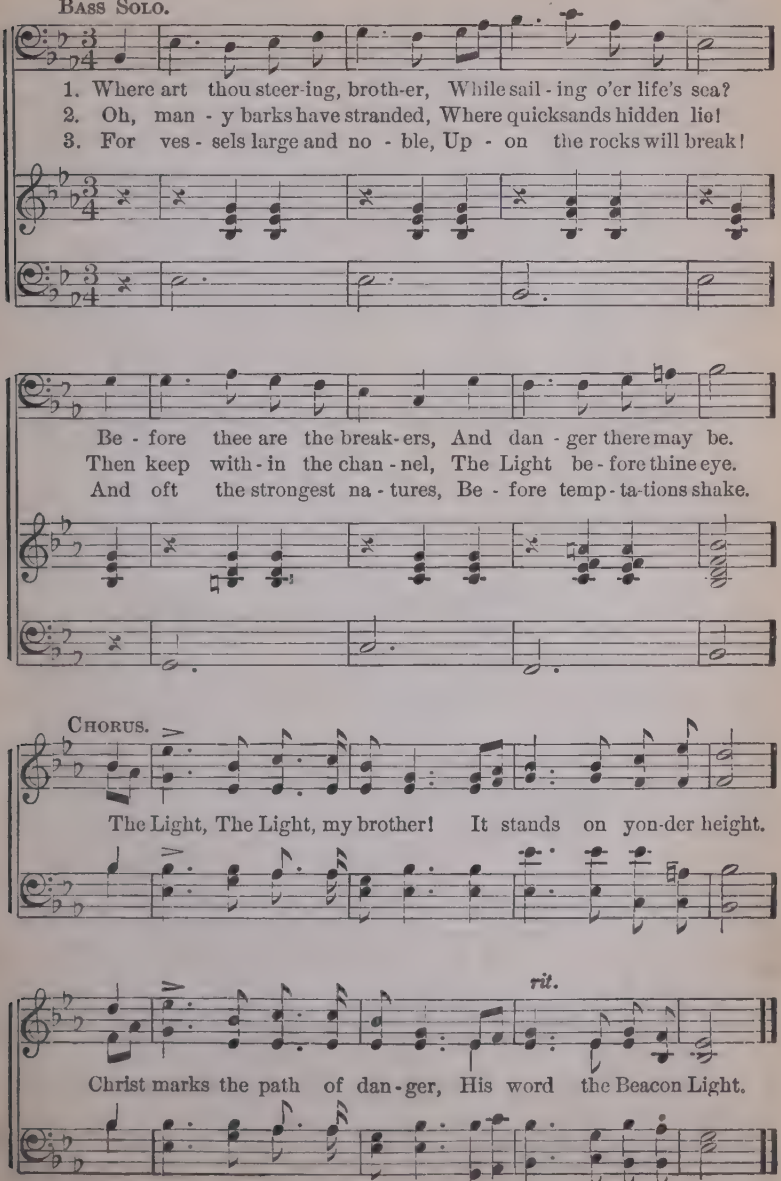
1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;
3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend
4. There, there on eagle wings we soar, And time and sense mo-lest no more,
5. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still
There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, Around one common mercy seat;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat;
This bounding heart forget to beat, If I forget the mer-cy seat;
REFRAIN.
The mer-cy seat, the mercy seat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat;
The mer-cy seat, the mercy seat, It is the blood-bought mercy seat;
The mer-cy seat, the mercy seat, Around one common mercy seat;
The mer-cy seat, the mercy seat, And glory crowns the mercy seat;
The mer-cy seat, the mercy seat, If I for-get the mercy seat:
There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
A place than all besides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, Around one common mercy seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.
This bounding heart forget to beat, If I for-get the mercy seat.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 77. The Beacon Light.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. H. A. LEWIS.

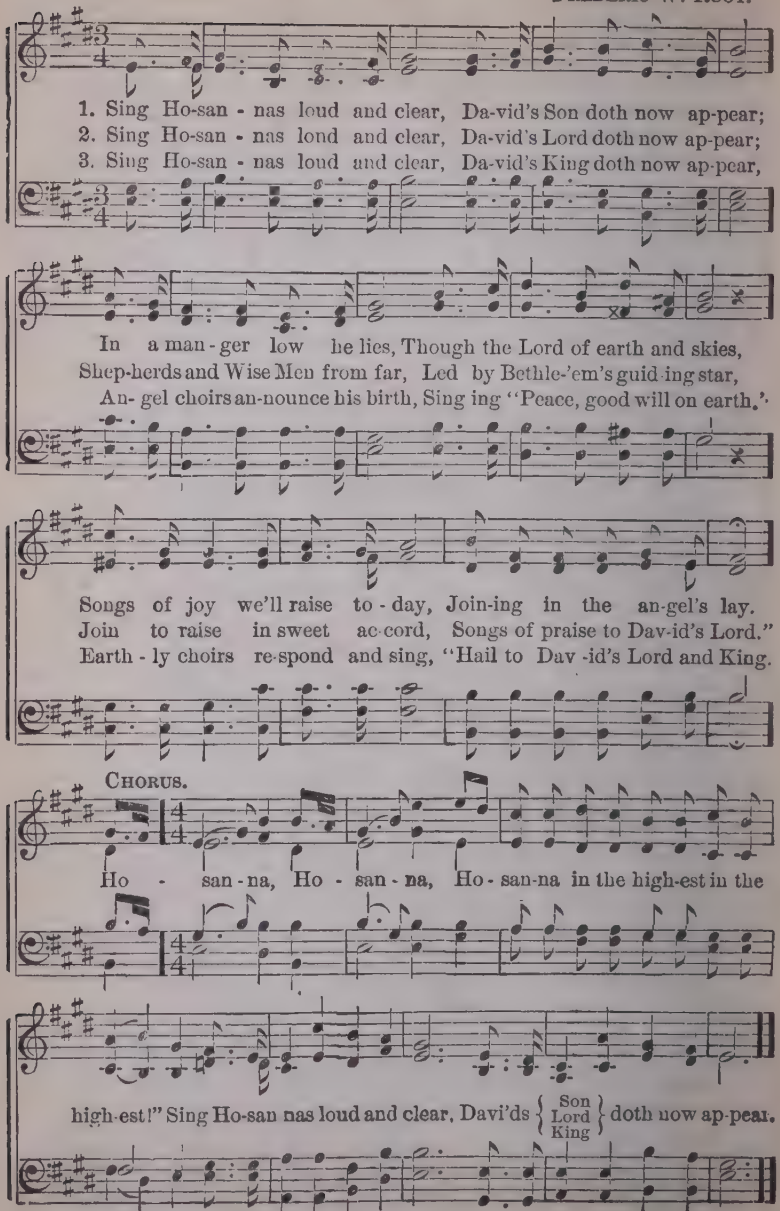
BASS SOLO.


1. Where art thou steer-ing, broth-er, While sail-ing o'er life's sea?
2. Oh, man-y barks have stranded, Where quicksands hidden lie!
3. For ves-sels large and no-ble, Up-on the rocks will break!
Be-fore thee are the break-ers, And dan-ger there may be.
Then keep with-in the chan-nel, The Light be-fore thine eye.
And oft the strongest na-tures, Be-fore temp-ta-tions shake.
CHORUS.
The Light, The Light, my brother! It stands on yon-der height.
rit.
Christ marks the path of dan-ger, His word the Beacon Light.

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

No. 78. Sing Hosanna.

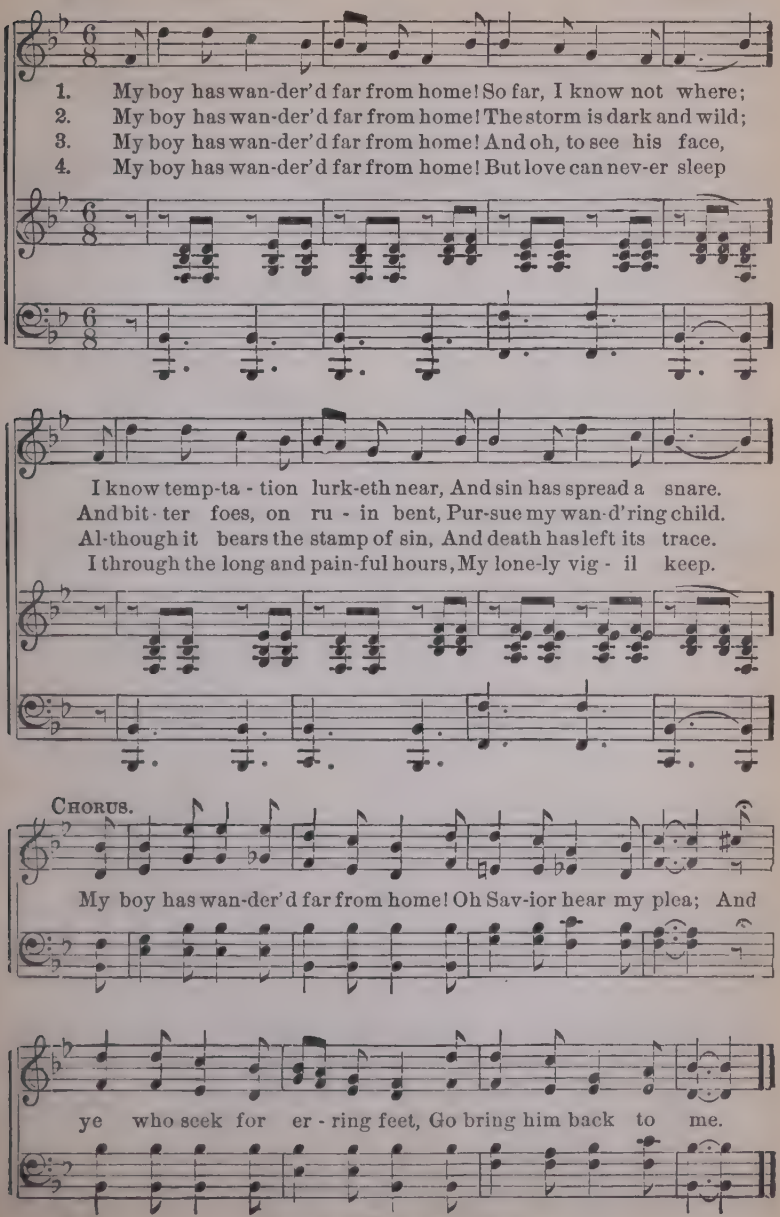
FREDERIC W. ROOT.


1. Sing Ho-san - nas loud and clear, Da-vid's Son doth now ap-pear;
2. Sing Ho-san - nas lond and clear, Da-vid's Lord doth now ap-pear;
3. Sing Ho-san - nas loud and clear, Da-vid's King doth now ap-pear,
In a man - ger low he lies, Though the Lord of earth and skies,
Shep-herds and Wise Men from far, Led by Bethle-'em's guid-ing star,
An- gel choirs an-nounce his birth, Sing ing "Peace, good will on earth."
Songs of joy we'll raise to - day, Join-ing in the an-gel's lay.
Join to raise in sweet ac-cord, Songs of praise to Dav-id's Lord."
Earth - ly choirs re-spond and sing, "Hail to Dav -id's Lord and King.
CHORUS.
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high-est in the
high-est!" Sing Ho-san nas loud and clear, Davi'ds { Son / Lord / King } doth now ap-pear.

Copyright 1884 by E. O. Excell

No. 79. My Boy has Wander'd far!

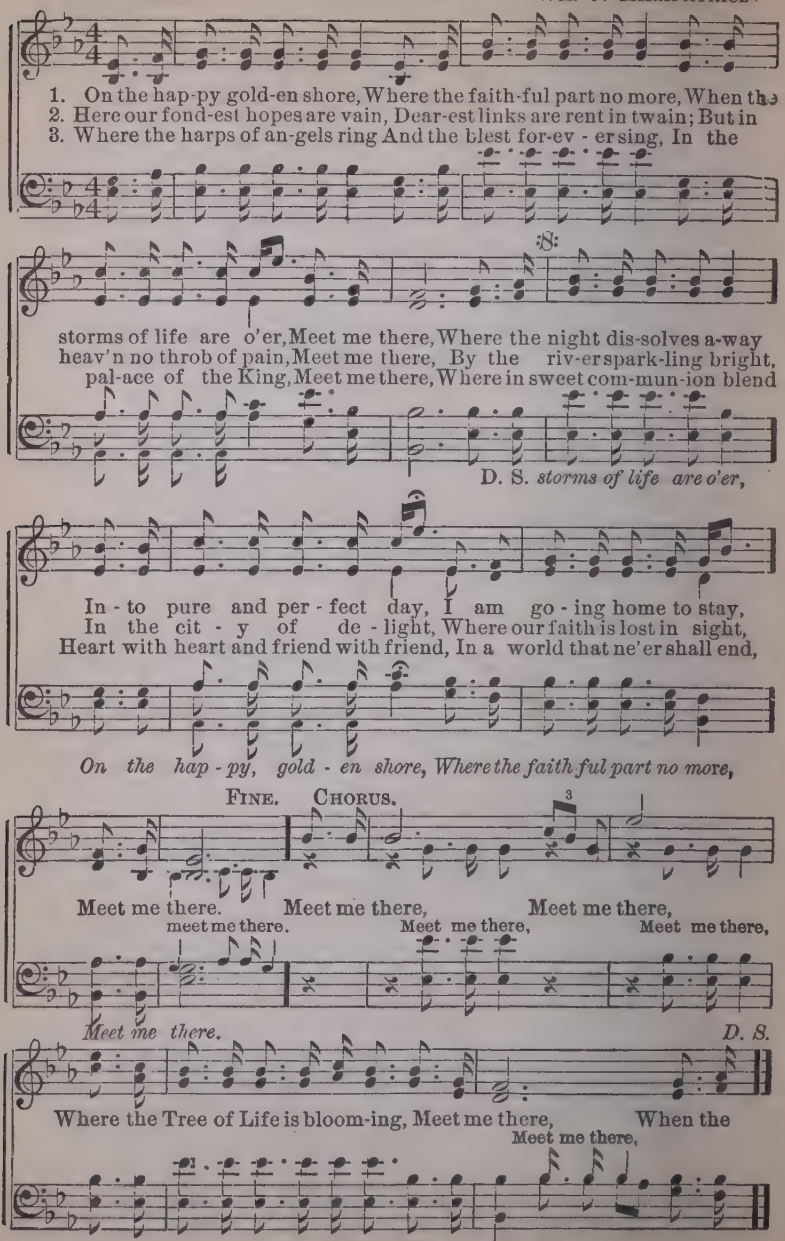
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. E. O. EXCELL.


1. My boy has wan-der'd far from home! So far, I know not where;
2. My boy has wan-der'd far from home! The storm is dark and wild;
3. My boy has wan-der'd far from home! And oh, to see his face,
4. My boy has wan-der'd far from home! But love can nev-er sleep
I know temp-ta - tion lurk-eth near, And sin has spread a snare.
And bit - ter foes, on ru - in bent, Pur-sue my wan-d'ring child.
Al-though it bears the stamp of sin, And death has left its trace.
I through the long and pain-ful hours, My lone-ly vig - il keep.
CHORUS.
My boy has wan-der'd far from home! Oh Sav-ior hear my plea; And
ye who seek for er - ring feet, Go bring him back to me.

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 80. Meet me There.

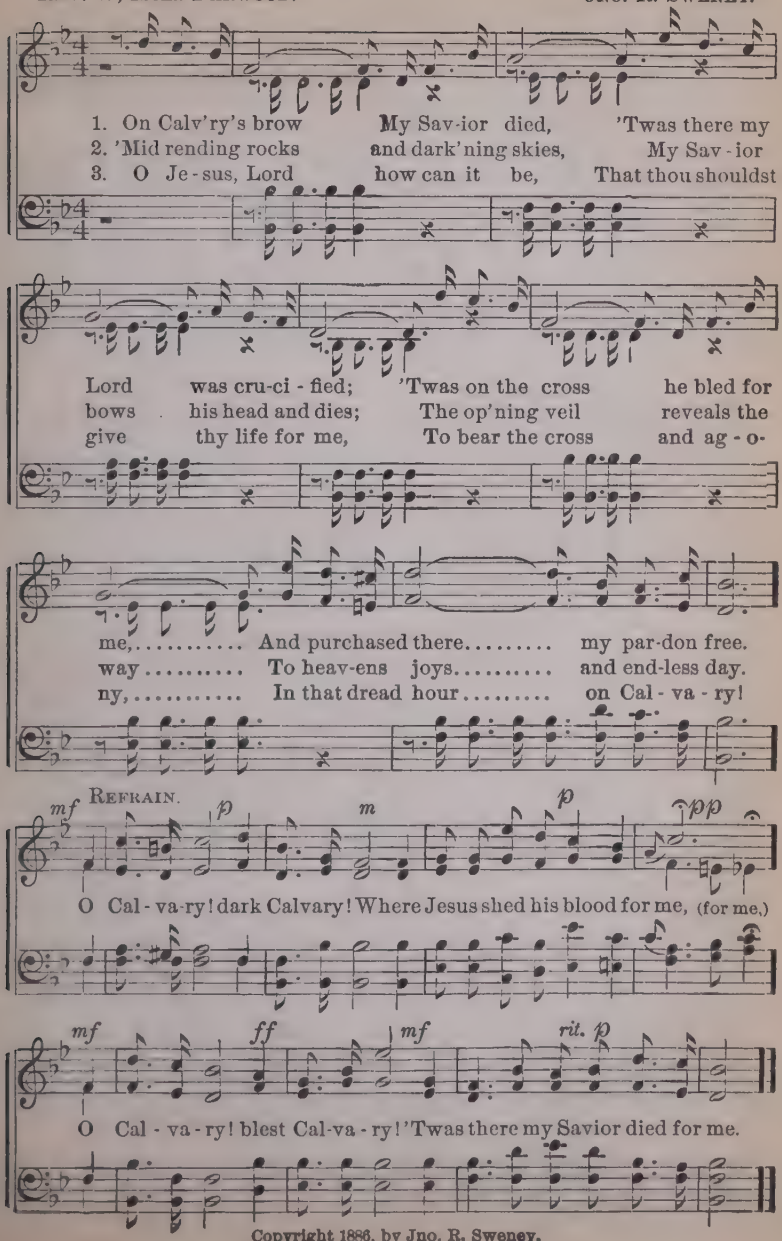
H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. On the hap-py gold-en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the night dis-solves a-way
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there, By the riv-er spark-ling bright,
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there, Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend
D. S. storms of life are o'er,
In - to pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay,
In the cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,
On the hap - py, gold - en shore, Where the faith ful part no more,
Fine.
Chorus.
Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,
meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,
Meet me there.
D. S.
Where the Tree of Life is bloom-ing, Meet me there, When the
Meet me there,

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 81. Calvary.

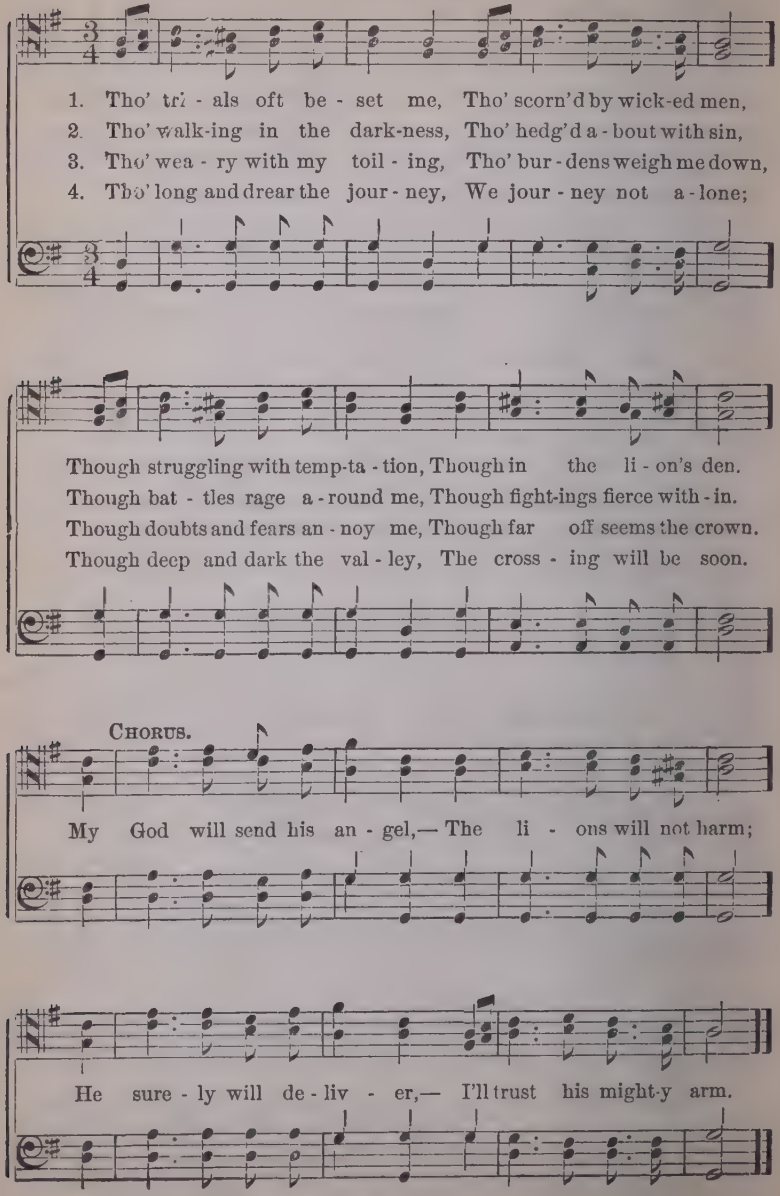
Rev. W, McK. Darwood. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On Calv'ry's brow My Sav-ior died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sav-ior
3. O Je-sus, Lord how can it be, That thou shouldst
Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The op'ning veil reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-
me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.
way..... To heav-ens joys..... and end-less day.
ny,..... In that dread hour..... on Cal-va-ry!
Refrain.
O Cal-va-ry! dark Calvary! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, (for me,)
O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Savior died for me.

Copyright 1886, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No.82. My God will send His Angel.

Rev. J. B. Atchison. **For Male Voices.** W. T. Giffe.


1. Tho' tri - als oft be - set me, Tho' scorn'd by wick-ed men,
2. Tho' walk-ing in the dark-ness, Tho' hedg'd a - bout with sin,
3. Tho' wea - ry with my toil - ing, Tho' bur - dens weigh me down,
4. Tho' long and drear the jour - ney, We jour - ney not a - lone;
Though struggling with temp-ta - tion, Though in the li - on's den.
Though bat - tles rage a - round me, Though fight-ings fierce with - in.
Though doubts and fears an - noy me, Though far off seems the crown.
Though deep and dark the val - ley, The cross - ing will be soon.
Chorus.
My God will send his an - gel,— The li - ons will not harm;
He sure - ly will de - liv - er,— I'll trust his might-y arm.

Copyright, 1882, by E. O. Excell.

No. 83. There's Much We Can Do.

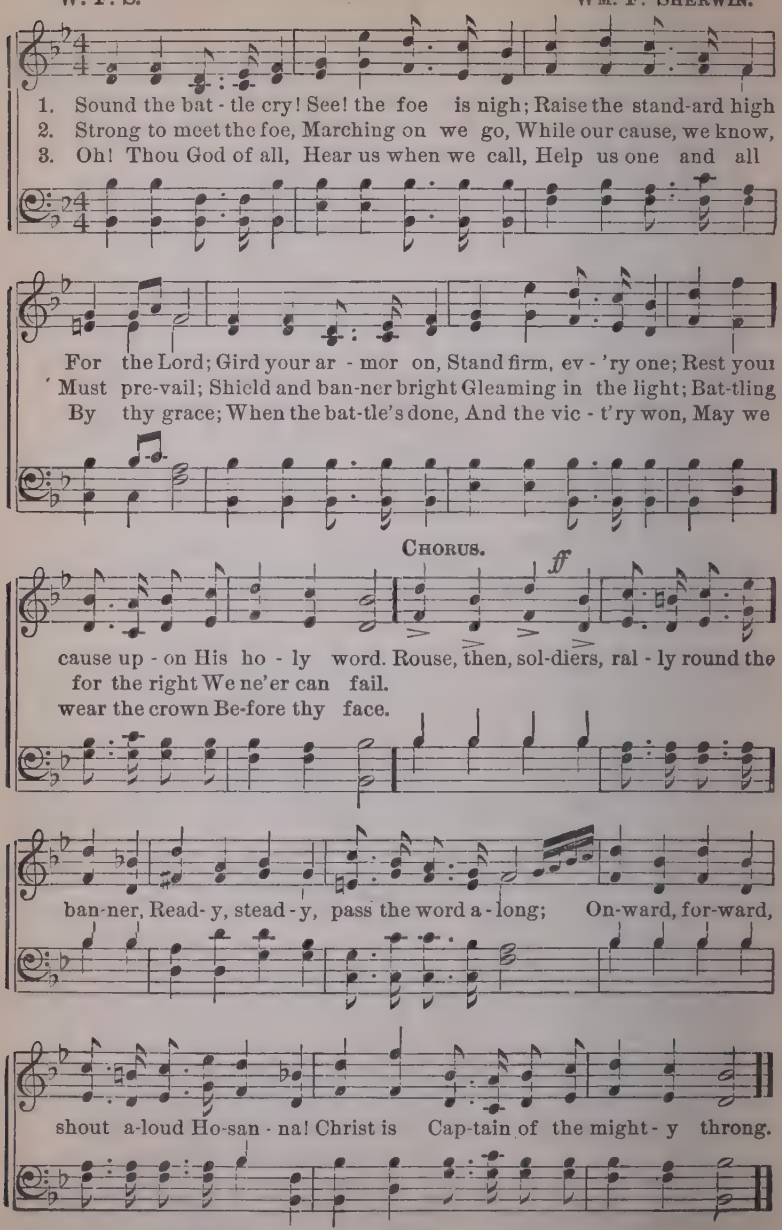
E. C. ELLSWORTH. E. O. EXCELL.

1 There's much we can do, if we work with a will, No
The mas - ter is read - y our la - bors to bless, And
2. So much we can do in the sow - ing of seed Some
The foe will be bus - y in spread - ing the tares, Then
3. So much we can do in the reap - ing of wheat, Some
So much may be lost when the har - vest is past, If
1
2
time to be wast-ed to - day;
[OMIT.]
wag - es he of - fers to pay.
fields are yet bar - ren and waste,
[OMIT.]
go, and be work-ing with haste.
fields for the har-vest are white;
[OMIT.]
left to the mildew and blight.
CHORUS.
No time to be wast - ed, for man - y the fields, And
labor-ers, as ev - er, are few; A - way to the
as ev - er are few:
work that is need-ing a hand! So *much*! O so *much* we can do!

by E. O. Excell.

No. 84. Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin.


1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand-ard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all
For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - 'ry one; Rest your
Must pre-vail; Shield and ban-ner bright Gleaming in the light; Bat-tling
By thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we
Chorus.
ff
cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse, then, sol-diers, ral - ly round the
for the right We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be-fore thy face.
ban-ner, Read- y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On-ward, for-ward,
shout a-loud Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might - y throng.

Copyright, 1869, by Wm. F. Sherwin.—By permission.

No. 85. Let Him In.

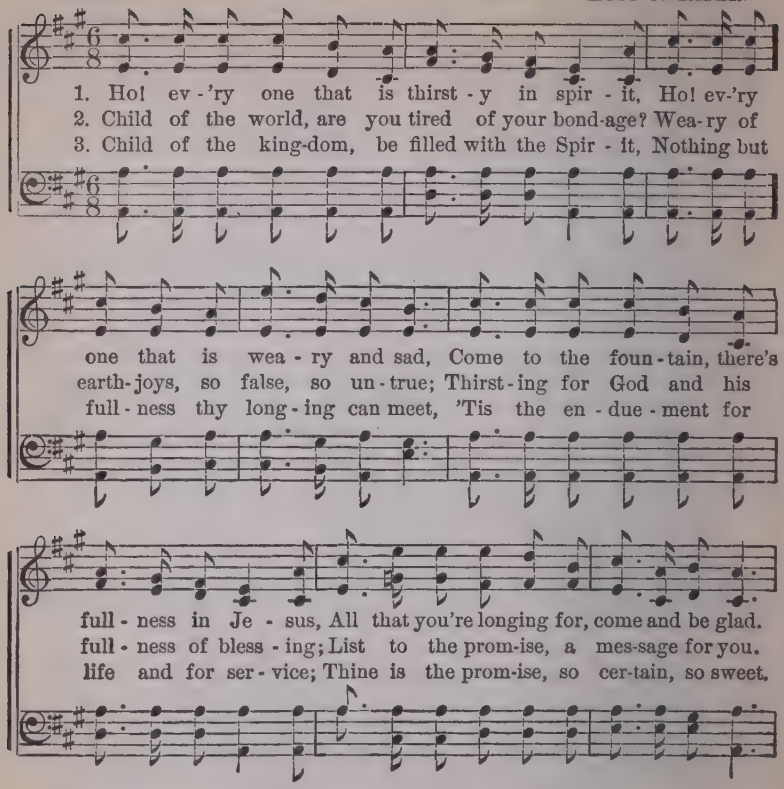
REV. J. B. ATCHISON. E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his loving voice, Let him in,
4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in
He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
He will make for you a feast, Let him in,
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,
Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus
Let him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure defend, He will
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store, And his
He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth ties all are riven, He will
Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
keep you to the end, Let him in.
name you will a - dore, Let him in.
take you home to heaven, Let him in.
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

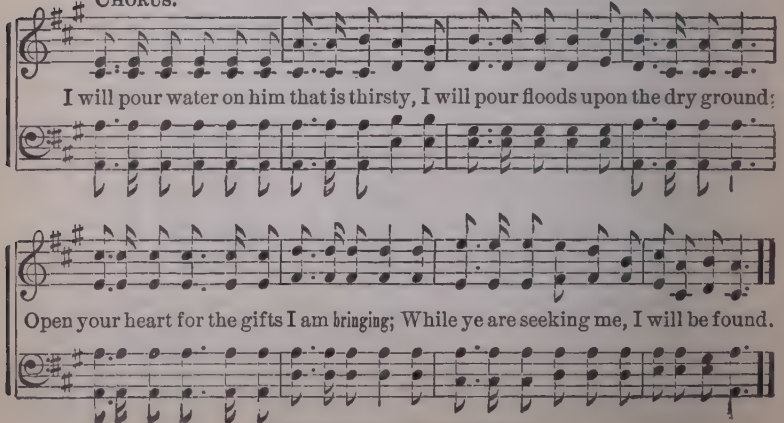
Copyright, 1882, by E. O. Excell.

No. 86. Ho! Every One that is Thirsty.

L. J. R. LUCY J. RIDER.


1. Ho! ev-'ry one that is thirst-y in spir-it, Ho! ev-'ry one that is wea-ry and sad, Come to the foun-tain, there's
2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bond-age? Wea-ry of earth-joys, so false, so un-true; Thirst-ing for God and his
3. Child of the king-dom, be filled with the Spir-it, Nothing but full-ness thy long-ing can meet, 'Tis the en-due-ment for
full-ness in Je-sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
full-ness of bless-ing; List to the prom-ise, a mes-sage for you.
life and for ser-vice; Thine is the prom-ise, so cer-tain, so sweet.

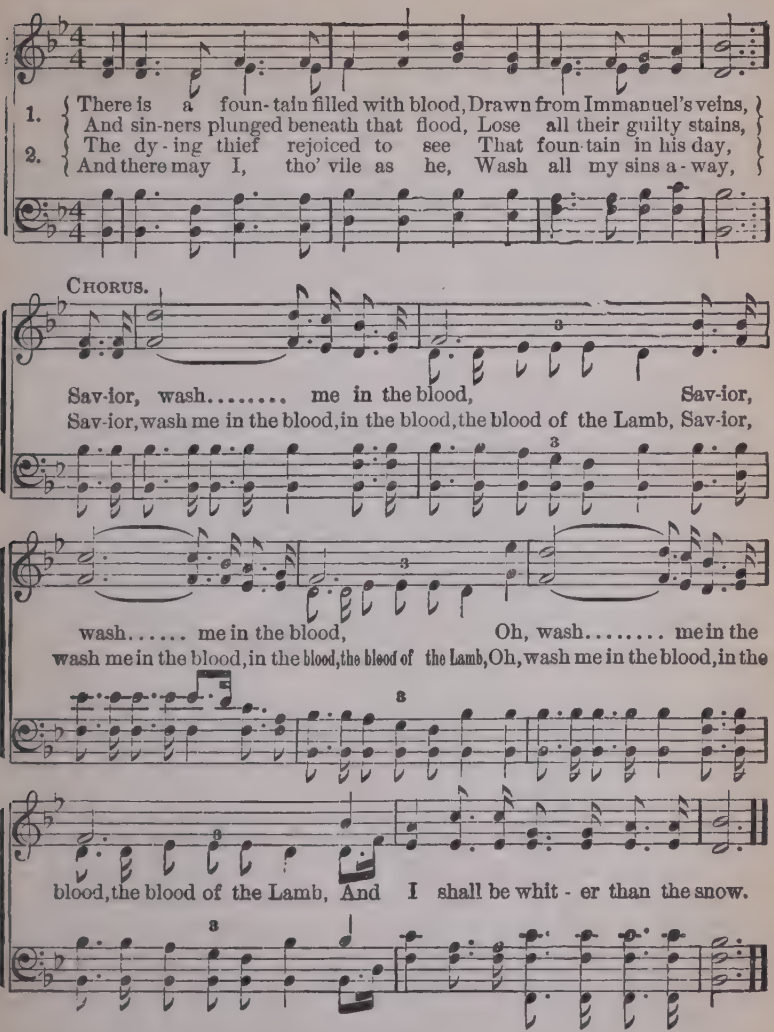
CHORUS.


I will pour water on him that is thirsty, I will pour floods upon the dry ground;
Open your heart for the gifts I am bringing; While ye are seeking me, I will be found.

Copyright 1884, by E. O. Excell.

No. 87. Savior, Wash me in the Blood.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains,
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That foun-tain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way,
CHORUS.
Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, Sav-ior,
Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Sav-ior,
wash..... me in the blood, Oh, wash..... me in the
wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the blood, in the
blood, the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.

3

Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4

E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. EXCELL.

No. 88. Seeking for Me.

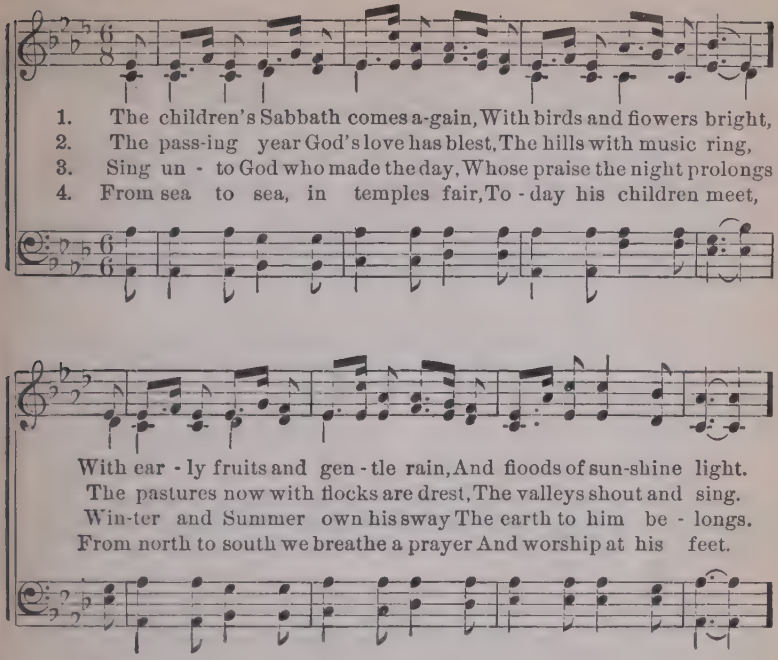
E. E. Hasty.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior to Beth - le - hem came; Born in a
2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great
3. Je - sus, my Sav - ior the same as of old, While I did
4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, shall come from on high; Sweet is the
man - ger to sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful,
debt, and my soul he set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful,
wan - der a - far from the fold, Gent - ly and long he hath
pro - mise as wea - ry years fly: Oh, I shall see him de -
for
blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me, Seek-ing for me,
how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me, Dy - ing for me,
plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me, Call - ing for me,
scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me, Com-ing for me,
me,.....
for me,.....
Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me
Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me:
Call - ing for me, call - ing for me, call - ing for me:
Com - ing for me, com - ing for me, com - ing for me:
Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me
Gen-tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.

From "Good Will," by per.

No. 89. The Children's Sabbath.

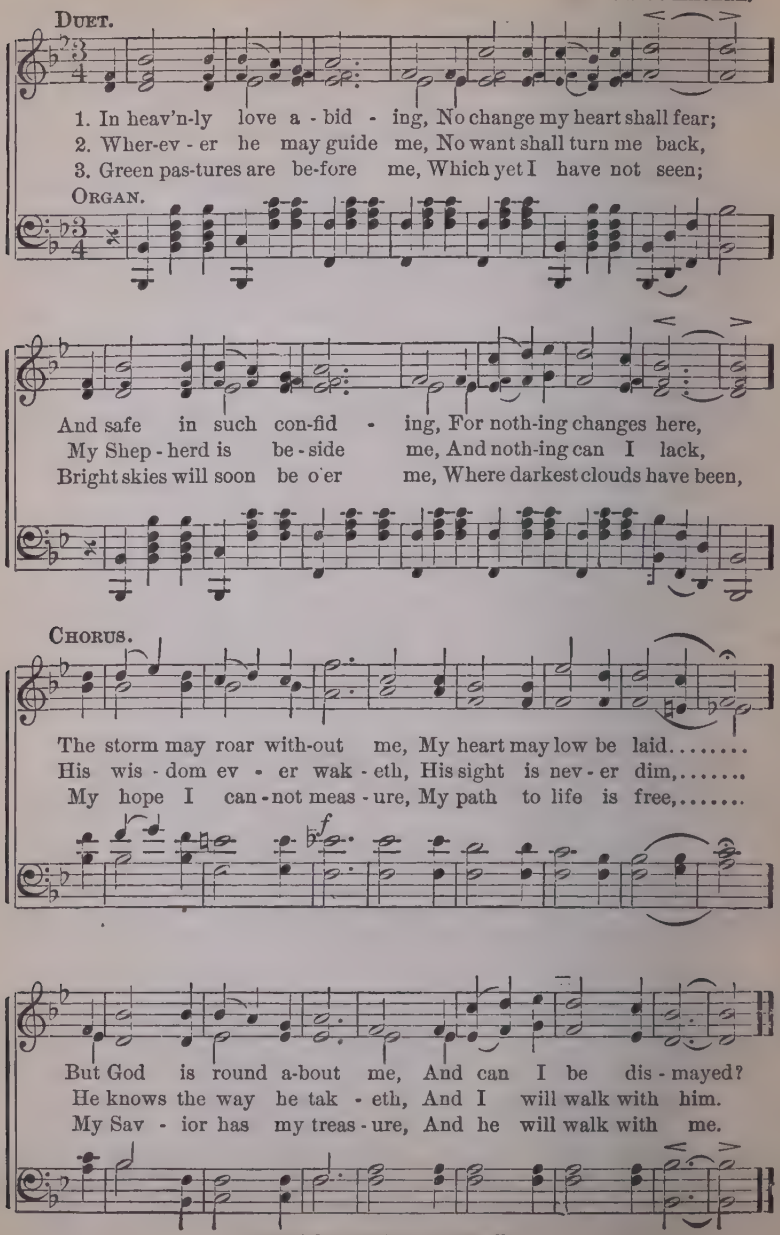
Rev. W. C. Wilbor. E. O. Excell.


1. The children's Sabbath comes a-gain, With birds and flowers bright,
2. The pass-ing year God's love has blest, The hills with music ring,
3. Sing un - to God who made the day, Whose praise the night prolongs
4. From sea to sea, in temples fair, To - day his children meet,
With ear - ly fruits and gen - tle rain, And floods of sun-shine light.
The pastures now with flocks are drest, The valleys shout and sing.
Win-ter and Summer own his sway The earth to him be - longs.
From north to south we breathe a prayer And worship at his feet.
Chorus.
All na-ture's voic-es loud proclaim God's goodness great and free,
Let all the children praise his name, With glad sweet melo - dy.

Copyright 1885, by E. O. Excell.

No. 90. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

E. O. Excell.


Duet.
1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back,
3. Green pas-tures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen;
Organ.
And safe in such con-fid - ing, For noth-ing changes here,
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack,
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been,
Chorus.
The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid.....
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,.....
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free,.....
But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And he will walk with me.

Copyright, 1886, by E. O. Excell.

No. 91. Jesus Listening.

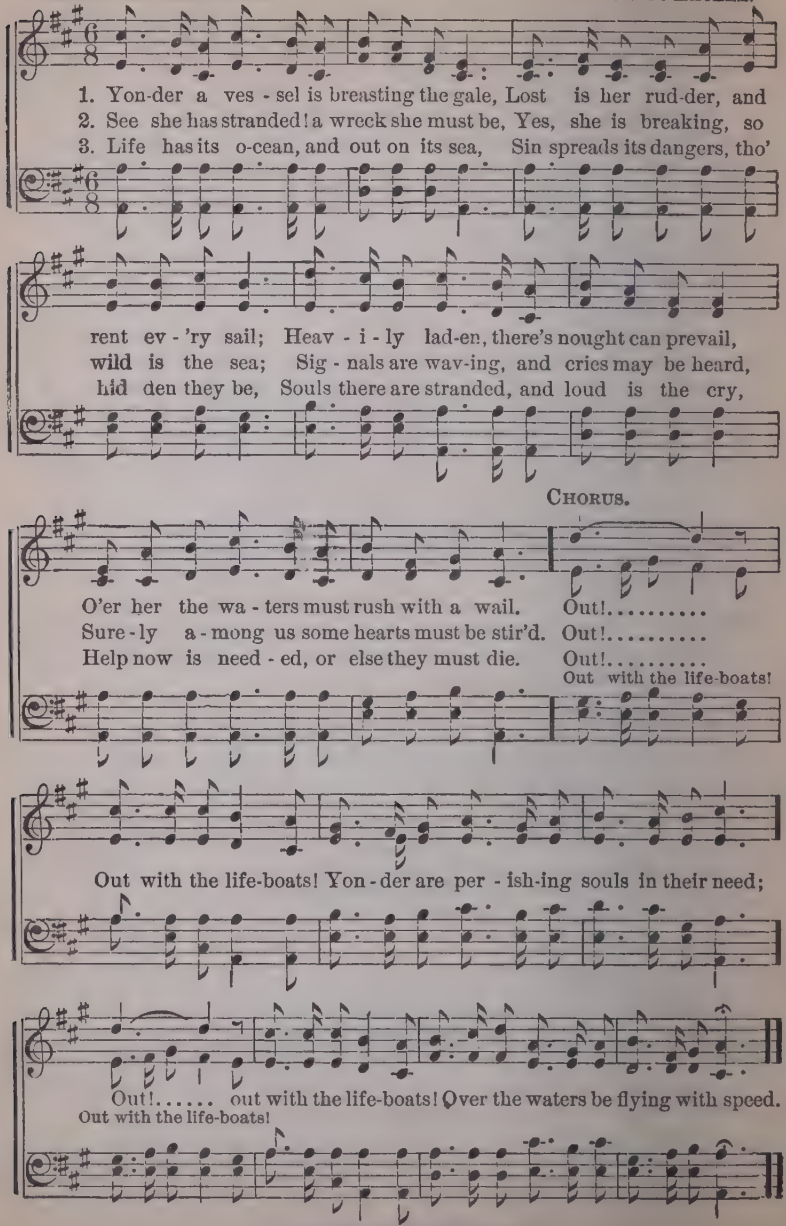
ISAAC WATTS. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I'll
2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fi - 'ry darts be hurled, Then
3. Let cares like a wild de-luge come, Let storms of sor - row fall, So
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav-'nly rest, And
bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n my all.
not a wave of trou - ble roll, A-cross my peace-ful breast.
CHORUS.
Je - sus list'ning all the day long, Je - sus list'ning all the day long,
All the day long, All the day long;
Repeat. pp
Je - sus list-'ning all the day long, To hear some sin - ner pray.
All the day long;

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 92. Out with the Life Boats.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. E. O. Excell.


1. Yon-der a ves - sel is breasting the gale, Lost is her rud-der, and
2. See she has stranded! a wreck she must be, Yes, she is breaking, so
3. Life has its o-cean, and out on its sea, Sin spreads its dangers, tho'
rent ev - 'ry sail; Heav - i - ly lad-en, there's nought can prevail,
wild is the sea; Sig - nals are wav-ing, and cries may be heard,
hid den they be, Souls there are stranded, and loud is the cry,
Chorus.
O'er her the wa - ters must rush with a wail. Out!.....
Sure - ly a - mong us some hearts must be stir'd. Out!.....
Help now is need - ed, or else they must die. Out!.....
Out with the life-boats!
Out with the life-boats! Yon - der are per - ish-ing souls in their need;
Out!..... out with the life-boats! Over the waters be flying with speed.
Out with the life-boats!

Copyright, 1882, by E O, Excell

No. 93. Blessed Assurance.

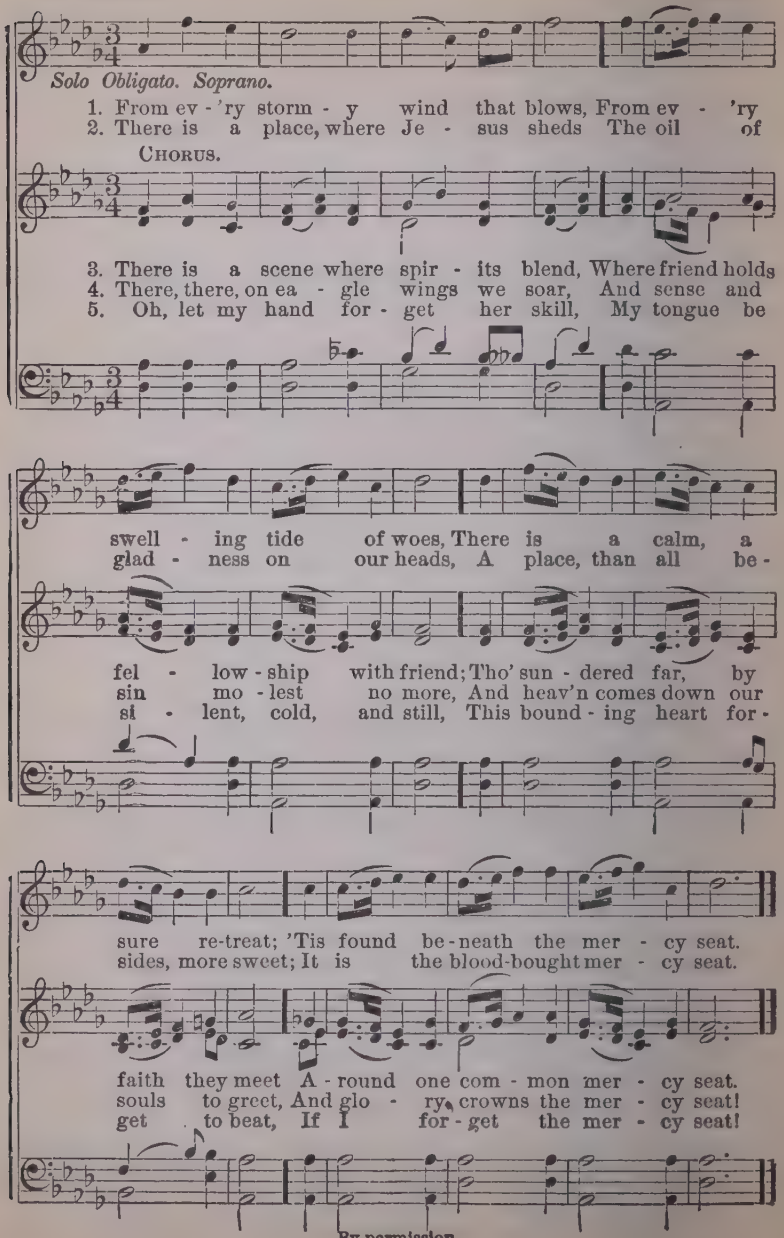
F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1 Bles - sed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
2 Per - fect sub-mis sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure now
3 Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo-ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend-ing bring from a - bove
hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look - ing a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp

No. 94. From every stormy Wind.

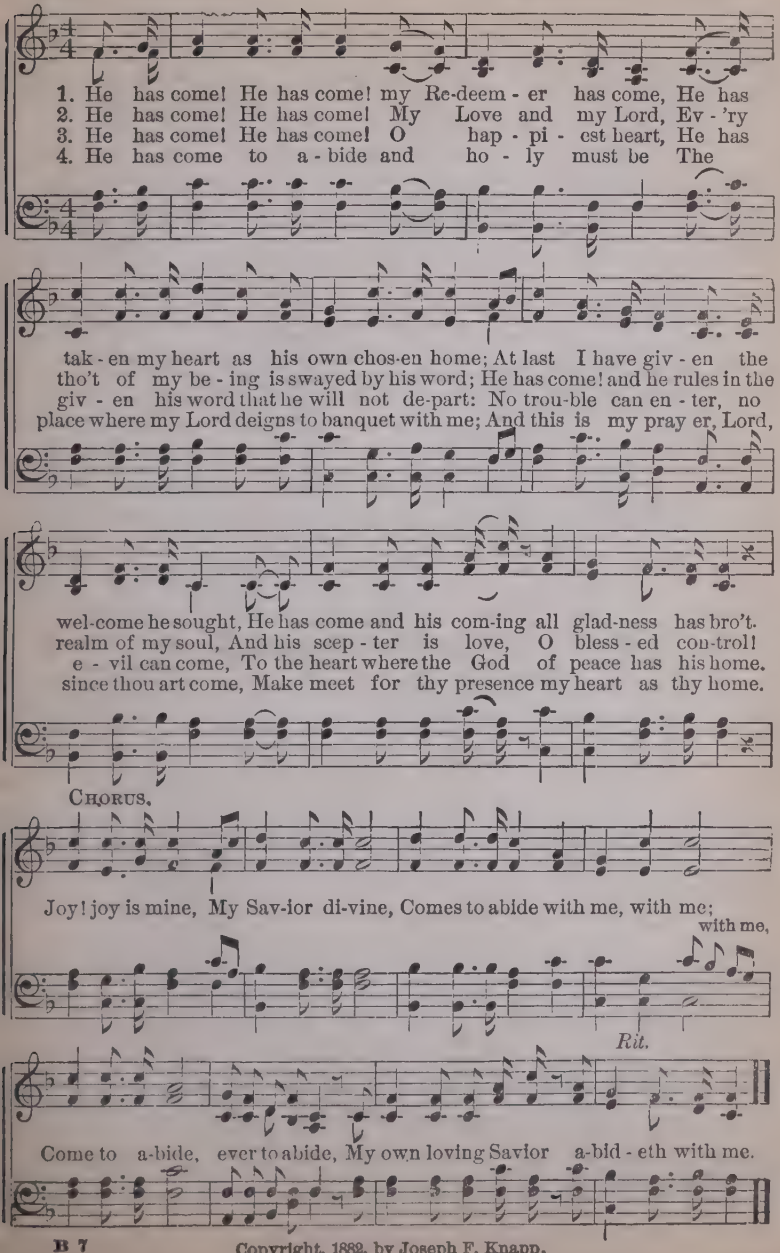
H. STOWELL. S. WILDER.


Solo Obligato. Soprano.
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place, where Je - sus sheds The oil of
CHORUS.
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and
5. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads, A place, than all be -
fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
sin - mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for -
sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
sides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.
souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat!
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy seat!

By permission.

No. 95. He has Come.

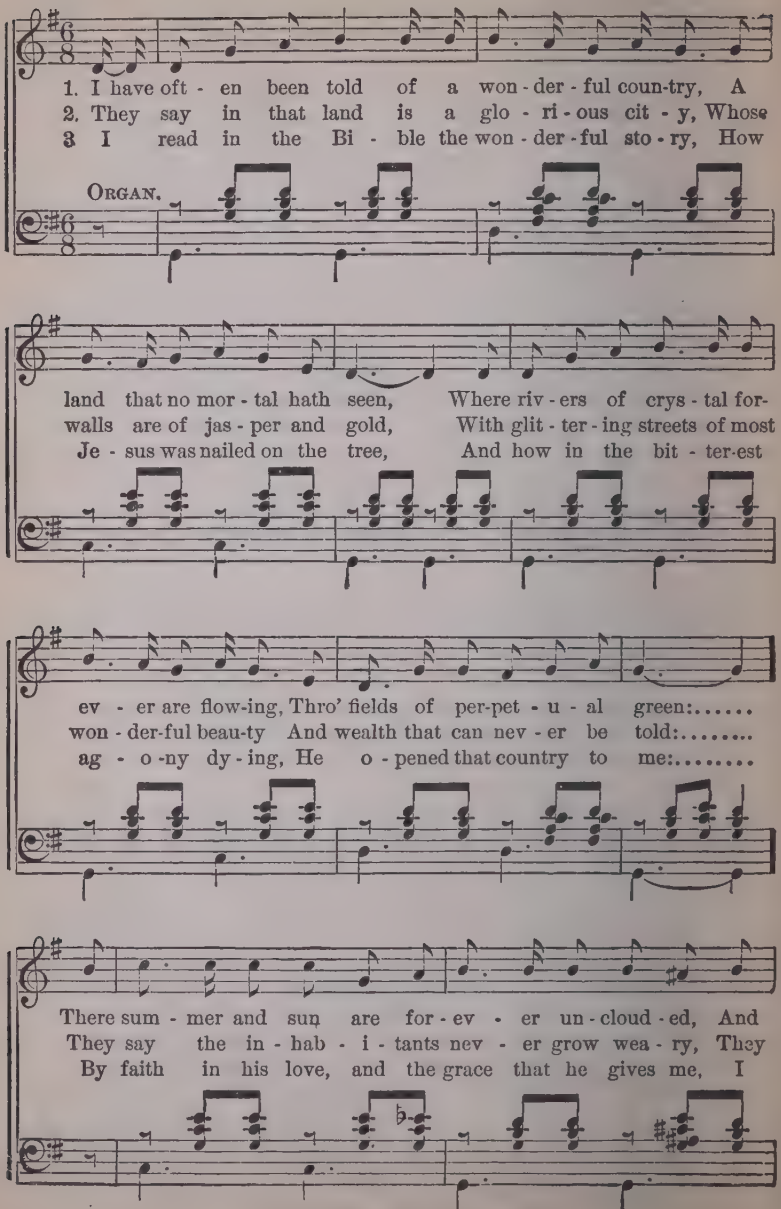
MRS. J. H. KNOWLES. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. He has come! He has come! my Re-deem - er has come, He has
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has
4. He has come to a - bide and ho - ly must be The
tak - en my heart as his own chos-en home; At last I have giv - en the
tho't of my be - ing is swayed by his word; He has come! and he rules in the
giv - en his word that he will not de-part: No trou-ble can en - ter, no
place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray er, Lord,
wel-come he sought, He has come and his com-ing all glad-ness has bro't.
realm of my soul, And his scep - ter is love, O bless - ed con-trol!
e - vil can come, To the heart where the God of peace has his home.
since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home.
CHORUS.
Joy! joy is mine, My Sav-ior di-vine, Comes to abide with me, with me;
with me,
Rit.
Come to a-bide, ever to abide, My own loving Savior a-bid - eth with me.

Copyright, 1882, by Joseph F. Knapp.

No. 96. The Wonderful Country.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I have oft - en been told of a won - der - ful coun-try, A
2. They say in that land is a glo - ri - ous cit - y, Whose
3 I read in the Bi - ble the won - der - ful sto - ry, How
ORGAN.
land that no mor - tal hath seen, Where riv - ers of crys - tal for-
walls are of jas - per and gold, With glit - ter - ing streets of most
Je - sus was nailed on the tree, And how in the bit - ter-est
ev - er are flow-ing, Thro' fields of per-pet - u - al green:.....
won - der-ful beau-ty And wealth that can nev - er be told:.....
ag - o -ny dy - ing, He o - pened that country to me:.....
There sum - mer and sun are for - ev - er un - cloud - ed, And
They say the in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow wea - ry, They
By faith in his love, and the grace that he gives me, I

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

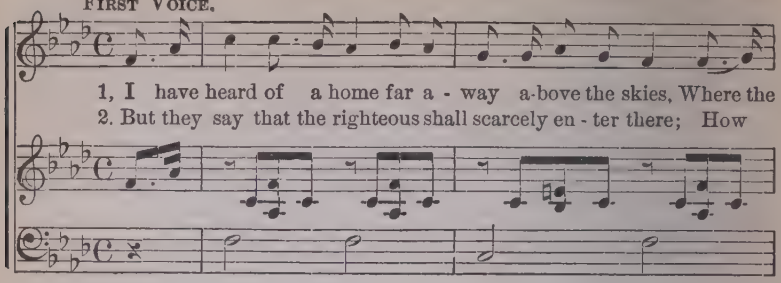
The Wonderful Country. Concluded.

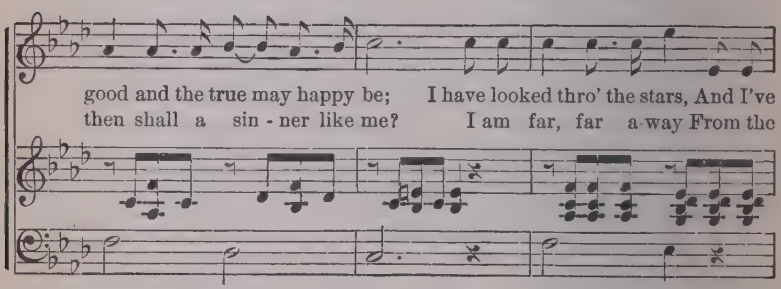
nev - er there fall-eth the night,..... A land where the bright-est of
nev - er know sor-row or care,..... That joy without meas - ure and
look to that coun-try di vine,..... And know that a - mong the re-
flow - ers are growing, In gar - dens e - ter - nal and bright.....
peace ev - er - last-ing, Are giv - en the bless-ed ones there.....
wards there a-wait-ing, A home and a crown shall be mine.....
Chorus.
O won - der - ful country, home of my Sav - ior, How I am
p
m
long-ing for thee, for thee, Where nev - er a sor - row or
care for the mor-row Shall trou - ble the bless-ed and free.

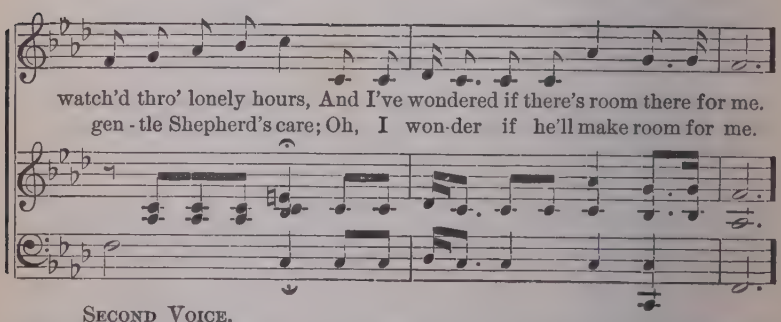
No. 97. I wonder if there's Room for Me.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

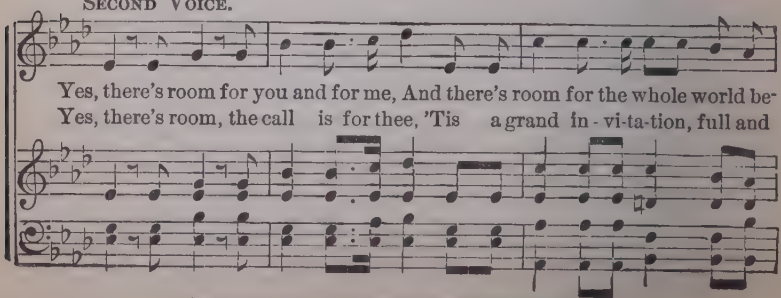
FIRST VOICE.






watch'd thro' lonely hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.
gen - tle Shepherd's care; Oh, I won-der if he'll make room for me.

SECOND VOICE.


Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in - vi-ta-tion, full and

By per, of Will L, Thompson, East Liverpool; Ohio;

I wonder if there's Room for Me. Concluded

side; The won-der-ful love of the Lord reach-es all; It
free; There's room for us all, If we list to his call; Yes, he's
CHORUS.
gently calls us now to his side. Room for you and me And there's
will-ing to make room there for thee.
Yes, there's room for you,
room for all; Lis-ten, lis-ten, Hear his earnest call, Who-so-ev-er will may
come, Who - so-ev - er will may come, Come ye that are weary
And are heav - y la - den, Listen, He's calling thee, There's room for all.

No. 98. In thy Love.

(The words, "Jesus Lover of my Soul," may be used to this tune.)

NEAL A. McAULAY. E. O. EXCELL.

SOLO.

1. Fa - ther, I am weak and sin - ful; Ev - er
2. In the bil - lows of temp - ta - tion, When its
3. Fa - ther, when the shades are fall - ing, And the
4. O - pen then, the pearl - y por - tals, That un -
prone to go a - stray; Like a way-ward child of
waves are run - ning high, Bear me o'er life's sea of
night of death is near; Guide me thro' the gloom-y
- wor - thy though I be, I may join the ran-somed
er - ror, I so oft - en lose my way.
troub - le, Leave me not to sink and die.
val - ley, With thy light my jour - ney cheer.
le - gions, there to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

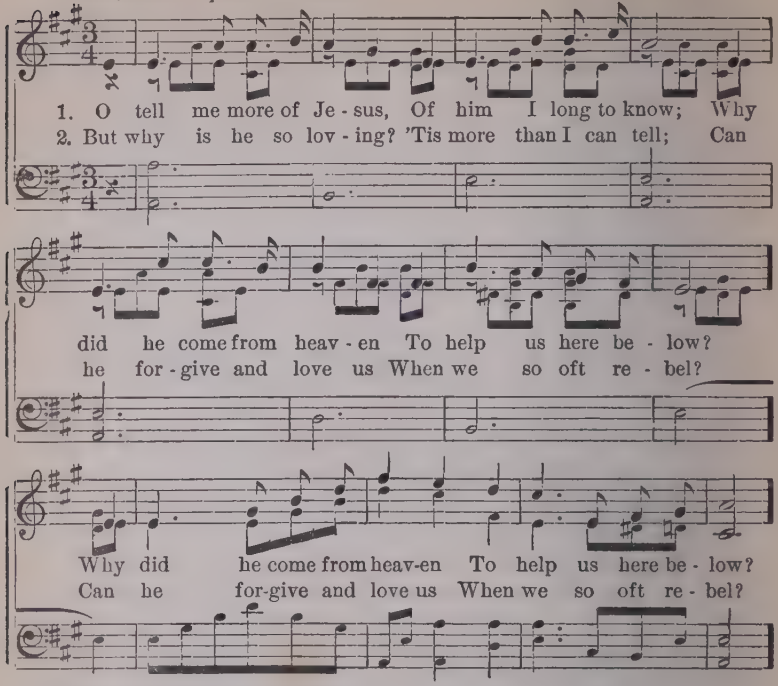
In thy Love. Concluded.

Chorus.
In thy love, oh God, have mer - cy; In thy
In thy love, oh God, have mer-cy,
grace, re-deem my soul, Bring me back, oh gen-tle
In thy grace redeem my soul; Bring me back, oh gen - tle
Shep - herd, Keep me safe with - in thy fold.

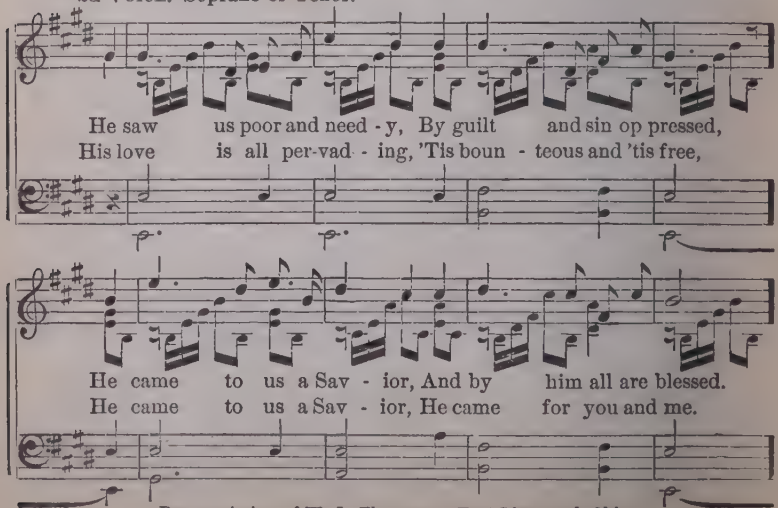
No. 99. Tell me more of Jesus.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1st VOICE. Soprano or Tenor.


1. O tell me more of Je - sus, Of him I long to know; Why
2. But why is he so lov - ing? 'Tis more than I can tell; Can
did he come from heav - en To help us here be - low?
he for - give and love us When we so oft re - bel?
Why did he come from heav-en To help us here be - low?
Can he for-give and love us When we so oft re - bel?

2d VOICE. Soprano or Tenor.


He saw us poor and need - y, By guilt and sin op pressed,
His love is all per-vad - ing, 'Tis boun - teous and 'tis free,
He came to us a Sav - ior, And by him all are blessed.
He came to us a Sav - ior, He came for you and me.

By permission of W. L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

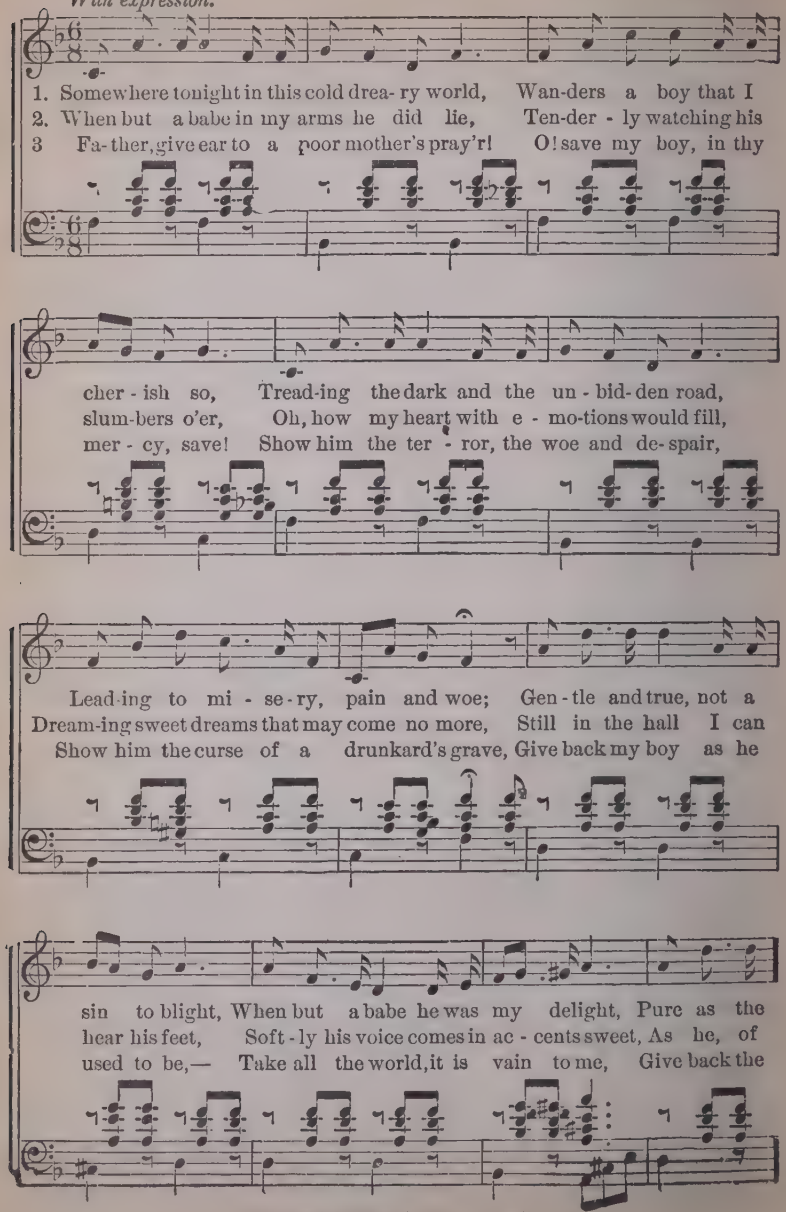
Tell me more of Jesus. Concluded.

He came to us a Sav - ior And by him all are blessed.
He came to us a Sav - ior He came for you and me.
First Voice.
Rit.
And by him all are blessed, And by him all are blessed.
He came for you and me, He came for you and me.
Second Voice.
Chorus. a tempo.
O Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus, Let me love thee more and more,
Guide me, bless-ed Sav - ior, Guide me to the heav'n-ly shore,
pp Rit.
Guide me to the heav'n-ly shore.
Guide me, O my Sav-ior safe-ly to

No. 100. He's A Drunkard To-night.

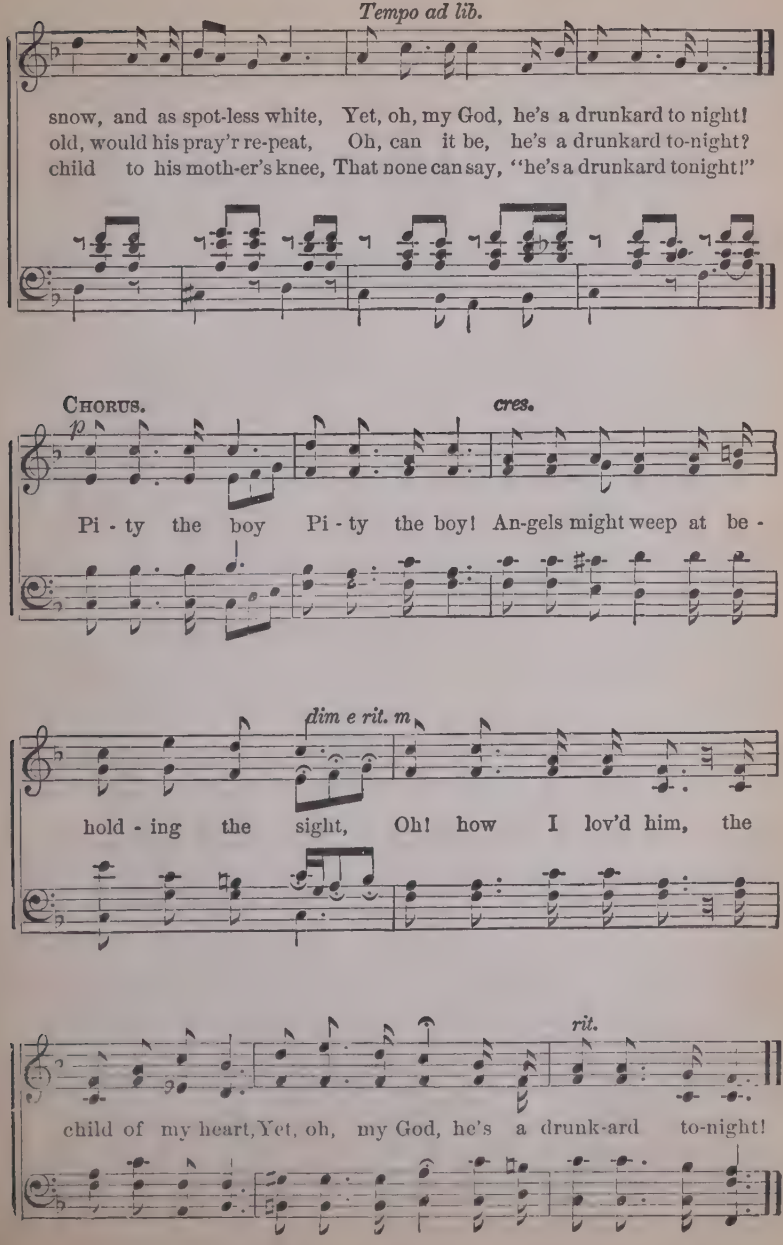
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

With expression.


1. Somewhere tonight in this cold drea- ry world, Wan-ders a boy that I
2. When but a babe in my arms he did lie, Ten-der - ly watching his
3 Fa-ther, give ear to a poor mother's pray'r! O! save my boy, in thy
cher - ish so, Tread-ing the dark and the un - bid- den road,
slum-bers o'er, Oh, how my heart with e - mo-tions would fill,
mer - cy, save! Show him the ter - ror, the woe and de-spair,
Lead-ing to mi - se-ry, pain and woe; Gen - tle and true, not a
Dream-ing sweet dreams that may come no more, Still in the hall I can
Show him the curse of a drunkard's grave, Give back my boy as he
sin to blight, When but a babe he was my delight, Pure as the
hear his feet, Soft - ly his voice comes in ac - cents sweet, As he, of
used to be,— Take all the world, it is vain to me, Give back the

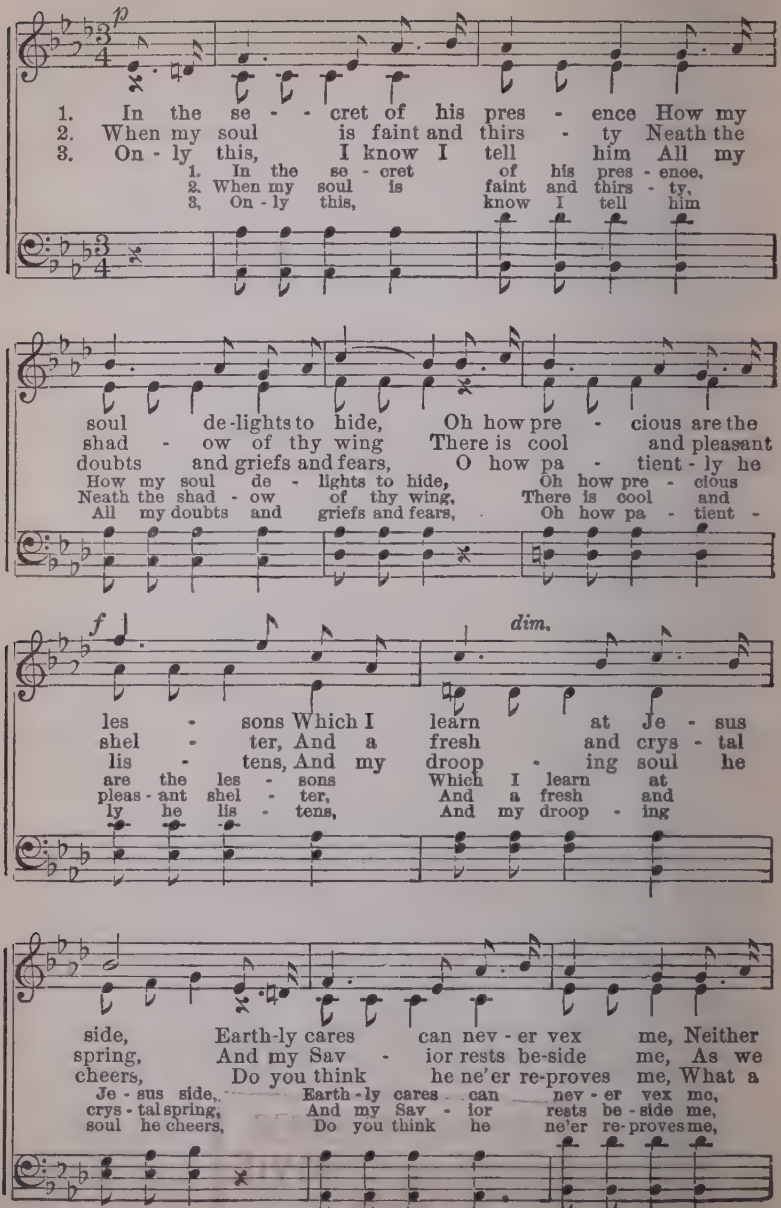
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

He's A Drunkard To-night. Concluded.


Tempo ad lib.
snow, and as spot-less white, Yet, oh, my God, he's a drunkard to night!
old, would his pray'r re-peat, Oh, can it be, he's a drunkard to-night?
child to his moth-er's knee, That none can say, "he's a drunkard tonight!"
CHORUS.
p
cres.
Pi - ty the boy Pi - ty the boy! An-gels might weep at be -
dim e rit. m
hold - ing the sight, Oh! how I lov'd him, the
rit.
child of my heart, Yet, oh, my God, he's a drunk-ard to-night!

No. 101. In the secret of His presence.

E. L. GOREH. J. M. DUNGAN.


p
1. In the se - - cret of his pres - ence How my
2. When my soul is faint and thirs - ty Neath the
3. On - ly this, I know I tell him All my
1. In the se - cret of his pres - ence,
2. When my soul is faint and thirs - ty,
3. On - ly this, know I tell him
soul de-lights to hide, Oh how pre - cious are the
shad - ow of thy wing There is cool and pleasant
doubts and griefs and fears, O how pa - tient - ly he
How my soul de - lights to hide, Oh how pre - cious
Neath the shad - ow of thy wing, There is cool and
All my doubts and griefs and fears, Oh how pa - tient -
f
dim.
les - sons Which I learn at Je - sus
shel - ter, And a fresh and crys - tal
lis - tens, And my droop - ing soul he
are the les - sons Which I learn at
pleas - ant shel - ter, And a fresh and
ly he lis - tens, And my droop - ing
side, Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, Neither
spring, And my Sav - ior rests be-side me, As we
cheers, Do you think he ne'er re-proves me, What a
Je - sus side, Earth - ly cares can nev - er vex me,
crys - tal spring, And my Sav - ior rests be - side me,
soul he cheers, Do you think he ne'er re-proves me,

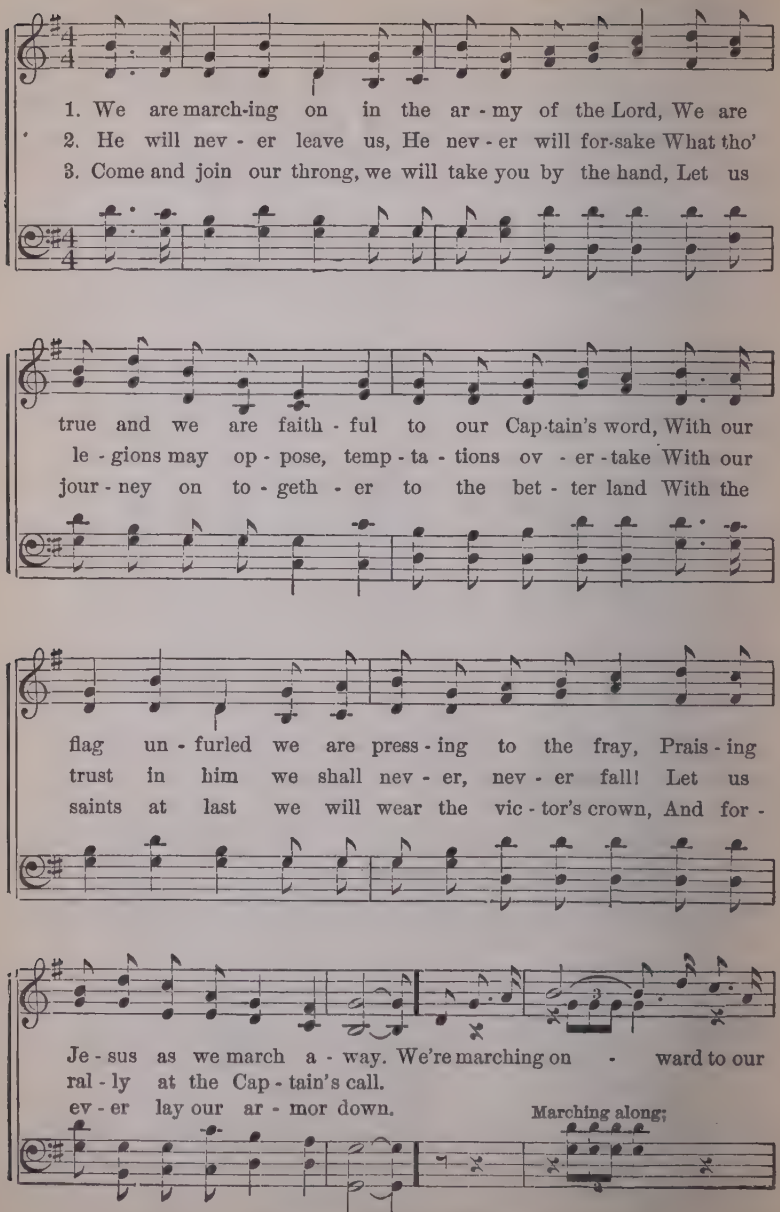
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

In The Secret of His presence. Concluded.

tri - als lay me low, For when sa - tan comes to
hold com-mun-ion sweet, If I tried I could not
false friend he would be, If he nev - er, nev - er
Neith - er tri - als lay me low; For when sa - tan
As we hold com - mun-ion sweet: If I tried I
What a false friend he would be: If he nev - er;
tempt me, To the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter, What He says when thus we meet.
told me Of the sins which He must see.
comes to tempt me, To the se - cret place I go.
could not ut - ter What he says when thus we meet.
nev - er told me of the sins which he must see.
Chorus.
In the se - cret of His presence, When you've entered at the door,
Then se-cure you'll rest in Je - sus, There is joy for-ev - er-more.

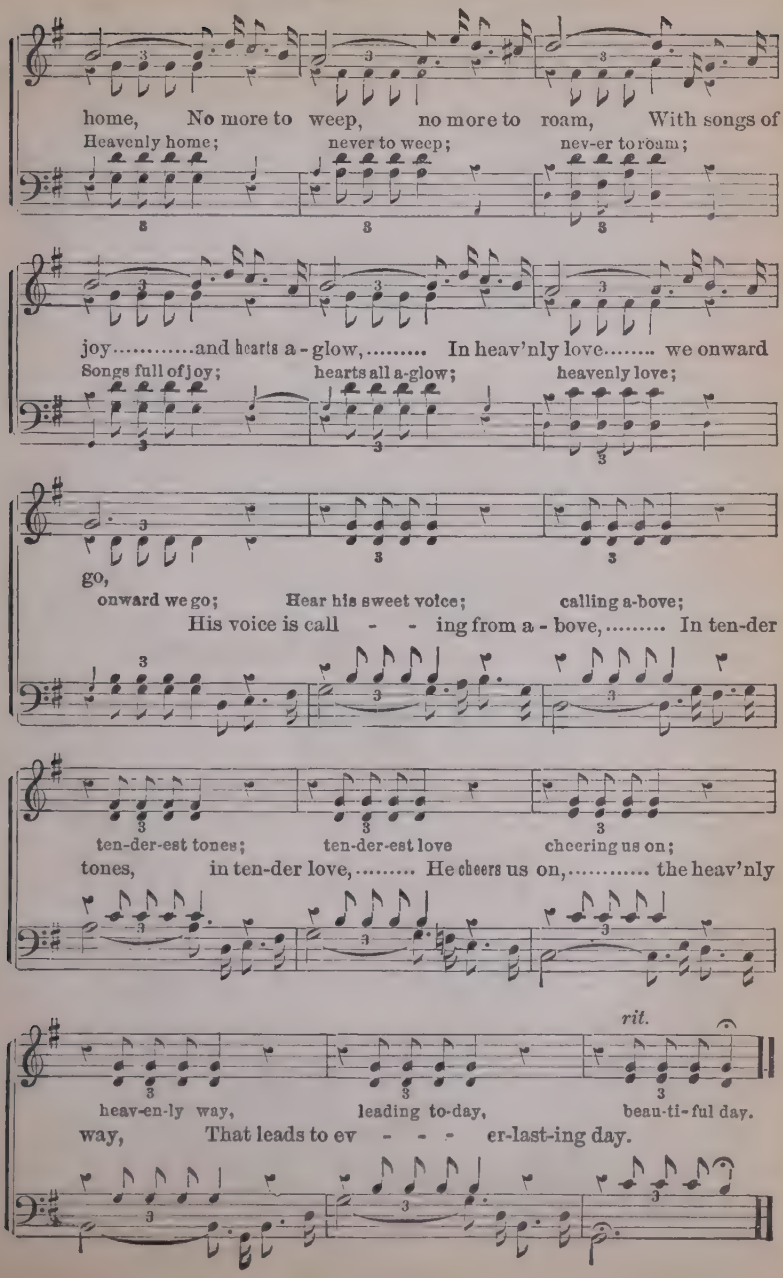
No. 102. Marching On.

CHAS. GABRIEL. E. C. NEWBURY.


1. We are march-ing on in the ar - my of the Lord, We are
2. He will nev - er leave us, He nev - er will for-sake What tho'
3. Come and join our throng, we will take you by the hand, Let us
true and we are faith - ful to our Cap-tain's word, With our
le - gions may op - pose, temp - ta - tions ov - er - take With our
jour - ney on to - geth - er to the bet - ter land With the
flag un - furled we are press - ing to the fray, Prais - ing
trust in him we shall nev - er, nev - er fail! Let us
saints at last we will wear the vic - tor's crown, And for -
Je - sus as we march a - way. We're marching on - ward to our
ral - ly at the Cap - tain's call.
ev - er lay our ar - mor down.
Marching along;

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Marching On—Concluded.


home, No more to weep, no more to roam, With songs of
Heavenly home; never to weep; nev-er to roam;
joy.....and hearts a-glow,..... In heav'nly love..... we onward
Songs full of joy; hearts all a-glow; heavenly love;
go,
onward we go; Hear his sweet voice; calling a-bove;
His voice is call - - ing from a-bove,..... In ten-der
ten-der-est tones; ten-der-est love cheering us on;
tones, in ten-der love,..... He cheers us on,..... the heav'nly
rit.
heav-en-ly way, leading to-day, beau-ti-ful day.
way, That leads to ev - - - er-last-ing day.

No. 103. The Old and New Home.

Arr. by F. L. B. Arr. by F. L. Bristow

1. O the old house at home where my fore-fa - thers dwell; Where a
2. It was not for its splen - dor that dwelling was dear; It was
3. But the old house no more is a dwell-ing for me; The
4. There's the "New House" for me that is not made with hands; 'Tis a
child at the feet of my moth-er I knelt; Where she taught me the
not that the gay and the no-ble were near; O'er the porch the wild
home of the stran-ger henceforth it must be; And I nev - er shall
man - sion in heav - en e - ter - nal it stands, By the riv - er of
pray'r where she read me the page, Which in in - fan - cy lips Is the
rose and the i - vy entwined, And the jes - sa-mine fra-grant - ly
room in its rooms as a guest, Nev - er roam thro' the fields that my
life, where the streets are of gold, And the gates are of pearl, It can
sol - ace of age, My heart 'mid all chang-es, where'er I may
waved in the wind, But dear - er to me than proud tur - ret or
fa - ther pos-sessed, But still in my dreams wher - e'er I may
nev - er be sold, And soon I shall go to the land of the
roam, Nev-er los - es its love for the old house at home; For 'twas
dome, Is the home of my fa-ther, the old house at home; For 'twas
roam, Sweet vis-ions will come of the old house at home; For 'twas
blest, To meet with moth-er and the loved ones at rest; And 'tis

The Old and New Home. Concluded.

there at the feet of my mother I knelt, In the old house at
there at the feet of my mother I knelt, In the old house at
there at the feet of my mother I knelt, In the old house at
there 'round a throne pearly white we shall sing, In that "New House at
CHORUS.
home where my fore - fathers dwelt. O the old house at home, O the
home where my fore - fathers dwelt.
home where my fore - fathers dwelt.
"Home," 'tis the home of a King! O the new house at home, O the
old house at home, My heart nev-er changes for the old house at
(Last v.) new house at home, My soul now is long-ing for the new house at
home; O the old house at home, O the old house at home, My
home; O the new house at home, O the new house at home, My
heart nev - er chan - ges for the old house at home.
soul now is long - ing for the new house at home.

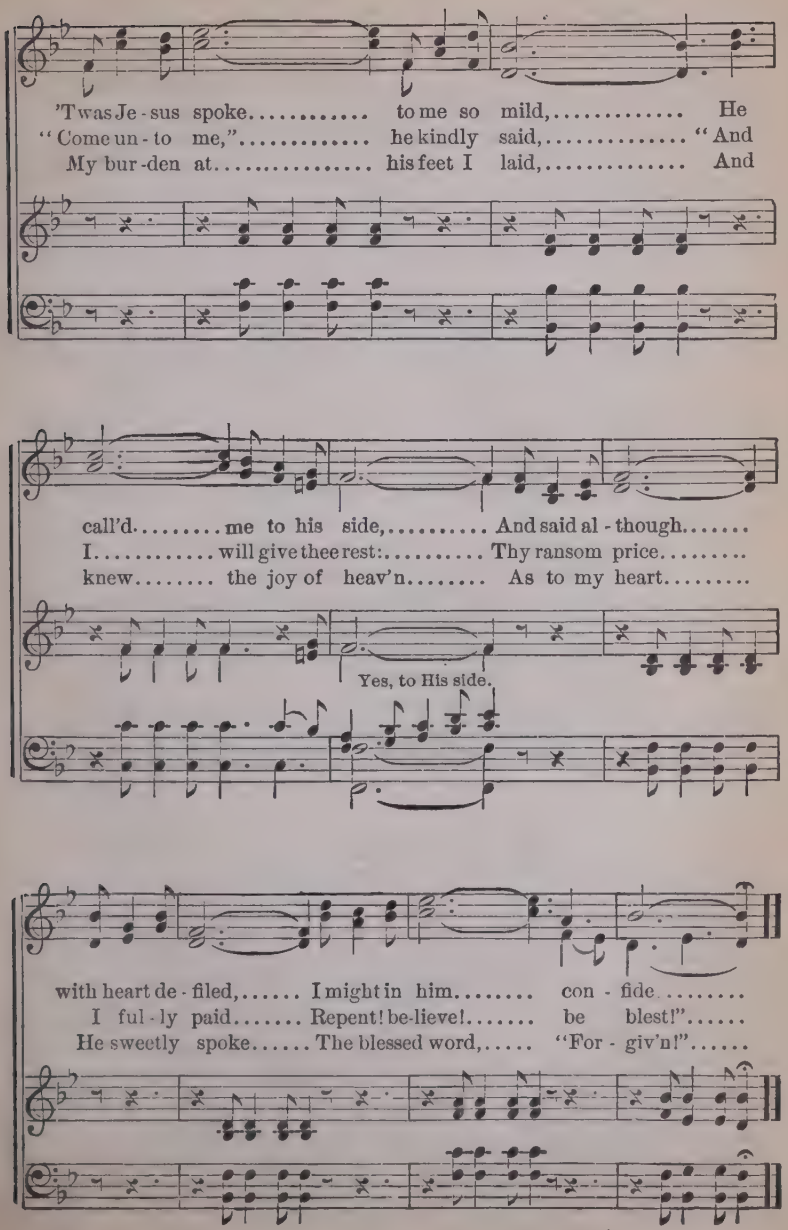
No. 104. The Sweetest Voice.

REV. P. STRYKER, D. D. M. H. EVANS.

DUET.
1. I heard a voice,..... the sweetest voice..... That mortal
2. I saw his face,..... the fairest face..... That mortal
3. I felt his love,..... the strongest love..... That mortal
QUARTET.
ev - er heard;..... Oh! how it made..... my heart re-
ev - er saw;..... I longed the Sav - ior to em-
ev - er felt;..... Oh! how it drew..... my soul a-
Yes, ev-er heard;
joice,..... And ev-'ry feel - - ing stirr'd!
brace,..... From him new life..... to draw.
bove,..... And made my hard..... heart melt!

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

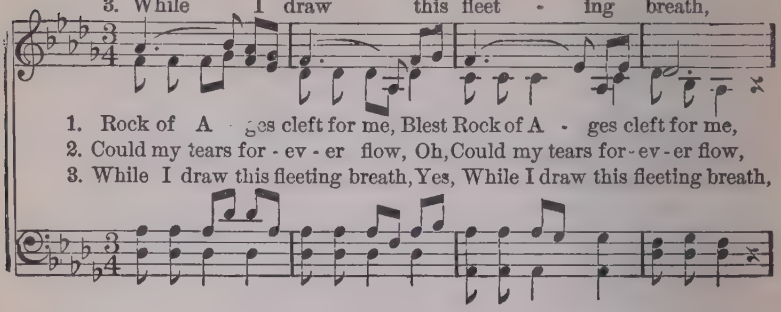
The Sweetest Voice. Concluded.


'Twas Je - sus spoke..... to me so mild,..... He
"Come un - to me,"..... he kindly said,..... "And
My bur - den at..... his feet I laid,..... And
call'd..... me to his side,..... And said al - though.....
I..... will give thee rest:..... Thy ransom price.....
knew..... the joy of heav'n..... As to my heart.....
Yes, to His side.
with heart de - filed,..... I might in him..... con - fide.....
I ful - ly paid..... Repent! be - lieve!..... be blest!".....
He sweetly spoke..... The blessed word,..... "For - giv'n!".....

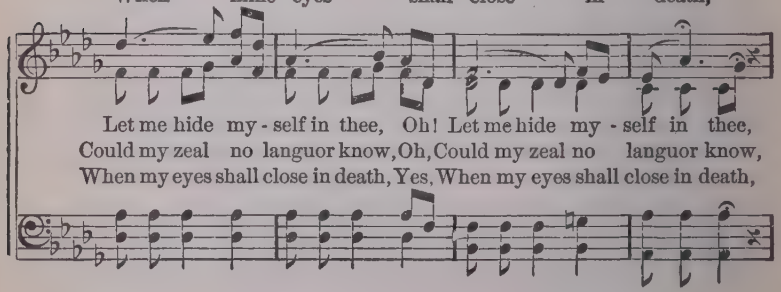
No. 105. Rock of Ages.

Soprano prominent. (Dedicated to Trinity Choir, Oil City, Pa.) E. O. Excell.

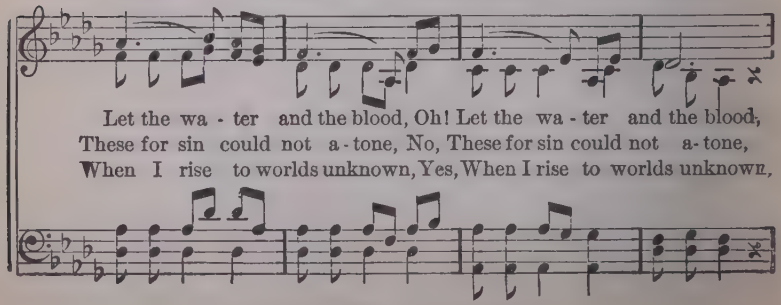
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath,


1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, Yes, While I draw this fleeting breath,

Let me hide my - self in thee,
Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
When mine eyes shall close in death,


Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh! Let me hide my - self in thee,
Could my zeal no languor know, Oh, Could my zeal no languor know,
When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, When my eyes shall close in death,

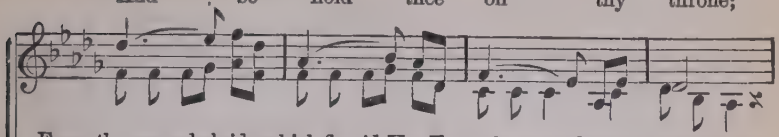
Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to worlds un - known,


Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
These for sin could not a - tone, No, These for sin could not a - tone,
When I rise to worlds unknown, Yes, When I rise to worlds unknown,

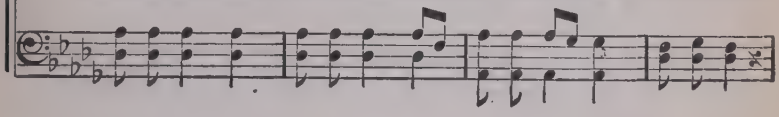
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

Rock of Ages. Concluded.

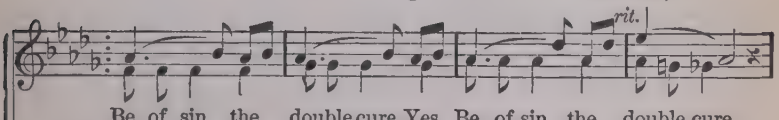
From thy wound ed side which flow'd,
Thou must save and thou a - lone;
And be - hold thee on thy throne;



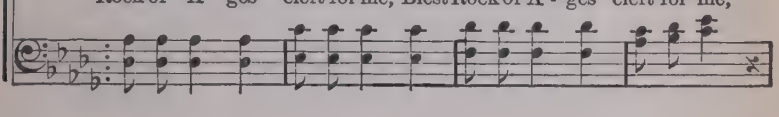
From thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Thou must save and thou alone, Yes, Thou must save and thou a-lone,
And be-hold thee on thy throne, Yes, And behold thee on thy throne,



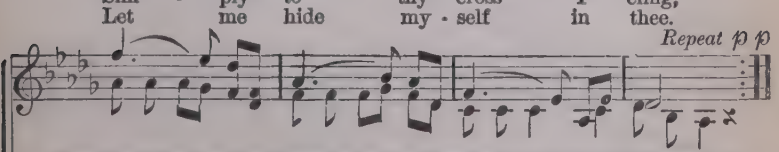
Be of sin the dou - ble cure,
In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me,



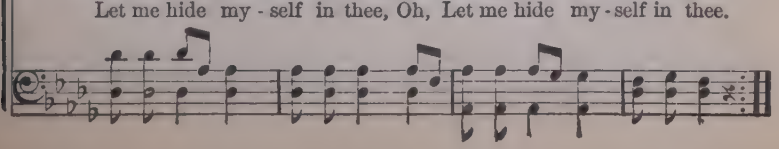
Be of sin the double cure, Yes, Be of sin the double cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,



Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,
Let me hide my - self in thee.

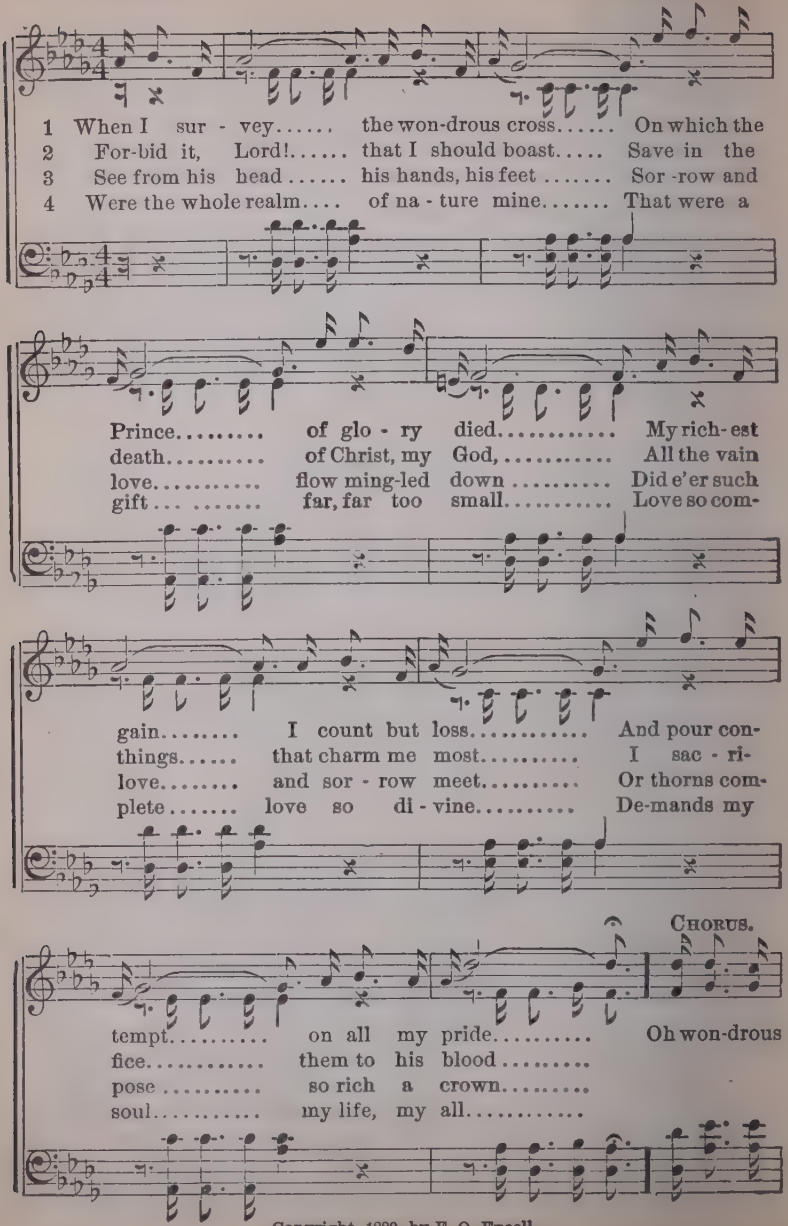


Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to thy cross I cling, Lord, Simply to thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in thee, Oh, Let me hide my - self in thee.



No. 106. O, Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. E. O, EXCELL.


1 When I sur - vey..... the won-drous cross..... On which the
2 For-bid it, Lord!..... that I should boast..... Save in the
3 See from his head..... his hands, his feet..... Sor -row and
4 Were the whole realm.... of na - ture mine..... That were a
Prince..... of glo - ry died..... My rich- est
death..... of Christ, my God,..... All the vain
love..... flow ming-led down..... Did e'er such
gift..... far, far too small..... Love so com-
gain..... I count but loss..... And pour con-
things..... that charm me most..... I sac - ri-
love..... and sor - row meet..... Or thorns com-
plete..... love so di - vine..... De-mands my
CHORUS.
tempt..... on all my pride..... Oh won-drous
fice..... them to his blood.....
pose..... so rich a crown.....
soul..... my life, my all.....

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

O Wondrous Cross. Concluded.

cross,..... O bless-ed cross..... The cross on
O wond'rous cross,
O bless - ed cross,
which..... My Sav-ior died,..... O wond'rous
The cross on which
My Sav - ior died
cross,..... O bless-ed cross..... Within its
O wond'rous cross,
O bless - ed cross
sha - dow I will hide.....
I will hide.

No. 107. Awake, my Soul. P DODDRIDGE.

Tune ARLINGTON. No. 361

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

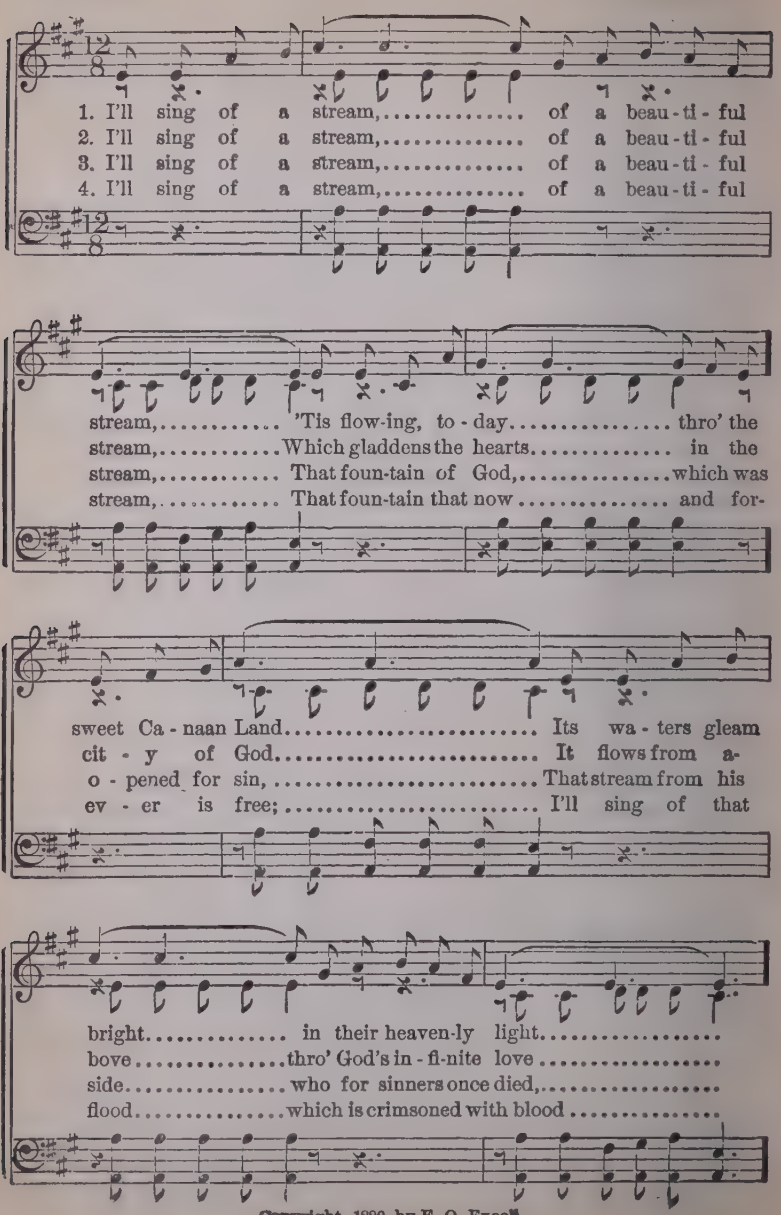
2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

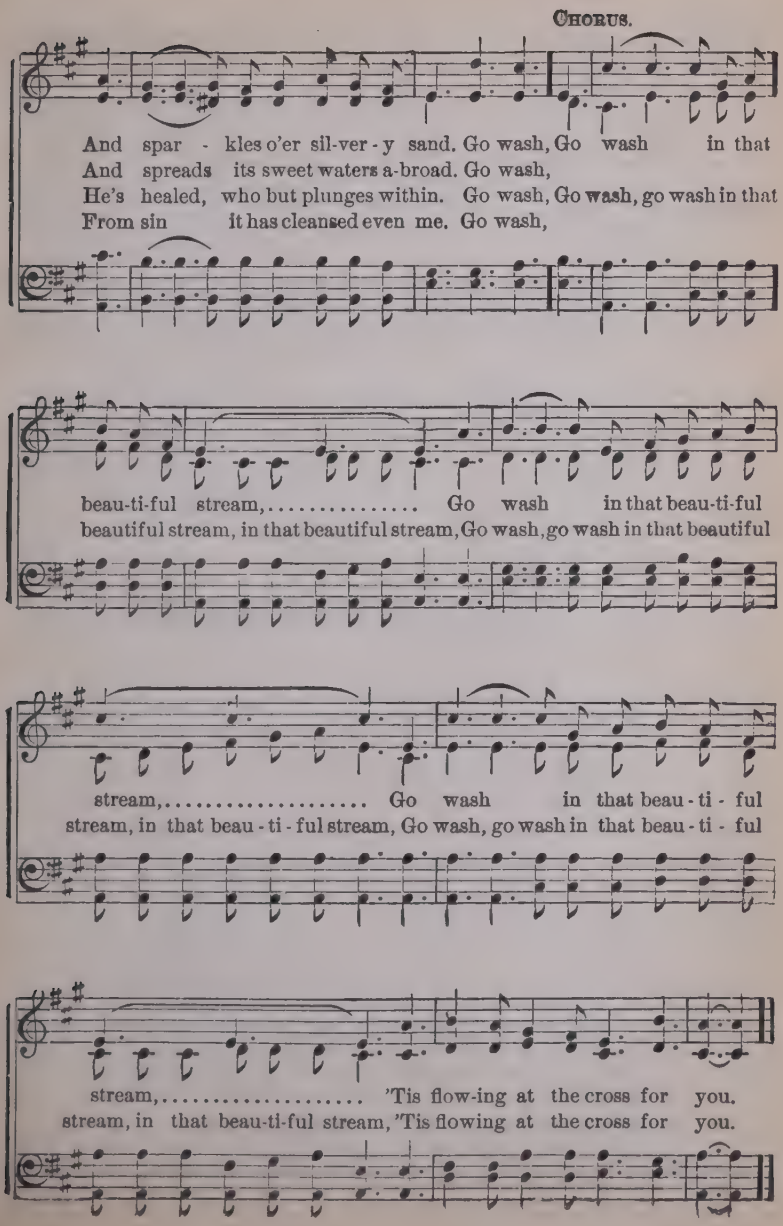
No. 108. That Beautiful Stream.

R. TORBEY. E. O. EXCELL.


1. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau-ti-ful
2. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau-ti-ful
3. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau-ti-ful
4. I'll sing of a stream, ... of a beau-ti-ful
stream, ... 'Tis flow-ing, to-day ... thro' the
stream, ... Which gladdens the hearts ... in the
stream, ... That foun-tain of God, ... which was
stream, ... That foun-tain that now ... and for-
sweet Ca-naan Land ... Its wa-ters gleam
cit-y of God ... It flows from a-
o-pened for sin, ... That stream from his
ev-er is free; ... I'll sing of that
bright ... in their heaven-ly light ...
bove ... thro' God's in-fi-nite love ...
side ... who for sinners once died, ...
flood ... which is crimsoned with blood ...

Copyright, 1899, by E. O. Excell.

That Beautiful Stream. Concluded.


Chorus.
And spar - kles o'er sil-ver - y sand. Go wash, Go wash in that
And spreads its sweet waters a-broad. Go wash,
He's healed, who but plunges within. Go wash, Go wash, go wash in that
From sin it has cleansed even me. Go wash,
beau-ti-ful stream,..... Go wash in that beau-ti-ful
beautiful stream, in that beautiful stream, Go wash, go wash in that beautiful
stream,..... Go wash in that beau - ti - ful
stream, in that beau - ti - ful stream, Go wash, go wash in that beau - ti - ful
stream,..... 'Tis flow-ing at the cross for you.
stream, in that beau-ti-ful stream, 'Tis flowing at the cross for you.

No. 109. Haven of Life.

Theme from Meyer Helmund. Arr. by Frank L. Bristow.

Solo. Alto or Baritone.
1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly; While the nearer
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on thee; Leave, oh leave me
Obligato Solo.
Soprano or Tenor.
Cho.
wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. Hide..... me
not a - lone, Still sup-port and com fort me. All..... my
Hide me, O my Sav-ior!
All my trust on thee, on
Oh!..... my Sav - - - ior hide.....
trust..... on thee..... is stayed,.....
O my Sav - ior hide me! Hide me, O my Sav - ior! O my Sav-ior, hide me!
thee my trust is stayed! All my trust on thee, on thee my trust is stayed!
Till..... the storm..... of life is
All..... my help..... from thee I
Till the storm of life is past. Till the storm is past, Yes till the storm is past, Yes
All my help from thee I bring From thee help I bring Yes from thee help I bring Yes

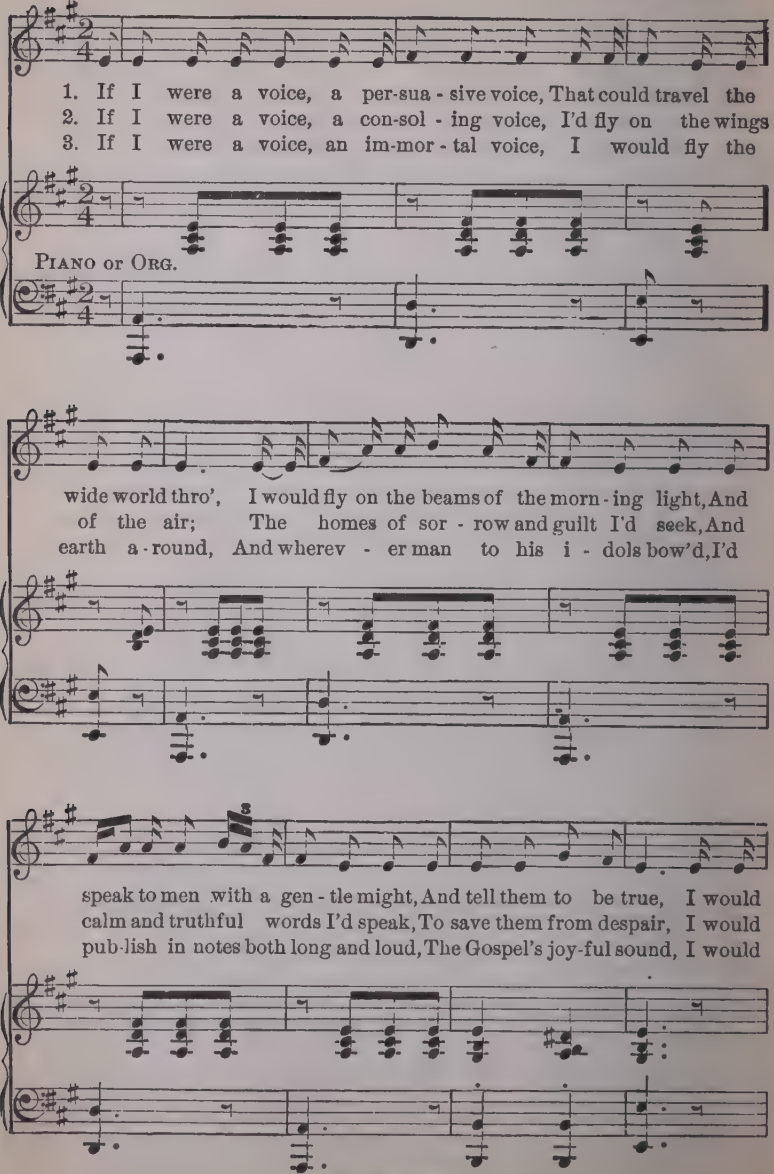
Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Haven of Life. Concluded.

past,..... Safe..... in - to..... thy
bring,..... Cov - - - er my..... de-
till the storm is past! Safe in - to thy ha - ven, To thy hav-en guide me
from thee help I bring! Cov-er, cov-er, cov - er My de-fence-less head; O,
hav - - - en guide,..... Oh!..... re-
fence - - - less head..... With..... the
Safe in - to thy hav-en, To thy hav- en guide me! O, re ceive my soul. My
Cov-er, cov-er cov - er My de-fence-less head With the sav-ing shad-ow
ceive my soul at last!.....
shad - ow of thy wing!.....
wea-ry soul at last, re - ceive my wea-ry soul, My wea-ry soul at last!
shad-ow of thy wing; With the sav-ing shad - ow, shad-ow of thy wing!

No. 110. If I Were a Voice.

I. B. Woodbury.


1. If I were a voice, a per-sua-sive voice, That could travel the
2. If I were a voice, a con-sol-ing voice, I'd fly on the wings
3. If I were a voice, an im-mor-tal voice, I would fly the
Piano or Org.
wide world thro', I would fly on the beams of the morn-ing light, And
of the air; The homes of sor-row and guilt I'd seek, And
earth a-round, And wherev-er man to his i-dols bow'd, I'd
speak to men with a gen-tle might, And tell them to be true, I would
calm and truthful words I'd speak, To save them from despair, I would
pub-lish in notes both long and loud, The Gospel's joy-ful sound, I would

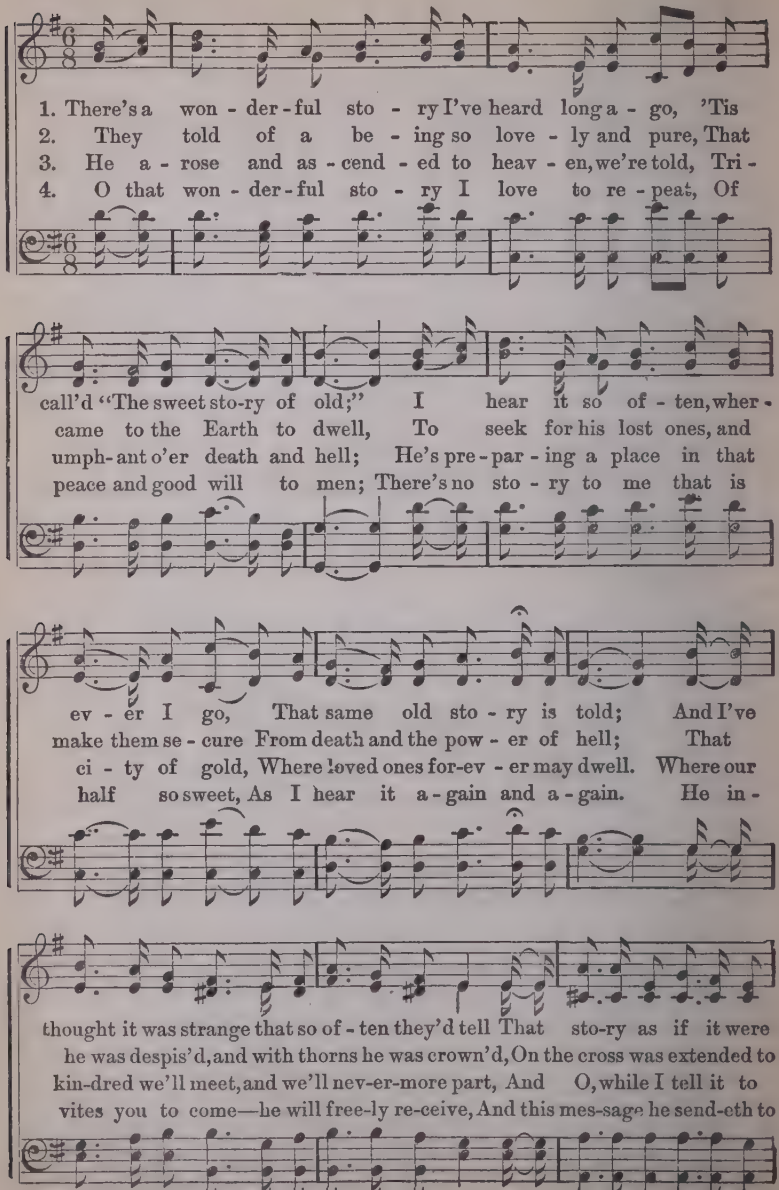
By permission.

If I Were a Voice. Concluded.

fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea, Wher - ev - er a hu - man
fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town, And drop like the hap py
fly, I would fly on the wings of day, Pro claiming peace on my
heart might be, Tell - ing a tale or sing-ing a song In
sun - light, down In - to the hearts of suf - fer - ing men, And
world-wide way, Bid-ding the sad-den'd earth re - joice,— If
praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, I would fly, I would
teach them to look up a - gain; I would fly, I would
I were a voice, an im - mortal voice, I would fly, I would
fly, I would fly,..... I would fly, I would fly over land and sea
fly, I would fly,..... I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town.
fly, I would fly,..... I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day.

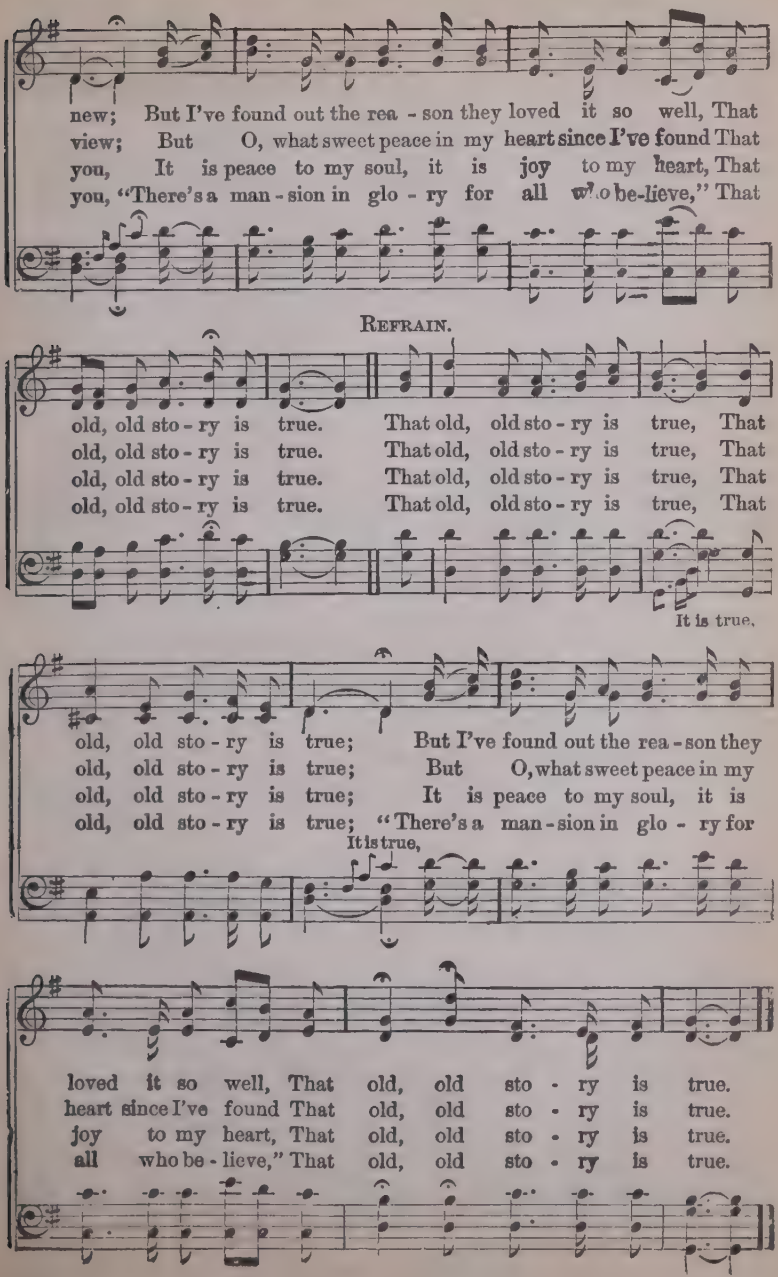
No. 111. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. WATKINS. E. O. EXCELL.


1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis
2. They told of a be - ing so love - ly and pure, That
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri -
4. O that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of
call'd "The sweet sto-ry of old;" I hear it so of - ten, wher -
came to the Earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and
umph - ant o'er death and hell; He's pre - par - ing a place in that
peace and good will to men; There's no sto - ry to me that is
ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told; And I've
make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell; That
ci - ty of gold, Where loved ones for-ev - er may dwell. Where our
half so sweet, As I hear it a - gain and a - gain. He in -
thought it was strange that so of - ten they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were
he was despis'd, and with thorns he was crown'd, On the cross was extended to
kin-dred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And O, while I tell it to
vites you to come—he will free-ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage he send-eth to

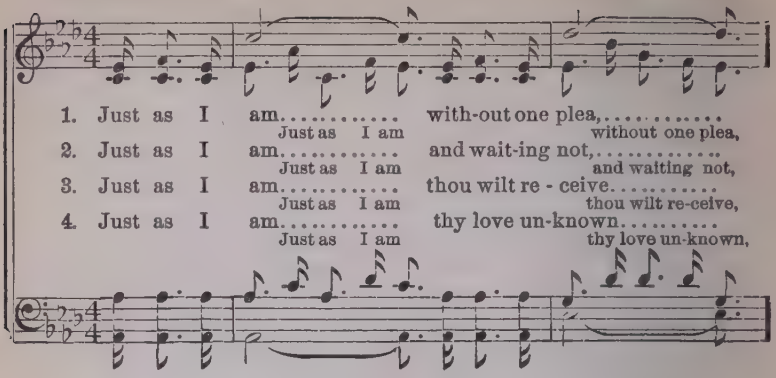
Copyright 1886 by E. O. Excell.

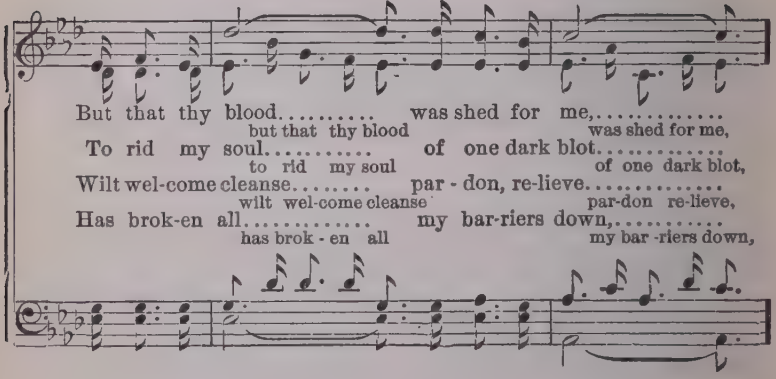
That Old, Old Story is True. Concluded.

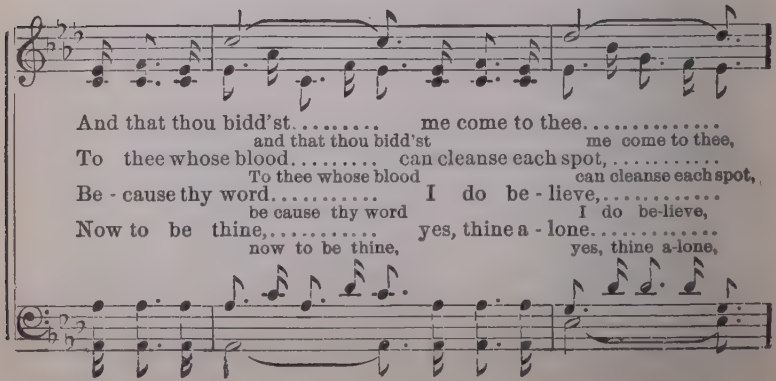

new; But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well, That
view; But O, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That
you, It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That
you, "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for all who be-lieve," That
Refrain.
old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
old, old sto - ry is true. That old, old sto - ry is true, That
It is true.
old, old sto - ry is true; But I've found out the rea - son they
old, old sto - ry is true; But O, what sweet peace in my
old, old sto - ry is true; It is peace to my soul, it is
old, old sto - ry is true; "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for
It is true,
loved it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
all who be - lieve," That old, old sto - ry is true.

No. 112. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea,
Just as I am without one plea,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not,
Just as I am and waiting not,
3. Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive,
Just as I am thou wilt re-ceive,
4. Just as I am, thy love un-known,
Just as I am thy love un-known,


But that thy blood was shed for me,
but that thy blood was shed for me,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
to rid my soul of one dark blot,
Wilt wel-come cleanse par - don, re-lieve,
wilt wel-come cleanse par-don re-lieve,
Has brok-en all my bar-riers down,
has brok - en all my bar -riers down,


And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
and that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Be - cause thy word I do be - lieve,
be cause thy word I do be-lieve,
Now to be thine, yes, thine a - lone,
now to be thine, yes, thine a-lone,

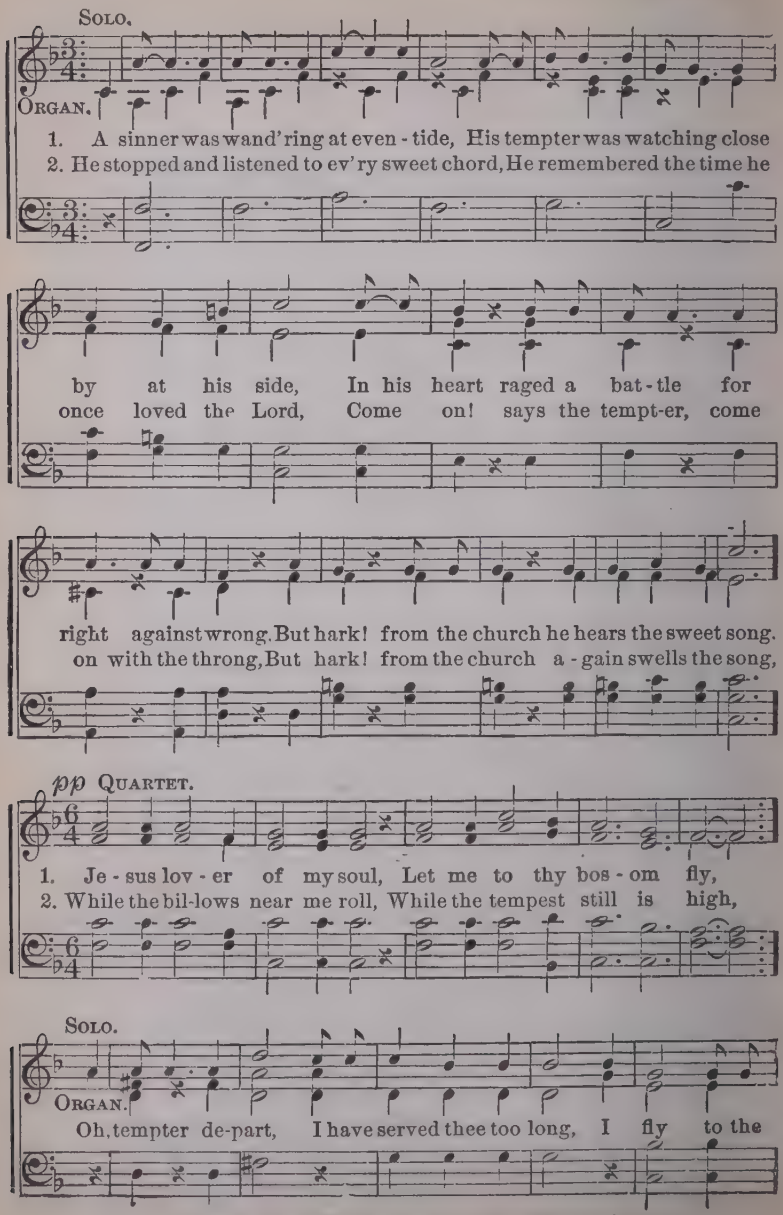
Copyright 1889, by E. O. Ex[illegible]

Just as I Am. Concluded.

O Lamb of God..... I come, I come.....
O Lamb of God
I come, I come.
Chorus.
I come to thee..... Lord, hear my plea.....
I come to thee,
Lord hear my plea.
And make my heart..... A home for thee,.....
And make my heart
A home for thee,
I come to thee,..... Lord, hear my plea,.....
I come to thee,
Lord, hear my plea,
And make me as..... I ought to be.....
And make me as
I ought to be.

No. 113. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


SOLO.
ORGAN.
1. A sinner was wand'ring at even - tide, His tempter was watching close
2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he
by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for
once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempt-er, come
right against wrong. But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song,
pp QUARTET.
1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,
SOLO.
ORGAN.
Oh, tempter de-part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

By permission of Will Thompson & Co, East Liverpool, O.

The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

Sav-ior he dwells in that song, Oh, Lord can it be that a-
sin-ner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to thee?
pp QUARTET.
Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on thee.
SOLO.
ORGAN.
I come, Lord I come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And
pp QUARTET.
O, re-ceive my soul at last.....

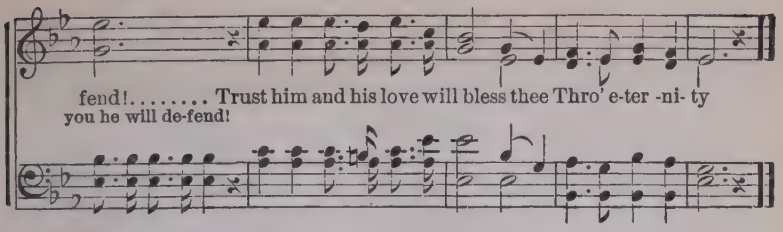
No. 114. Make a friend of Jesus.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Broth-er, make a friend of Je - sus! Who so kind and true,
2. Broth-er, make a friend of Je - sus! Trust him ev - 'ry day,
3. Broth-er, make a friend of Je - sus! His af - fec - tion pure,
And as full of rich com-pas - sion As the Lord to you?
And you will be safe - ly guid - ed In the nar - row way.
Rich with ten - der peace and com - fort, Ev - er will en - dure.
He is the friend of sin - ners; Free - ly he will for - give;
He is so kind and gra - cious, He will his own de - fend;
O what a pre - cious Sav - ior! O what a friend is he!
Broth - er, give your heart to Je - sus And his grace re - ceive.
Broth - er, if you need a Sav - ior, Make the Lord your friend.
Trust him and his love will bless thee Through e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Make..... him your friend!..... and he ..... will de-
Make the Lord your friend! Make the Lord your friend! And he will de-fend

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Make a friend of Jesus. Concluded.



No. 115. Tell It all to Jesus.

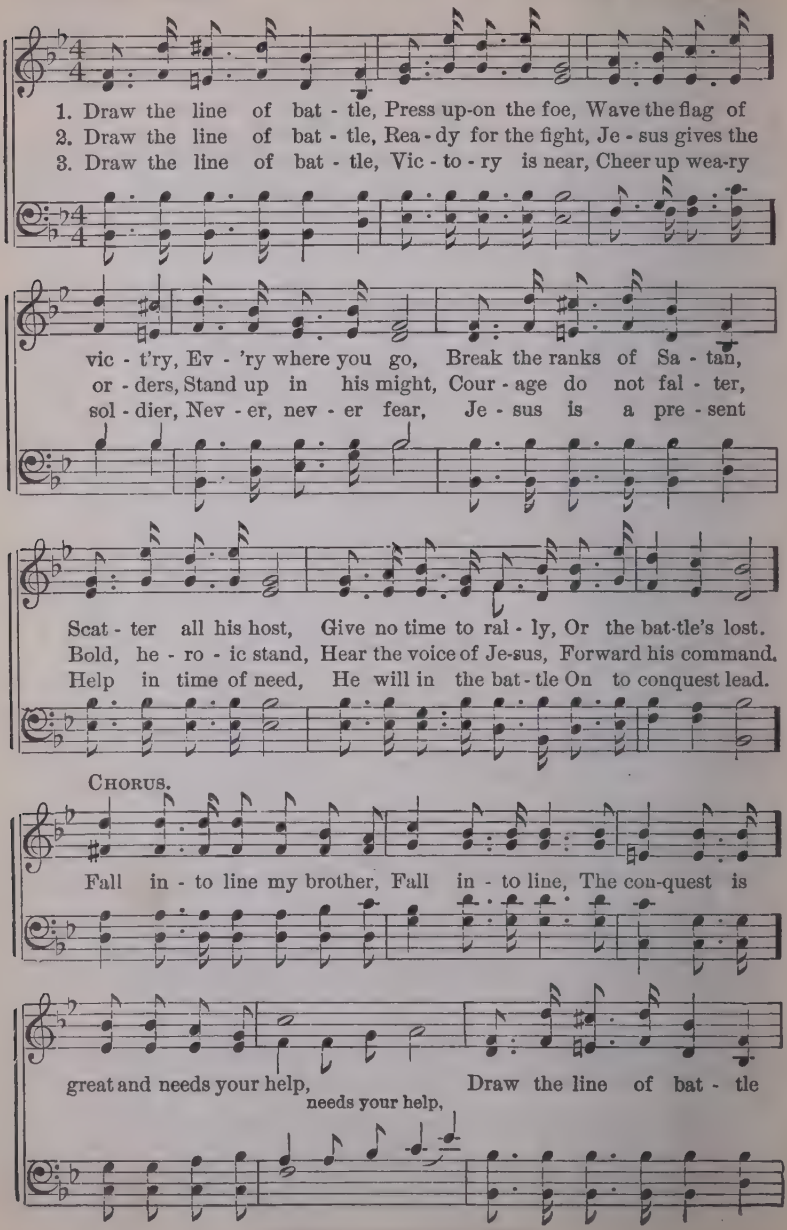
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. When the heart grows faint and wea - ry, Tell it all to Je - sus.
2. If thy life is filled with sor - row, Tell it all to Je - sus.
3. If some se - cret sin op - press thee, Tell it all to Je - sus.
When the way seems long and drear - y Tell it all to Je - sus.
If there dawns no bright to - mor - row, Tell it all to Je - sus.
If some fleet - ing joys dis - tress thee, Tell it all to Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Tell it all to Je - sus, Tell it all to Je - sus,
Let what - e'er be your com-plaint, Tell it all to Je - sus.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

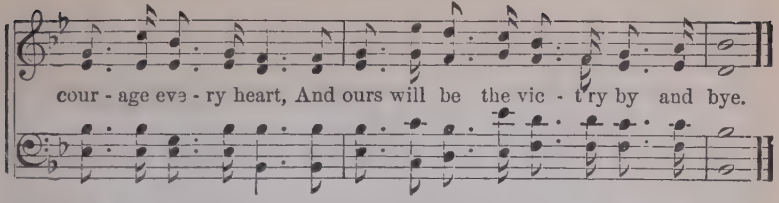
No. 116. Draw the Line of Battle.

REV. JNO. MCPHAIL. J. M. DUNGAN.


1. Draw the line of bat - tle, Press up-on the foe, Wave the flag of
2. Draw the line of bat - tle, Rea - dy for the fight, Je - sus gives the
3. Draw the line of bat - tle, Vic - to - ry is near, Cheer up wea-ry
vic - t'ry, Ev - 'ry where you go, Break the ranks of Sa - tan,
or - ders, Stand up in his might, Cour - age do not fal - ter,
sol - dier, Nev - er, nev - er fear, Je - sus is a pre - sent
Scat - ter all his host, Give no time to ral - ly, Or the bat-tle's lost.
Bold, he - ro - ic stand, Hear the voice of Je-sus, Forward his command.
Help in time of need, He will in the bat - tle On to conquest lead.
CHORUS.
Fall in - to line my brother, Fall in - to line, The con-quest is
great and needs your help, Draw the line of bat - tle
needs your help,

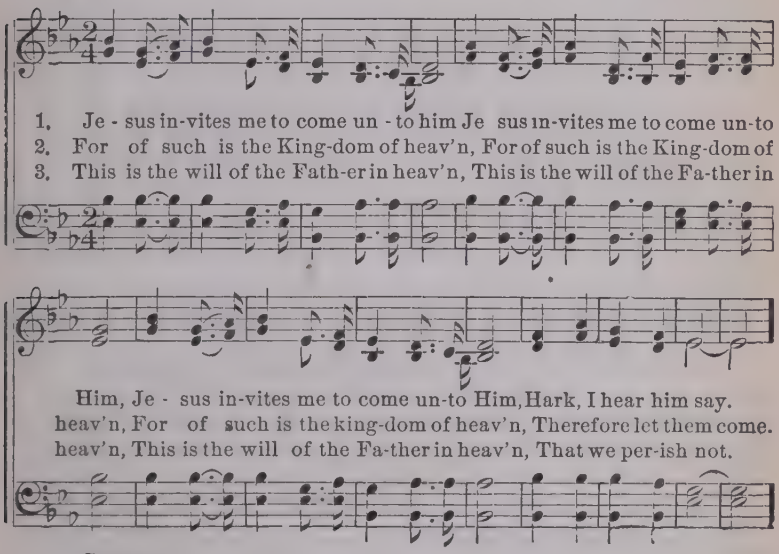
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Draw the line of Battle. Concluded.

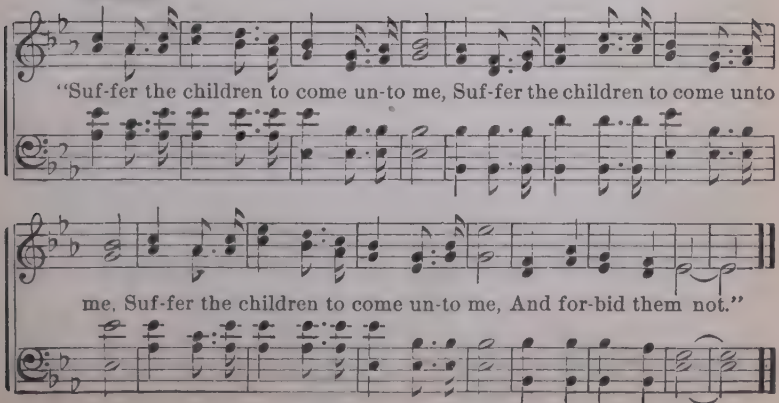


No. 117. Suffer the Children to Come.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus in-vites me to come un - to him Je sus in-vites me to come un-to
2. For of such is the King-dom of heav'n, For of such is the King-dom of
3. This is the will of the Fath-er in heav'n, This is the will of the Fa-ther in
Him, Je - sus in-vites me to come un-to Him, Hark, I hear him say.
heav'n, For of such is the king-dom of heav'n, Therefore let them come.
heav'n, This is the will of the Fa-ther in heav'n, That we per-ish not.

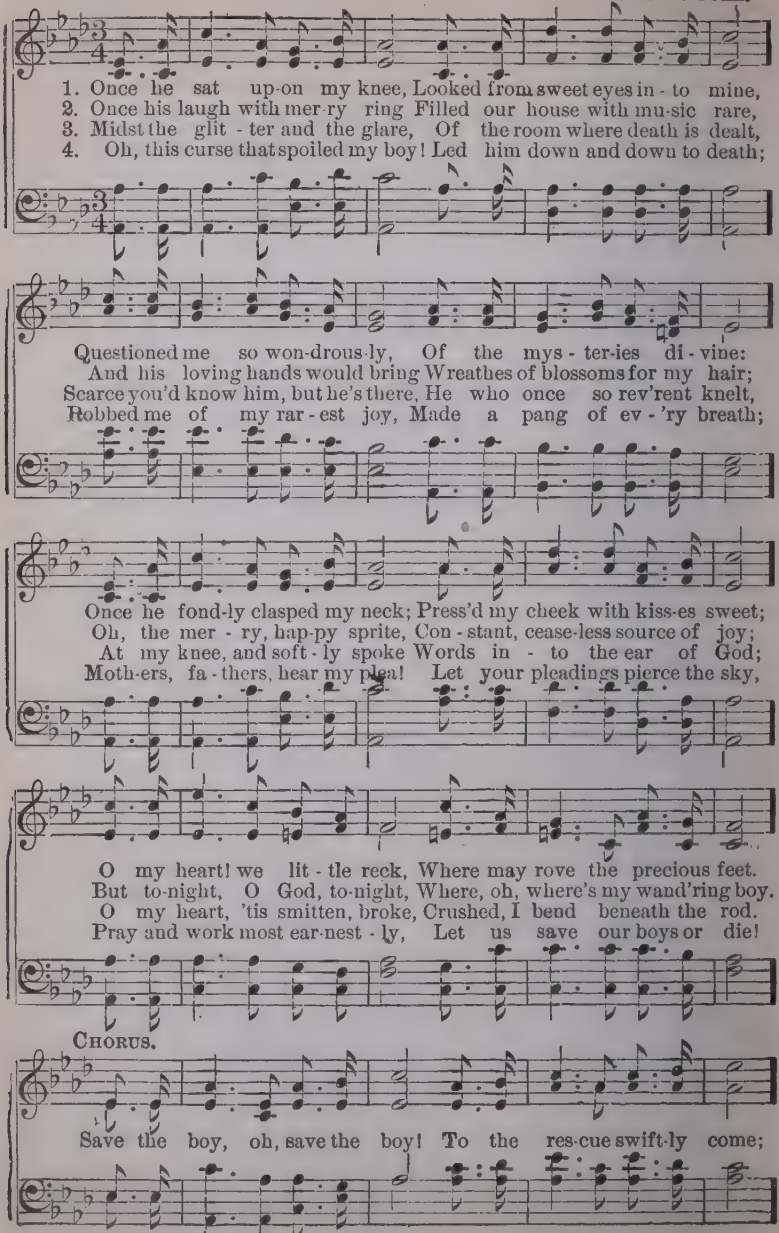
Chorus.


"Suf-fer the children to come un-to me, Suf-fer the children to come unto
me, Suf-fer the children to come un-to me, And for-bid them not."

Copyright 1884, by E. O. Excell.

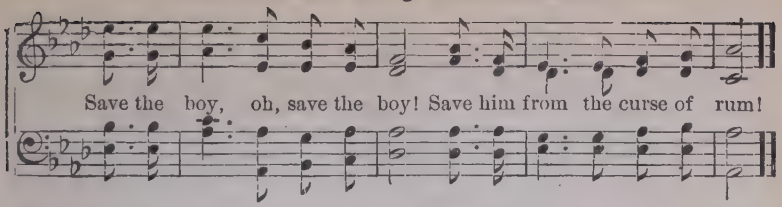
No. 118. Save the Boy.

L. F. C. REV. L. F. COLE.


1. Once he sat up-on my knee, Looked from sweet eyes in - to mine,
2. Once his laugh with mer-ry ring Filled our house with mu-sic rare,
3. Midst the glit - ter and the glare, Of the room where death is dealt,
4. Oh, this curse that spoiled my boy! Led him down and down to death;
Questioned me so won-drous-ly, Of the mys - ter-ies di - vine:
And his loving hands would bring Wreathes of blossoms for my hair;
Scarce you'd know him, but he's there, He who once so rev'rent knelt,
Robbed me of my rar - est joy, Made a pang of ev - 'ry breath;
Once he fond-ly clasped my neck; Press'd my cheek with kiss-es sweet;
Oh, the mer - ry, hap-py sprite, Con - stant, cease-less source of joy;
At my knee, and soft - ly spoke Words in - to the ear of God;
Moth-ers, fa - thers, hear my plea! Let your pleadings pierce the sky,
O my heart! we lit - tle reck, Where may rove the precious feet.
But to-night, O God, to-night, Where, oh, where's my wand'ring boy.
O my heart, 'tis smitten, broke, Crushed, I bend beneath the rod.
Pray and work most ear-nest - ly, Let us save our boys or die!
CHORUS.
Save the boy, oh, save the boy! To the res-cue swift-ly come;

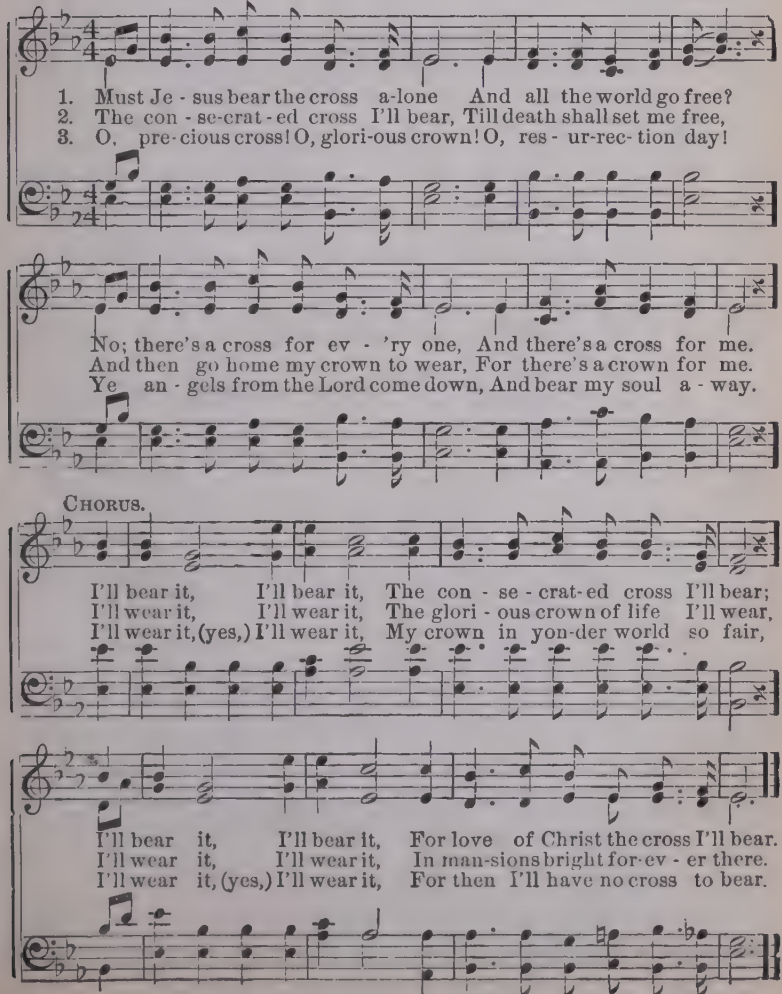
From GOOD WILL by permission.

Save the Boy. Concluded.



No. 119. I'll bear the Cross.

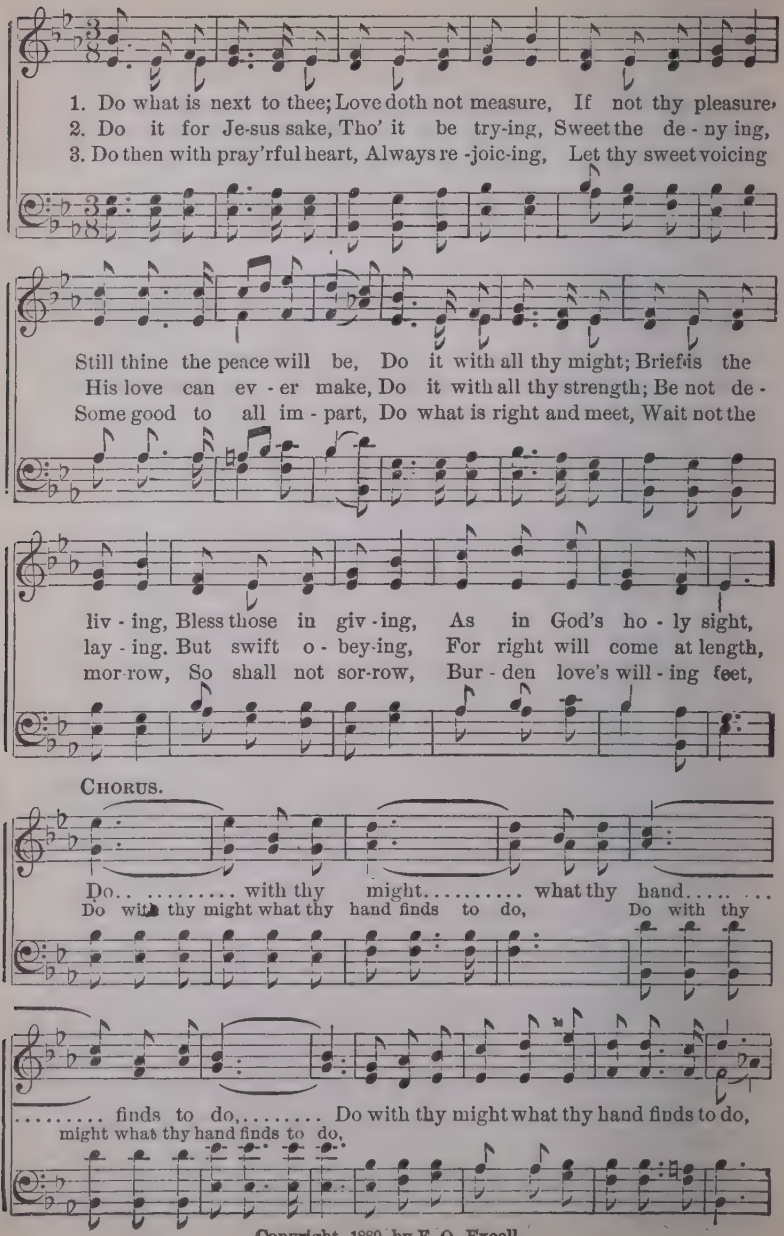
W. A. Ogden.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a-lone And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. O, pre-cious cross! O, glori-ous crown! O, res - ur-rec-tion day!
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Ye an - gels from the Lord come down, And bear my soul a - way.
Chorus.
I'll bear it, I'll bear it, The con - se - crat-ed cross I'll bear;
I'll wear it, I'll wear it, The glori - ous crown of life I'll wear,
I'll wear it, (yes,) I'll wear it, My crown in yon-der world so fair,
I'll bear it, I'll bear it, For love of Christ the cross I'll bear.
I'll wear it, I'll wear it, In man-sions bright for-ev - er there.
I'll wear it, (yes,) I'll wear it, For then I'll have no cross to bear.

Copyright 1889 by E. O, Excell.

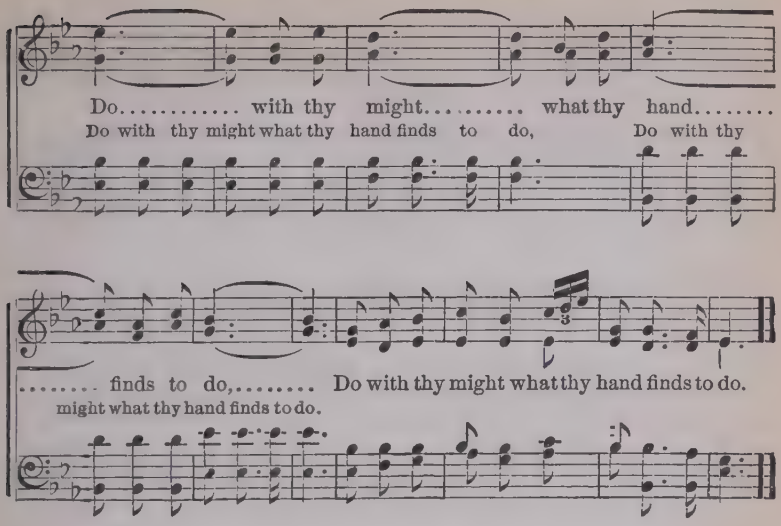
No. 120. Do What is Next to Thee.

CAREY BOGGESS.


1. Do what is next to thee; Love doth not measure, If not thy pleasure,
2. Do it for Je-sus sake, Tho' it be try-ing, Sweet the de - ny ing,
3. Do then with pray'rful heart, Always re -joic-ing, Let thy sweet voicing
Still thine the peace will be, Do it with all thy might; Brief is the
His love can ev - er make, Do it with all thy strength; Be not de -
Some good to all im - part, Do what is right and meet, Wait not the
liv - ing, Bless those in giv - ing, As in God's ho - ly sight,
lay - ing. But swift o - bey-ing, For right will come at length,
mor-row, So shall not sor-row, Bur - den love's will - ing feet,
CHORUS.
Do.. ..... with thy might..... what thy hand..... ...
Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do, Do with thy
..... finds to do,..... Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do,
might what thy hand finds to do.

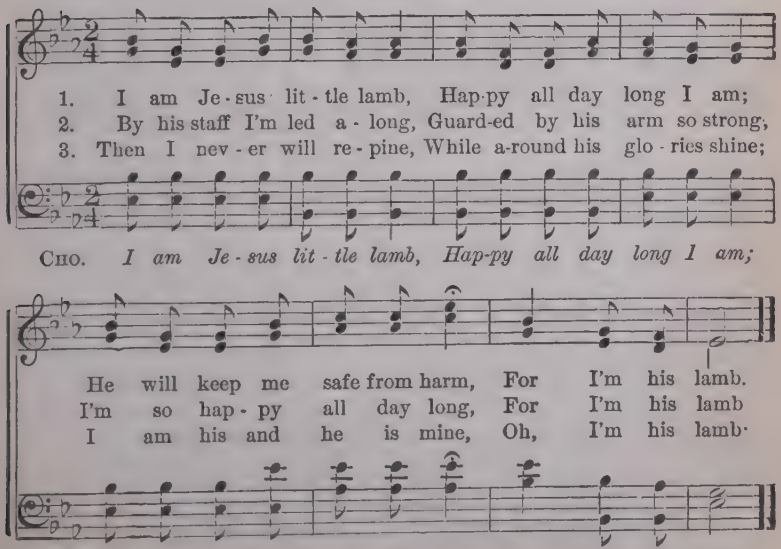
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Do What is Next to Thee. Concluded.


Do..... with thy might..... what thy hand.....
Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do, Do with thy
..... finds to do,..... Do with thy might what thy hand finds to do.
might what thy hand finds to do.

No. 121. Jesus' little Lamb,

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. I am Je-sus lit-tle lamb, Hap-py all day long I am;
2. By his staff I'm led a-long, Guard-ed by his arm so strong,
3. Then I nev-er will re-pine, While a-round his glo-ries shine;
Cho. I am Je-sus lit-tle lamb, Hap-py all day long I am;
He will keep me safe from harm, For I'm his lamb.
I'm so hap-py all day long, For I'm his lamb
I am his and he is mine, Oh, I'm his lamb.
He will keep me safe I know, For I'm his lamb.

From "New Silver Song," by per.

No. 122. There's Room for you.

F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

Tenderly.

1. There's room for you to an-chor With-in the port of rest,
2. There's room for you to an-chor; The ship is wait-ing now,—
3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved be - low;
4. O heav- ing, swel-ling bil-lows, Bear on - ward to my home!

cres. *dim.*

Where tem-pests all are o - ver, And storms no more mo - lest;
The ship of God's pre par - ing, Oh! ask not Why nor How.
The same sweet voi-ces greet us, As in the long a - go.
Be - yond these drea-ry head-lands I see its shin - ing dome.

p

How sweet to wea - ry voya - gers, This pre - cious prom - ise
His bound-less love and mer - cy No tongue can ev - er
Then hush! ye murm-'ring wa - ters, Ye tem - pests cease to
There, there my faint - ing spir - it, No more for rest shall

giv'n: There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.
tell.— If you but trust his prom-ise, All is well.
blow! I al - most hear the mu - sic Soft and low.
sigh; 'Tis there I hope to an - chor By and by.

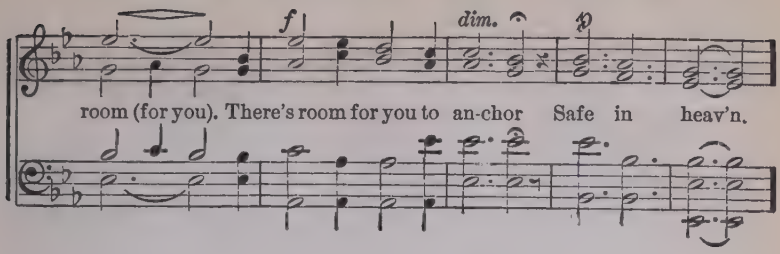
Refrain.

m *mf*

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room (for you), there's

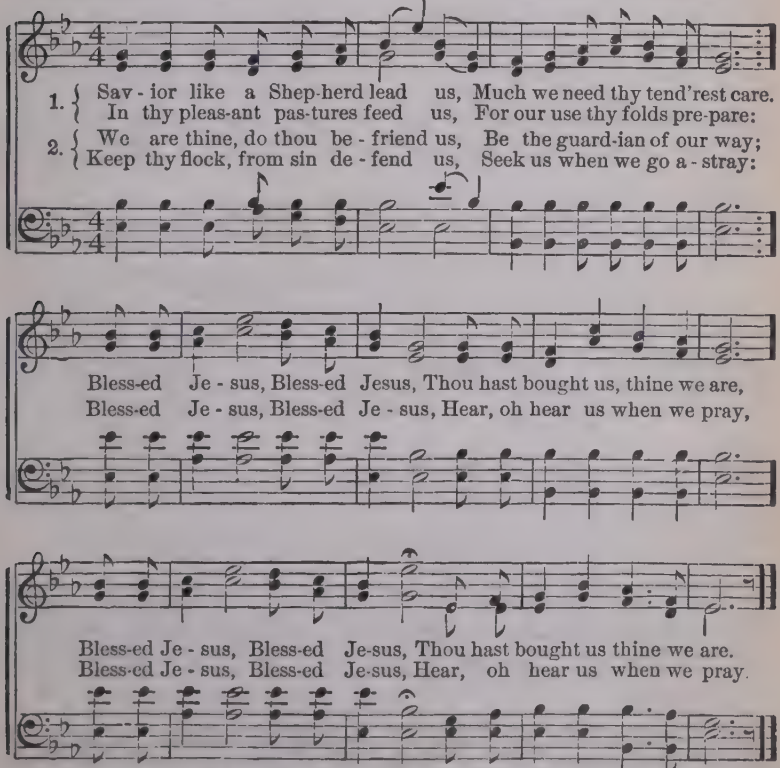
Copyright 1886, by F. E. Belden.

There's Room for You. Concluded.



No. 123. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. Sav - ior like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care.
In thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare:
2. We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the guard-ian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh hear us when we pray,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh hear us when we pray.

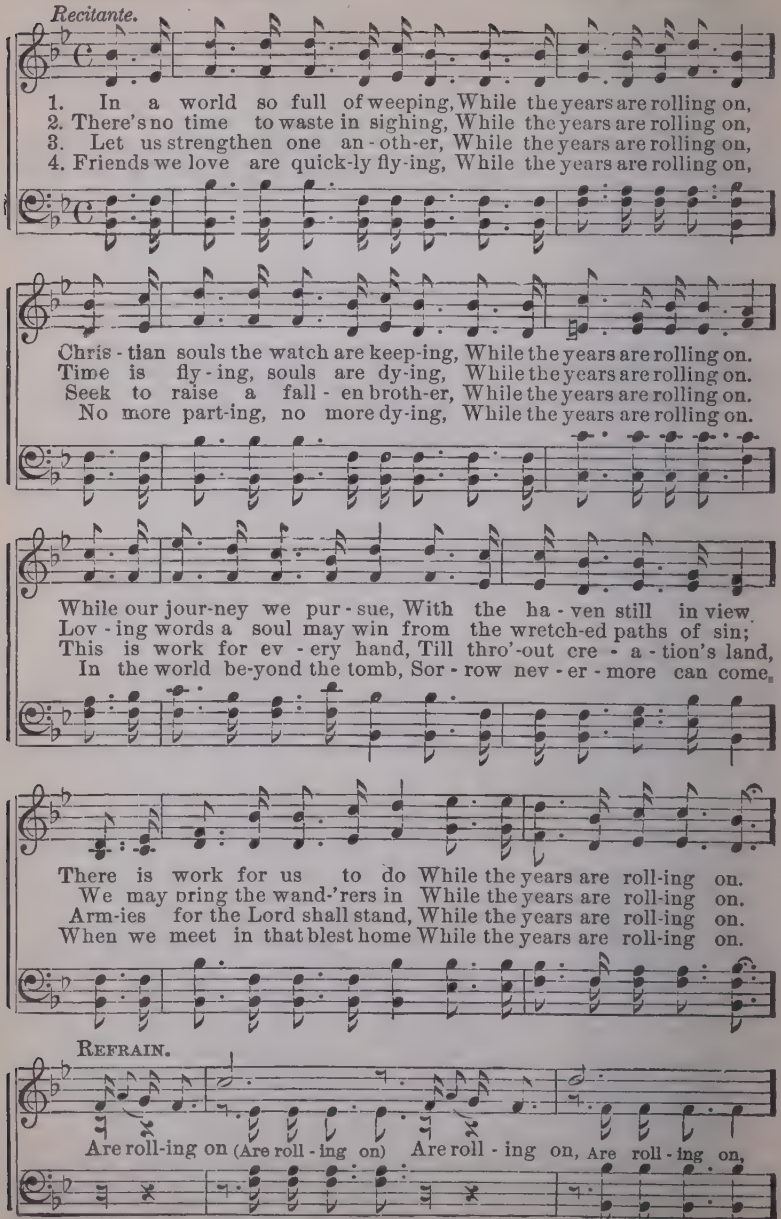
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will:
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 124. While the Years are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWEENY.

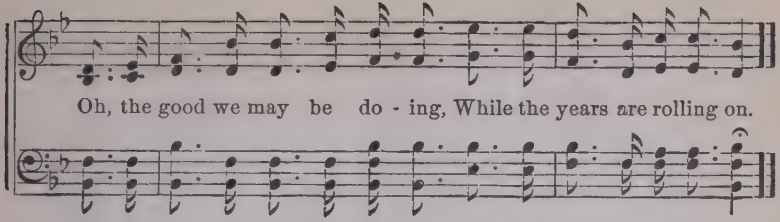
Recitante.


1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on,
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on,
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are rolling on,
4. Friends we love are quick-ly fly-ing, While the years are rolling on,
Chris-tian souls the watch are keep-ing, While the years are rolling on.
Time is fly-ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
Seek to raise a fall-en broth-er, While the years are rolling on.
No more part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on.
While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view
Lov-ing words a soul may win from the wretch-ed paths of sin;
This is work for ev-ery hand, Till thro'-out cre-a-tion's land,
In the world be-yond the tomb, Sor-row nev-er-more can come.
There is work for us to do While the years are roll-ing on.
We may bring the wand-'rers in While the years are roll-ing on.
Arm-ies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
When we meet in that blest home While the years are roll-ing on.

REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1885, by. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

While the Years are Rolling. Concluded.



No. 125. Nearer my God, to Thee.

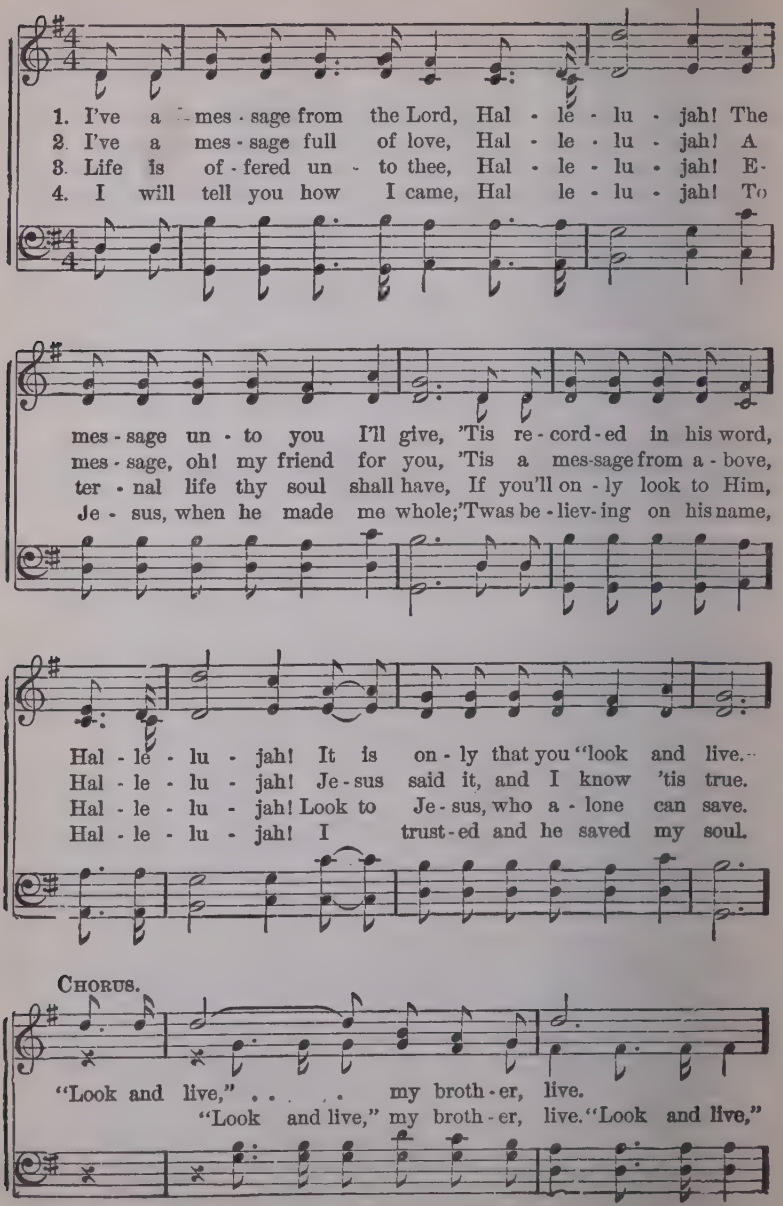
SARAH ADAMS. REV. Z. W. FAGAN.

1. Near - er my God, to thee! Near - er to thee,
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my
All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to
song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!
dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!
beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

Copyright, 1899, by E. O. Excell.

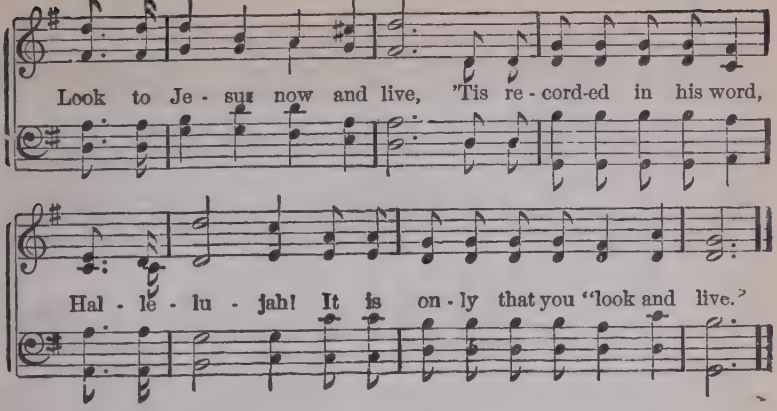
No. 126. Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal le - lu - jah! To
mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
mes - sage, oh! my friend for you, 'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove,
ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him,
Je - sus, when he made me whole;'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.
Chorus.
"Look and live," . . . . my broth - er, live.
"Look and live," my broth - er, live. "Look and live,"

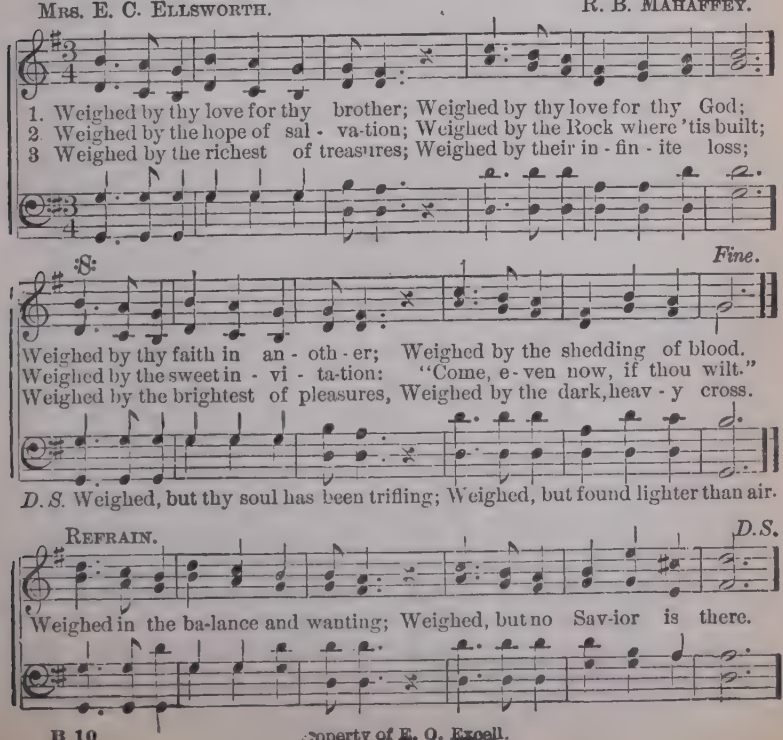
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

Look and Live. Concluded.



No. 127. Weighed in the Balance.

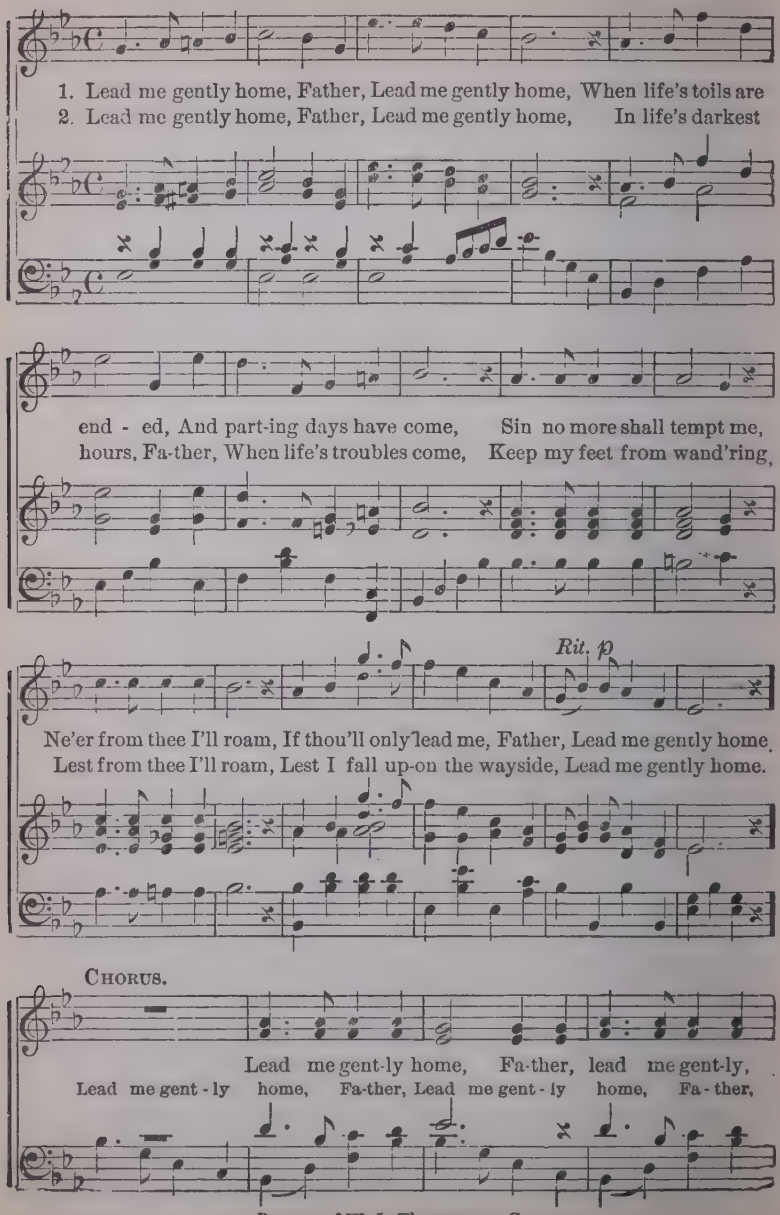
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. R. B. MAHAFFEY.


1. Weighed by thy love for thy brother; Weighed by thy love for thy God;
2 Weighed by the hope of sal - va-tion; Weighed by the Rock where 'tis built;
3 Weighed by the richest of treasures; Weighed by their in - fin - ite loss;
Fine.
Weighed by thy faith in an - oth - er; Weighed by the shedding of blood.
Weighed by the sweet in - vi - ta-tion: "Come, e - ven now, if thou wilt."
Weighed by the brightest of pleasures, Weighed by the dark, heav - y cross.
D. S. Weighed, but thy soul has been trifling; Weighed, but found lighter than air.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Weighed in the ba-lance and wanting; Weighed, but no Sav-ior is there.

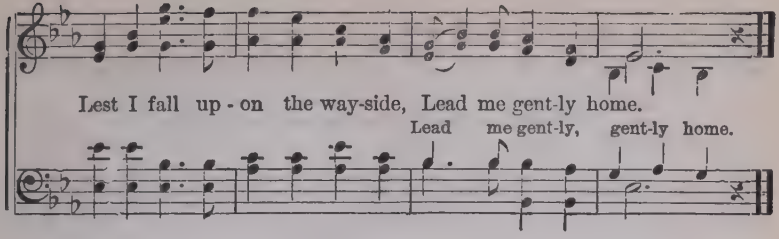
Property of E. O. Excell.

No. 128. Lead me gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

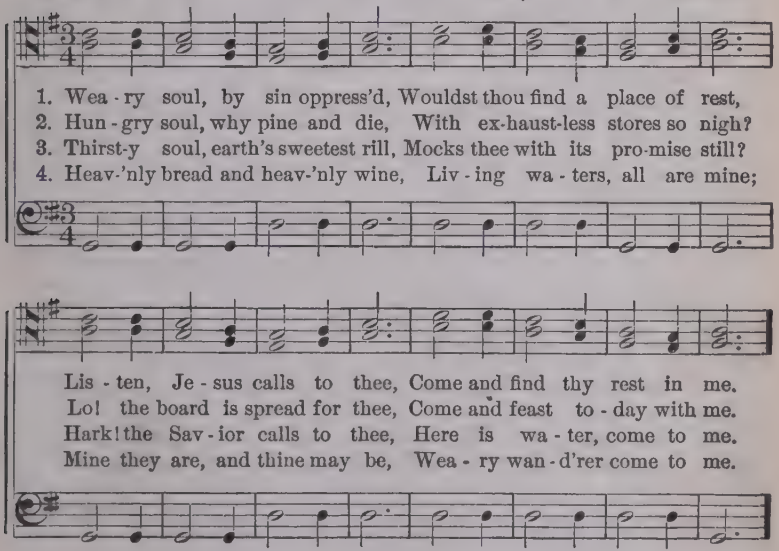

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest
end - ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,
Rit. p
Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'll only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.
CHORUS.
Lead me gent-ly home, Fa-ther, lead me gent-ly,
Lead me gent - ly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther,

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co.

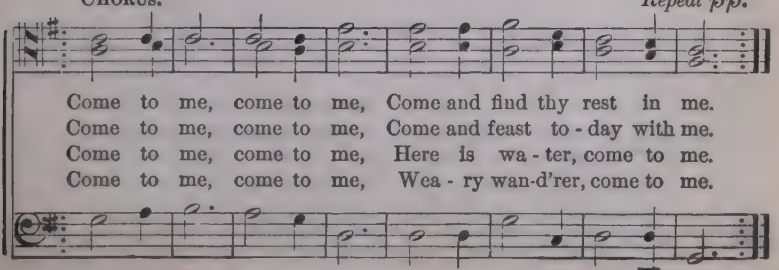


No. 129. Come to Me.

MRS. J. C. YULE. **TRIO** for male voices, E. O. EXCELL.


1. Wea - ry soul, by sin oppress'd, Wouldst thou find a place of rest,
2. Hun - gry soul, why pine and die, With ex-haust-less stores so nigh?
3. Thirst-y soul, earth's sweetest rill, Mocks thee with its pro-mise still?
4. Heav-'nly bread and heav-'nly wine, Liv - ing wa - ters, all are mine;
Lis - ten, Je - sus calls to thee, Come and find thy rest in me.
Lo! the board is spread for thee, Come and feast to - day with me.
Hark! the Sav - ior calls to thee, Here is wa - ter, come to me.
Mine they are, and thine may be, Wea - ry wan - d'rer come to me.

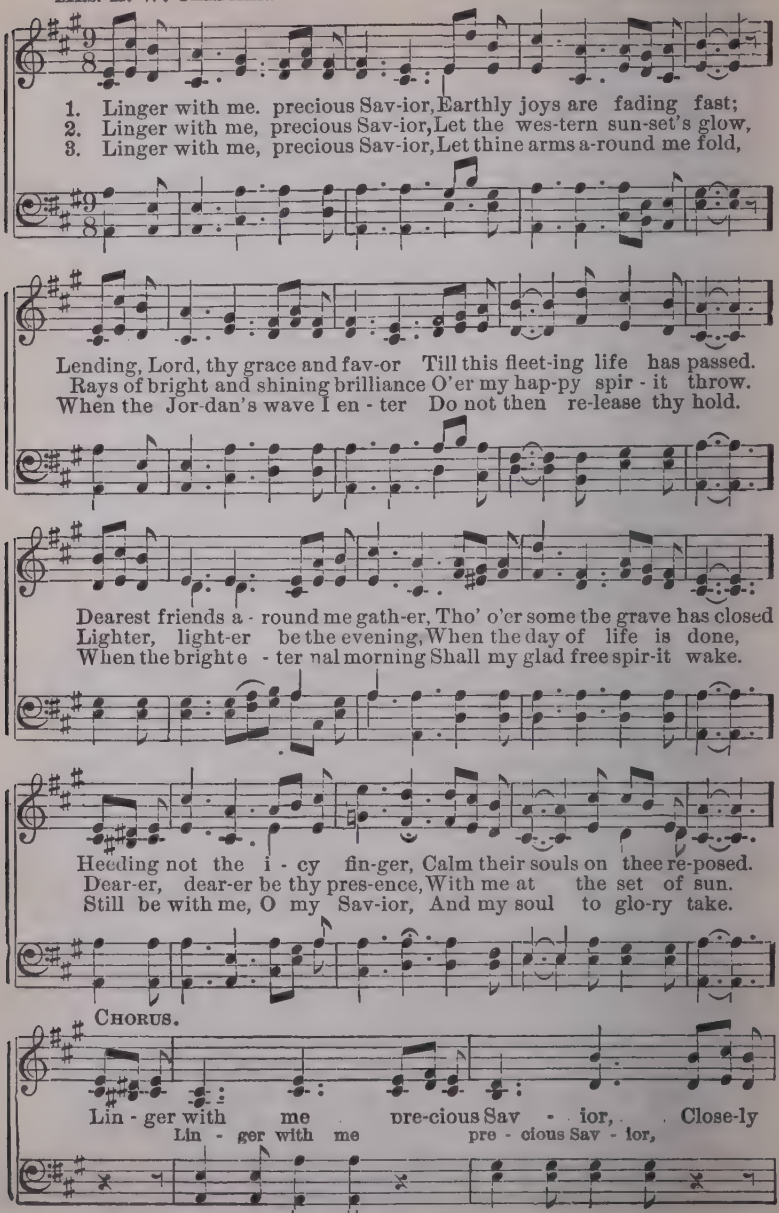
CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*


Come to me, come to me, Come and find thy rest in me.
Come to me, come to me, Come and feast to - day with me.
Come to me, come to me, Here is wa - ter, come to me.
Come to me, come to me, Wea - ry wan-d'rer, come to me.

Copyright, 1886, by E. O. Excell.

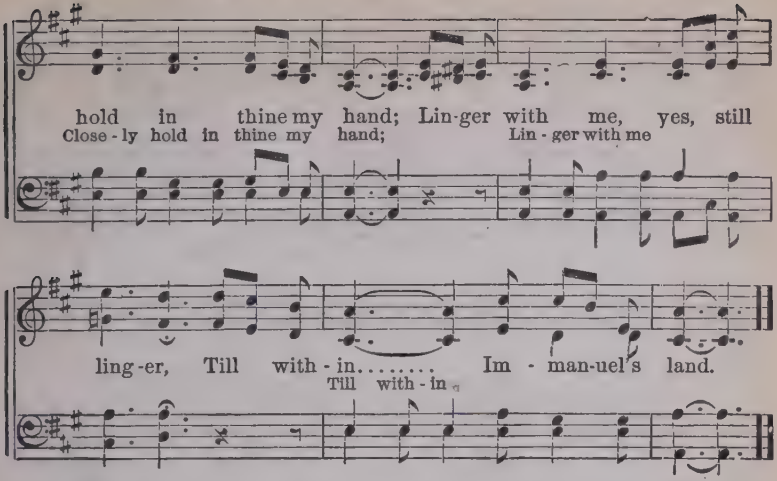
No. 130. Linger with me, Precious Savior.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. CHAS EDW. PRIOR.


1. Linger with me. precious Sav-ior, Earthly joys are fading fast;
2. Linger with me, precious Sav-ior, Let the wes-tern sun-set's glow,
3. Linger with me, precious Sav-ior, Let thine arms a-round me fold,
Lending, Lord, thy grace and fav-or Till this fleet-ing life has passed.
Rays of bright and shining brilliance O'er my hap-py spir - it throw.
When the Jor-dan's wave I en - ter Do not then re-lease thy hold.
Dearest friends a - round me gath-er, Tho' o'er some the grave has closed
Lighter, light-er be the evening, When the day of life is done,
When the bright e - ter nal morning Shall my glad free spir-it wake.
Heeding not the i - cy fin-ger, Calm their souls on thee re-posed.
Dear-er, dear-er be thy pres-ence, With me at the set of sun.
Still be with me, O my Sav-ior, And my soul to glo-ry take.
CHORUS.
Lin - ger with me pre-cious Sav - ior, Close-ly
Lin - ger with me pre - cious Sav - ior,

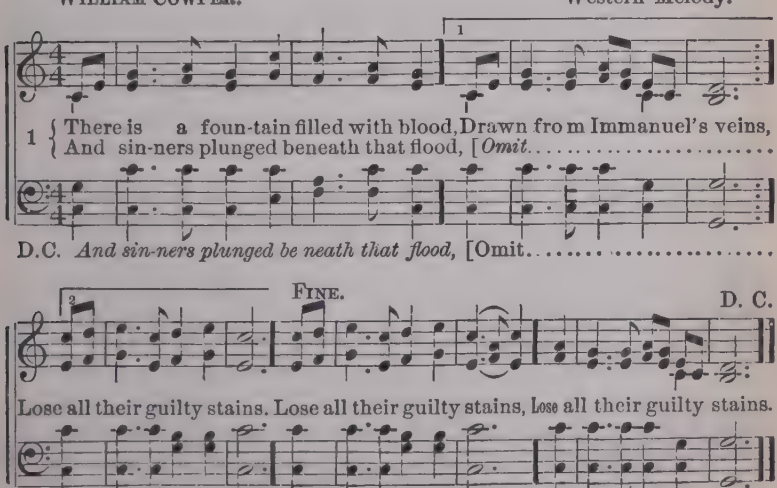
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Linger with Me. Concluded.


hold in thine my hand; Lin-ger with me, yes, still
Close-ly hold in thine my hand; Lin-ger with me
ling-er, Till with-in..... Im-man-uel's land.
Till with-in

No. 131. There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.


1
1 { There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn fro m Immanuel's veins,
{ And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, [Omit.....
D.C. And sin-ners plunged be neath that flood, [Omit.....
2
FINE.
D. C.
Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

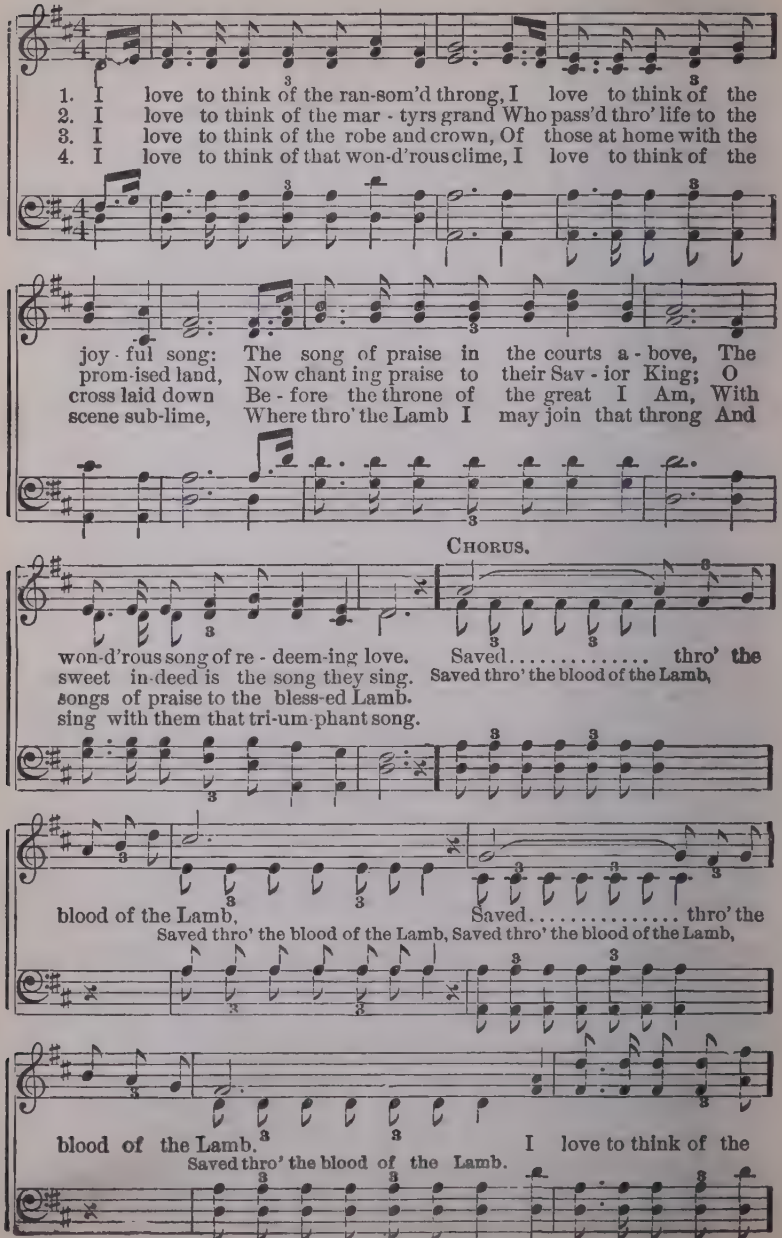
3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

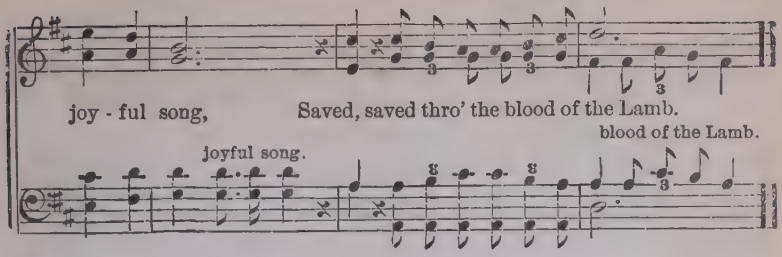
No. 132. That Joyful Song.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. I love to think of the ran-som'd throng, I love to think of the
2. I love to think of the mar - tyrs grand Who pass'd thro' life to the
3. I love to think of the robe and crown, Of those at home with the
4. I love to think of that won-d'rous clime, I love to think of the
joy - ful song: The song of praise in the courts a - bove, The
prom-ised land, Now chant ing praise to their Sav - ior King; O
cross laid down Be - fore the throne of the great I Am, With
scene sub-lime, Where thro' the Lamb I may join that throng And
CHORUS.
won-d'rous song of re - deem-ing love. Saved..... thro' the
sweet in-deed is the song they sing. Saved thro' the blood of the Lamb,
songs of praise to the bless-ed Lamb.
sing with them that tri-um-phant song.
blood of the Lamb. Saved..... thro' the
Saved thro' the blood of the Lamb, Saved thro' the blood of the Lamb,
blood of the Lamb. I love to think of the
Saved thro' the blood of the Lamb.

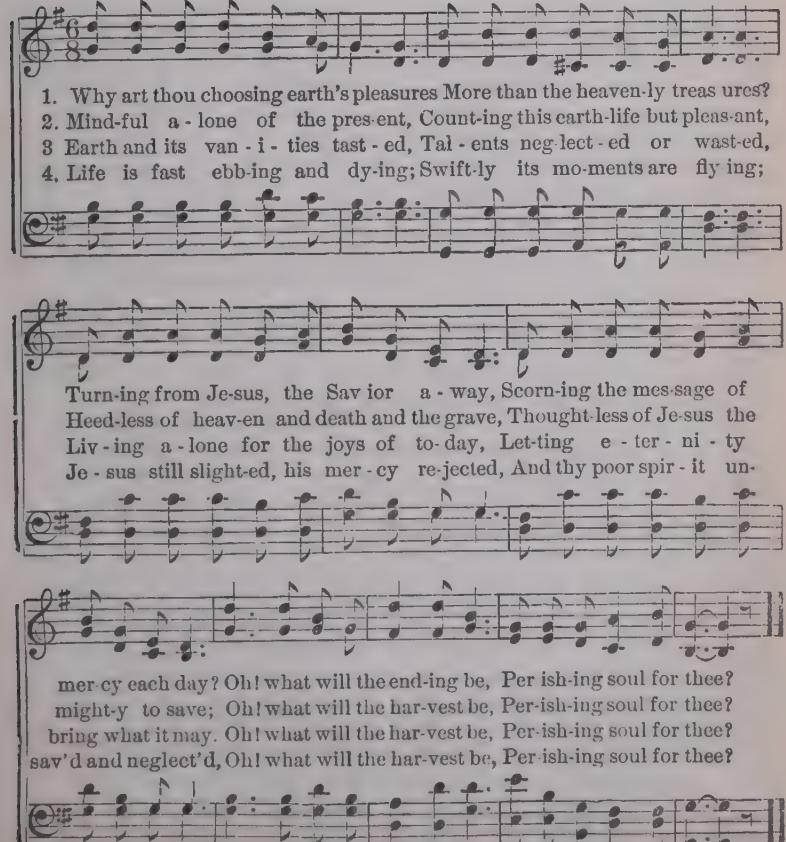
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

That Joyful Song. Concluded



No. 133. What will the Ending Be?

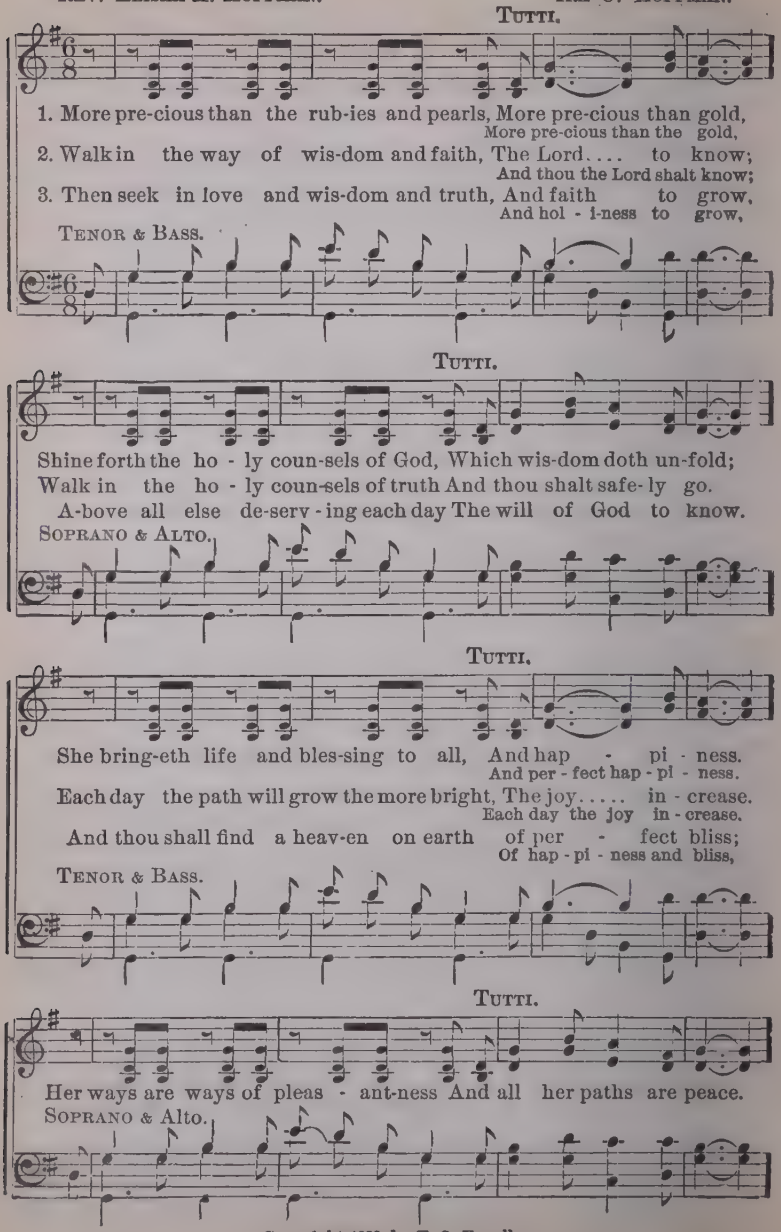
E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Why art thou choosing earth's pleasures More than the heaven-ly treas ures?
2. Mind-ful a - lone of the pres-ent, Count-ing this earth-life but pleas-ant,
3 Earth and its van - i - ties tast - ed, Tal - ents neg-lect - ed or wast-ed,
4. Life is fast ebb-ing and dy-ing; Swift-ly its mo-ments are fly ing;
Turn-ing from Je-sus, the Sav ior a - way, Scorn-ing the mes-sage of
Heed-less of heav-en and death and the grave, Thought-less of Je-sus the
Liv - ing a - lone for the joys of to-day, Let-ting e - ter - ni - ty
Je - sus still slight-ed, his mer - cy re-jected, And thy poor spir - it un-
mer-cy each day? Oh! what will the end-ing be, Per ish-ing soul for thee?
might-y to save; Oh! what will the har-vest be, Per-ish-ing soul for thee?
bring what it may. Oh! what will the har-vest be, Per-ish-ing soul for thee?
sav'd and neglect'd, Oh! what will the har-vest be, Per-ish-ing soul for thee?

Copyright 1889 by E. O. Excell.

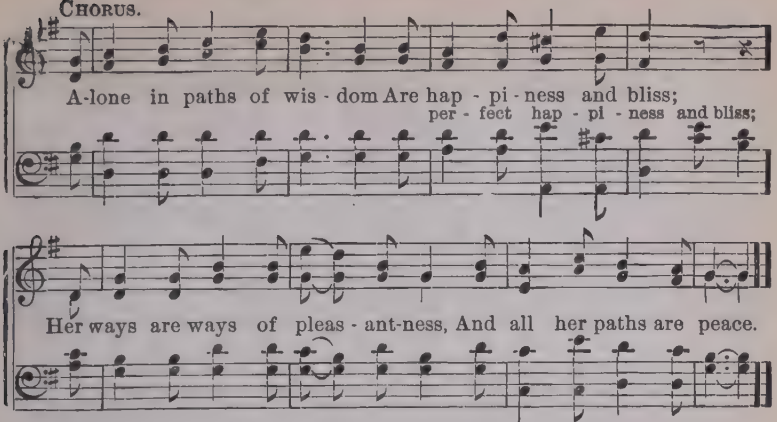
No. 134. Ways of Pleasantness.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. IRA O. HOFFMAN.


TUTTI.
1. More pre-cious than the rub-ies and pearls, More pre-cious than gold,
More pre-cious than the gold,
2. Walk in the way of wis-dom and faith, The Lord.... to know;
And thou the Lord shalt know;
3. Then seek in love and wis-dom and truth, And faith to grow,
And hol - i-ness to grow,
TENOR & BASS.
TUTTI.
Shine forth the ho - ly coun-sels of God, Which wis-dom doth un-fold;
Walk in the ho - ly coun-sels of truth And thou shalt safe-ly go.
A-bove all else de-serv - ing each day The will of God to know.
SOPRANO & ALTO.
TUTTI.
She bring-eth life and bles-sing to all, And hap - pi - ness.
And per - fect hap - pi - ness.
Each day the path will grow the more bright, The joy..... in - crease.
Each day the joy in - crease.
And thou shall find a heav-en on earth of per - fect bliss;
Of hap - pi - ness and bliss,
TENOR & BASS.
TUTTI.
Her ways are ways of pleas - ant-ness And all her paths are peace.
SOPRANO & ALTO.

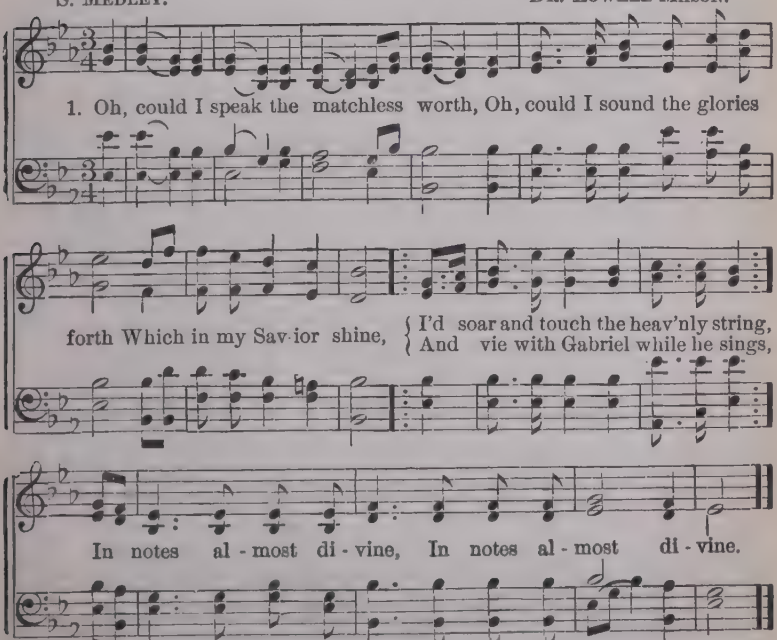
Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Ways of Pleasantness. Concluded.


Chorus.
A-lone in paths of wis - dom Are hap - pi - ness and bliss;
per - fect hap - pi - ness and bliss;
Her ways are ways of pleas - ant-ness, And all her paths are peace.

No. 135. Oh, Could I Speak.

S. Medley. Dr. Lowell Mason.

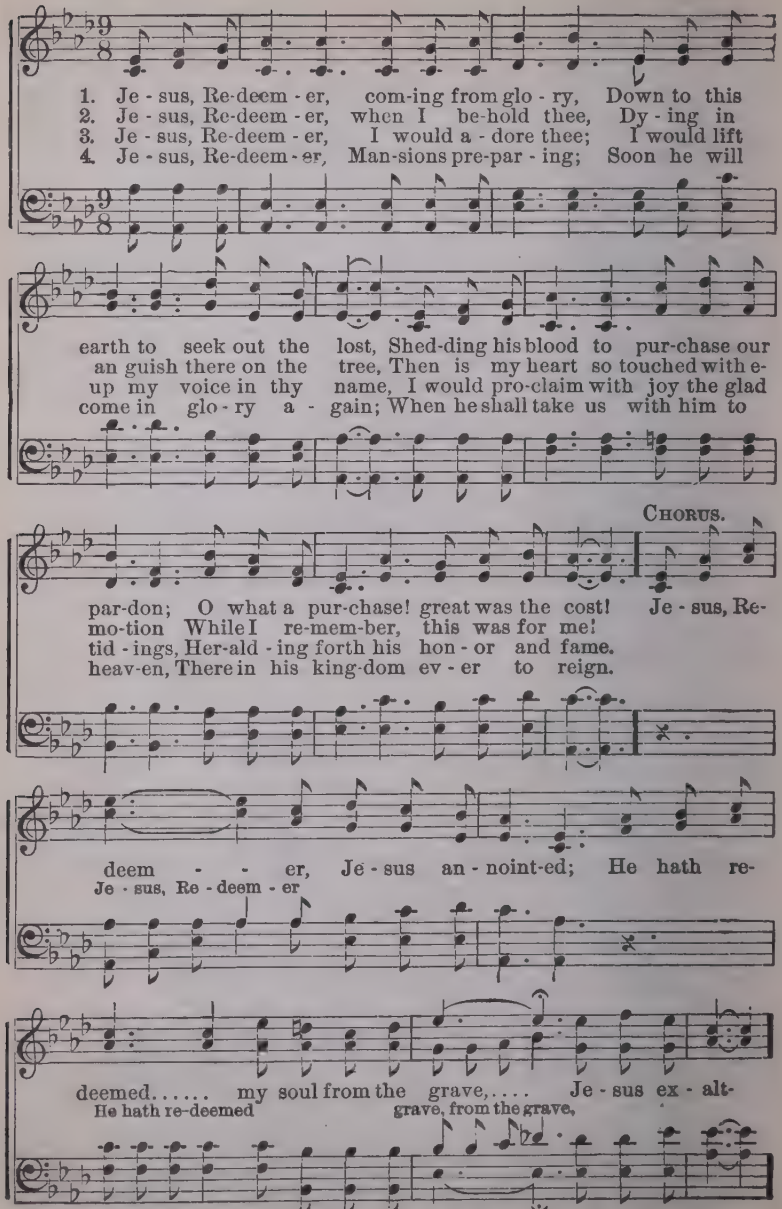

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories
forth Which in my Sav-ior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly string,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt.
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness
In which all perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine:

3 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace:

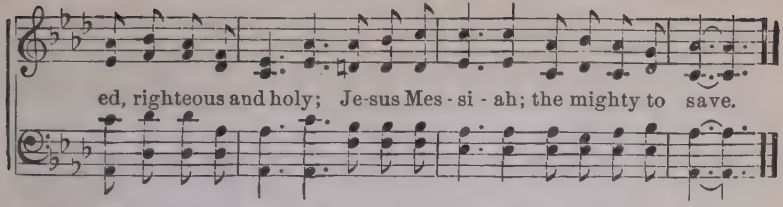
No. 136. Jesus, Redeemer.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.


1. Je - sus, Re-deem - er, com-ing from glo - ry, Down to this
2. Je - sus, Re-deem - er, when I be-hold thee, Dy - ing in
3. Je - sus, Re-deem - er, I would a - dore thee; I would lift
4. Je - sus, Re-deem - er, Man-sions pre-par - ing; Soon he will
earth to seek out the lost, Shed-ding his blood to pur-chase our
an guish there on the tree, Then is my heart so touched with e-
up my voice in thy name, I would pro-claim with joy the glad
come in glo - ry a - gain; When he shall take us with him to
Chorus.
par-don; O what a pur-chase! great was the cost! Je - sus, Re-
mo-tion While I re-mem-ber, this was for me!
tid - ings, Her-ald - ing forth his hon - or and fame.
heav-en, There in his king-dom ev - er to reign.
deem - - er, Je - sus an - noint-ed; He hath re-
Je - sus, Re - deem - er
deemed..... my soul from the grave,.... Je - sus ex - alt-
He hath re-deemed
grave, from the grave,

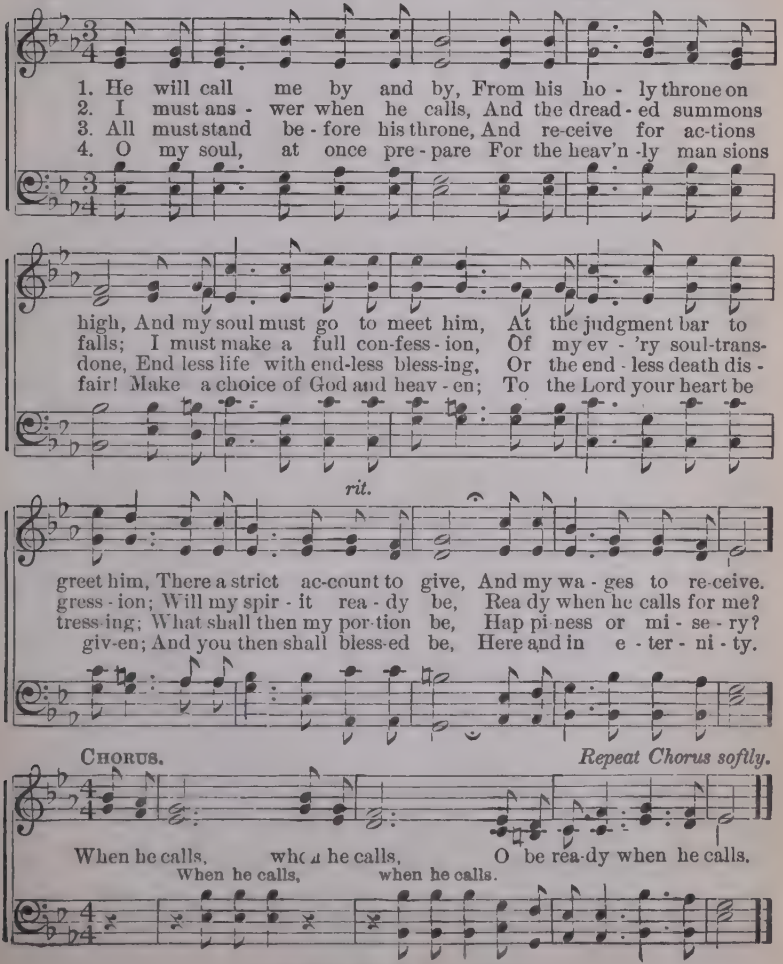
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Jesus Redeemer. Concluded.



No.137. Be Ready when He calls.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. He will call me by and by, From his ho - ly throne on high,
2. I must ans - wer when he calls, And the dread - ed summons falls;
3. All must stand be - fore his throne, And re-ceive for ac-tions done,
4. O my soul, at once pre - pare For the heav'n -ly man sions fair!
And my soul must go to meet him, At the judgment bar to
I must make a full con-fess - ion, Of my ev - 'ry soul-trans-
End less life with end-less bless-ing, Or the end - less death dis -
Make a choice of God and heav - en; To the Lord your heart be
rit.
greet him, There a strict ac-count to give, And my wa - ges to re-ceive.
gress - ion; Will my spir - it rea - dy be, Rea dy when he calls for me?
tress-ing; What shall then my por-tion be, Hap pi-ness or mi - se - ry?
giv-en; And you then shall bless-ed be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Repeat Chorus softly.
When he calls, when he calls, O be rea-dy when he calls.
When he calls, when he calls.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 138. We'll be Right, Instead of Wrong.

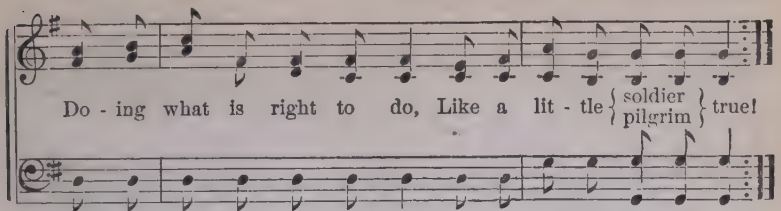
F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

Moderato.

1. Boys. We are Chris-tian Sol - dier Boys, Do - ing what we can!
2. Girls. We are Chris tian Pil - grim Girls, Hap - py Pil - grims bright,
3. Boys. S - O - L - D - I - E - R, Sol - dier, spells, you know,
4 All. Lit - tle Chris - tian girls and boys, * No Hum - bugs are we;
For the right we'll make a noise! Each may be a man!
Like the pret - ty dew-drop pearls Fall - ing in the night,
Girls. P - I - L - G - R - I - M, Pil - grim, ain't that so?
For the right we'll make a noise, Clap - ping hands with glee!
Ev - 'ry heart is hap - py now, We'll be right in-stead of wrong,
We won't wear a "Dunc's cap," We'll be right in-stead of wrong,
All. We'll re - peat it o'er a - gain, We'll be right in-stead of wrong,
God will bless us ev - 'ry one, If we're right in-stead of wrong,
* So we make a greet - ing bow While we sing our song!
* Hear our hands go clap, clap, clap, As we sing our song!
* See us make the sign for rain As we sing our song!
For the sake of His dear Son, Let us sing our song!
CHORUS. In marching time.
Let us march, march a - long, Up the bright and shin - ing way,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

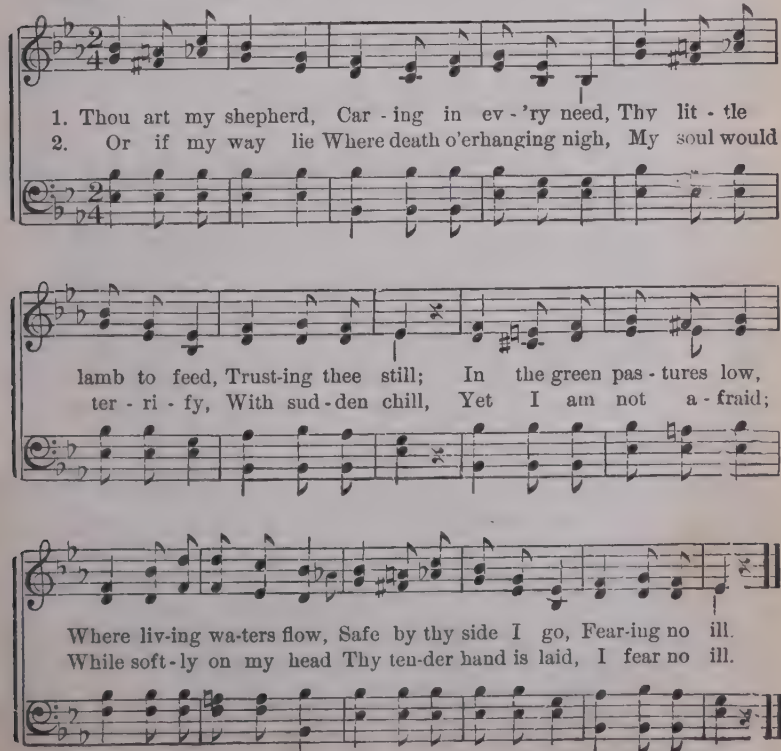
We'll be Right instead of Wrong. Concluded.



* 1. All bow at the same time at the word "*bow*."
2. All clap hands *three* times in exact time to the music for the words "*clap, clap, clap!*"
3. To make the deaf mute sign for "*rain*," raise both hands to a level with the top of the head, then bring them slowly down to the sides of the body, working the fingers of each hand rapidly.
4. To make sign for "*Humbug*," place the palm of the right hand upon the back of the left, the fingers, interlaced, and then hands directly in front of the body, working the thumbs up and down.

No. 139. Thou art my Shepherd.

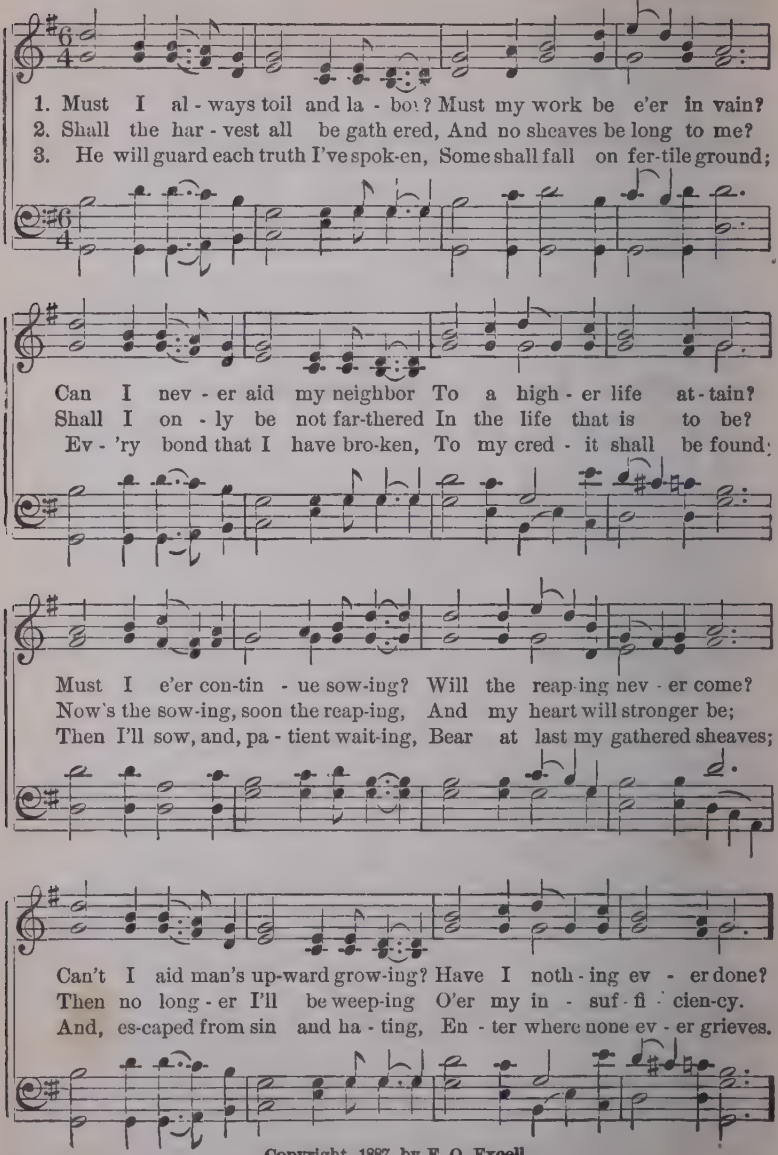
MISS M. E. THALHEIMER. E. O. EXCELL.


1. Thou art my shepherd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need, Thy lit - tle
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhanging nigh, My soul would
lamb to feed, Trust-ing thee still; In the green pas - tures low,
ter - ri - fy, With sud - den chill, Yet I am not a - fraid;
Where liv-ing wa-ters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
While soft - ly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

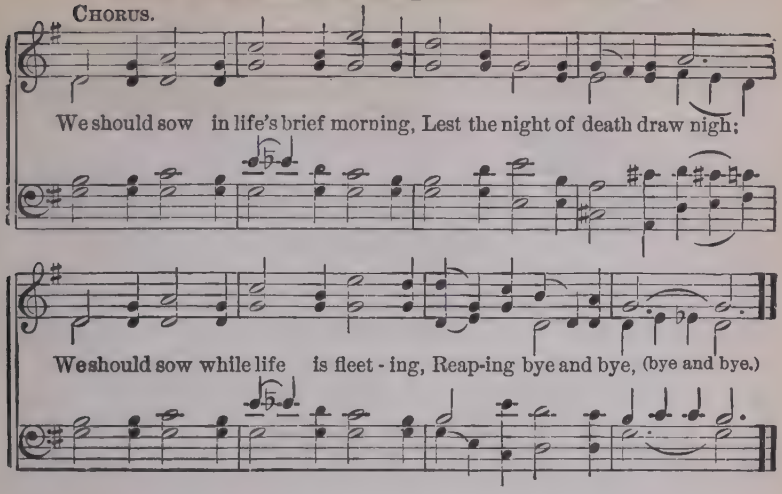
No. 140. Sowing and Reaping.

REV. C. H. HALL. J. M. DUNGAN.


1. Must I al - ways toil and la - bor? Must my work be e'er in vain?
2. Shall the har - vest all be gath ered, And no sheaves be long to me?
3. He will guard each truth I've spok-en, Some shall fall on fer-tile ground;
Can I nev - er aid my neighbor To a high - er life at - tain?
Shall I on - ly be not far-thered In the life that is to be?
Ev - 'ry bond that I have bro-ken, To my cred - it shall be found;
Must I e'er con-tin - ue sow-ing? Will the reap-ing nev - er come?
Now's the sow-ing, soon the reap-ing, And my heart will stronger be;
Then I'll sow, and, pa - tient wait-ing, Bear at last my gathered sheaves;
Can't I aid man's up-ward grow-ing? Have I noth - ing ev - er done?
Then no long - er I'll be weep-ing O'er my in - suf - fi - cien-cy.
And, es-caped from sin and ha - ting, En - ter where none ev - er grieves.

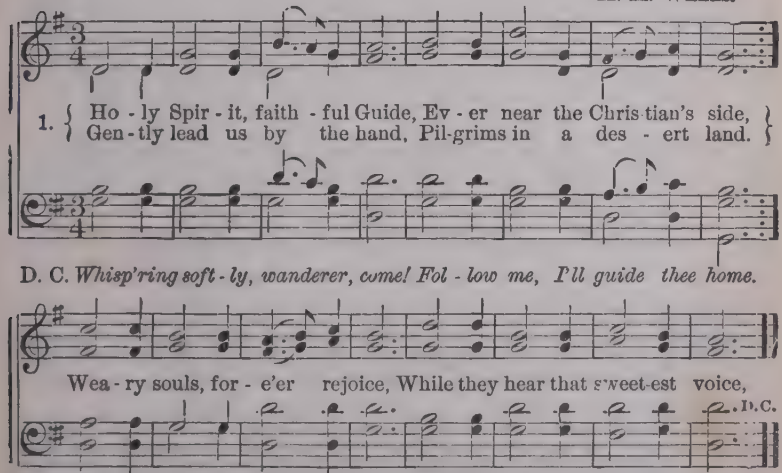
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

Sowing and Reaping. Concluded.


Chorus.
We should sow in life's brief morning, Lest the night of death draw nigh;
We should sow while life is fleet - ing, Reap-ing bye and bye, (bye and bye.)

No. 141. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. Wells.

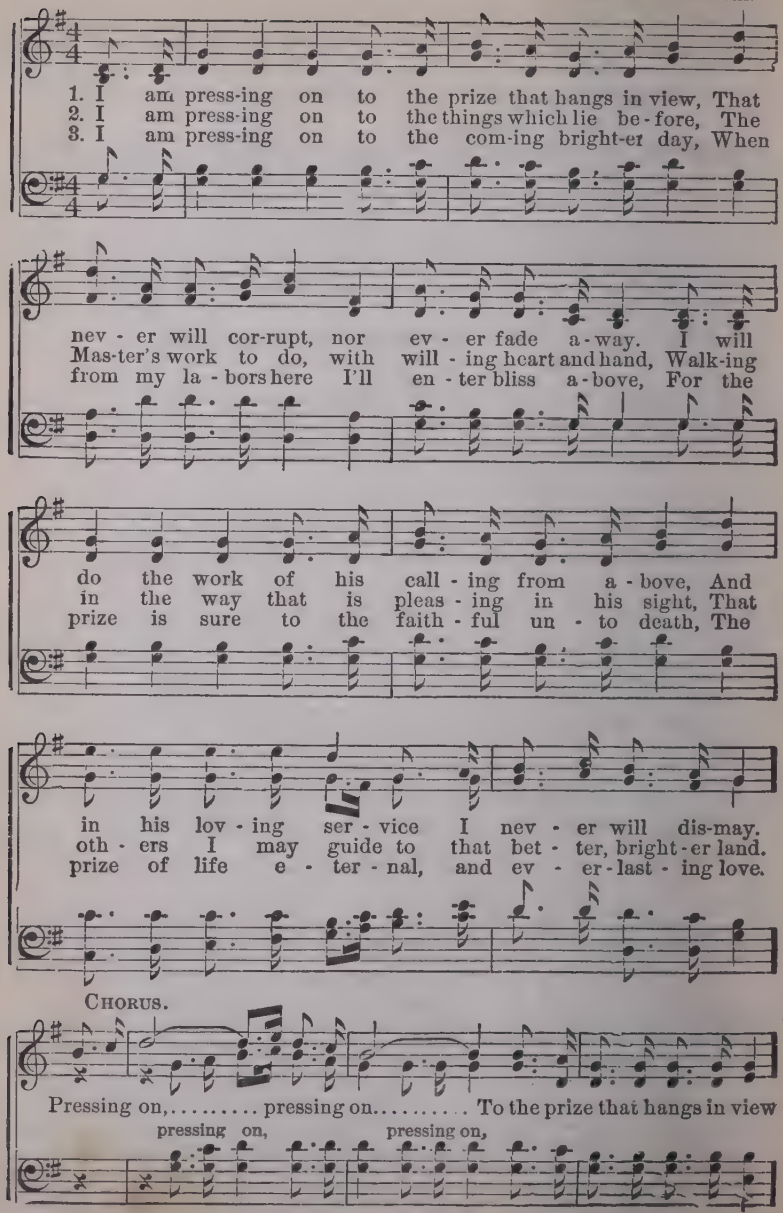

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side, }
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land. }
D. C. Whisp'ring soft - ly, wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.
Wea - ry souls, for - e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
D.C.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

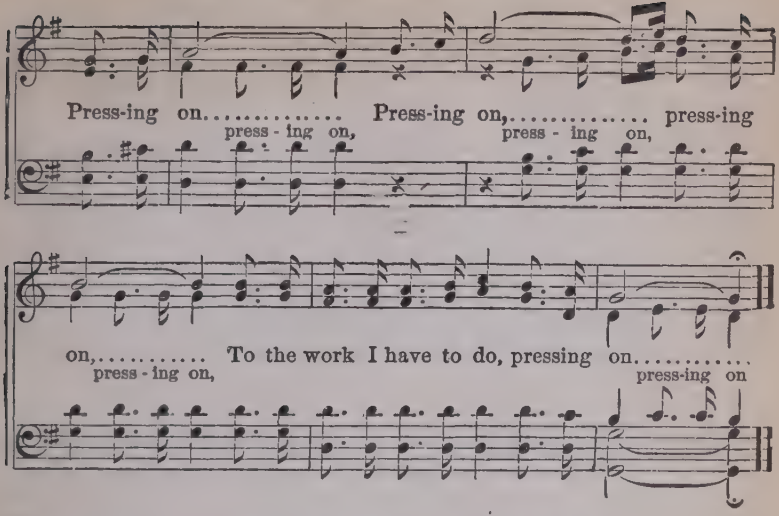
No. 142. Pressing On.

C. H. G. CHAS. H GABRIEL.


1. I am press-ing on to the prize that hangs in view, That
2. I am press-ing on to the things which lie be-fore, The
3. I am press-ing on to the com-ing bright-er day, When
nev - er will cor-rupt, nor ev - er fade a-way. I will
Mas-ter's work to do, with will - ing heart and hand, Walk-ing
from my la - bors here I'll en - ter bliss a-bove, For the
do the work of his call - ing from a - bove, And
in the way that is pleas - ing in his sight, That
prize is sure to the faith - ful un - to death, The
in his lov - ing ser - vice I nev - er will dis-may.
oth - ers I may guide to that bet - ter, bright - er land.
prize of life e - ter - nal, and ev - er - last - ing love.
CHORUS.
Pressing on,..... pressing on..... To the prize that hangs in view
pressing on, pressing on,

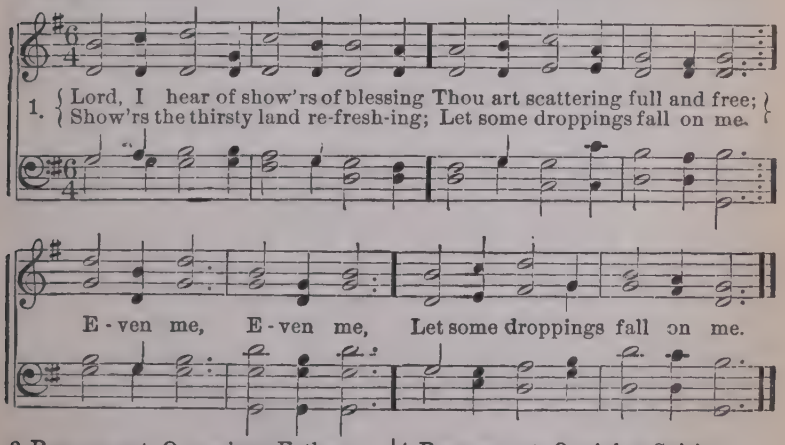
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Pressing On. Concluded.



No. 143. Lord, I hear of show'rs.

Mrs. E. Codner. William B. Bradbury.


1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free;
{ Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Savior,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

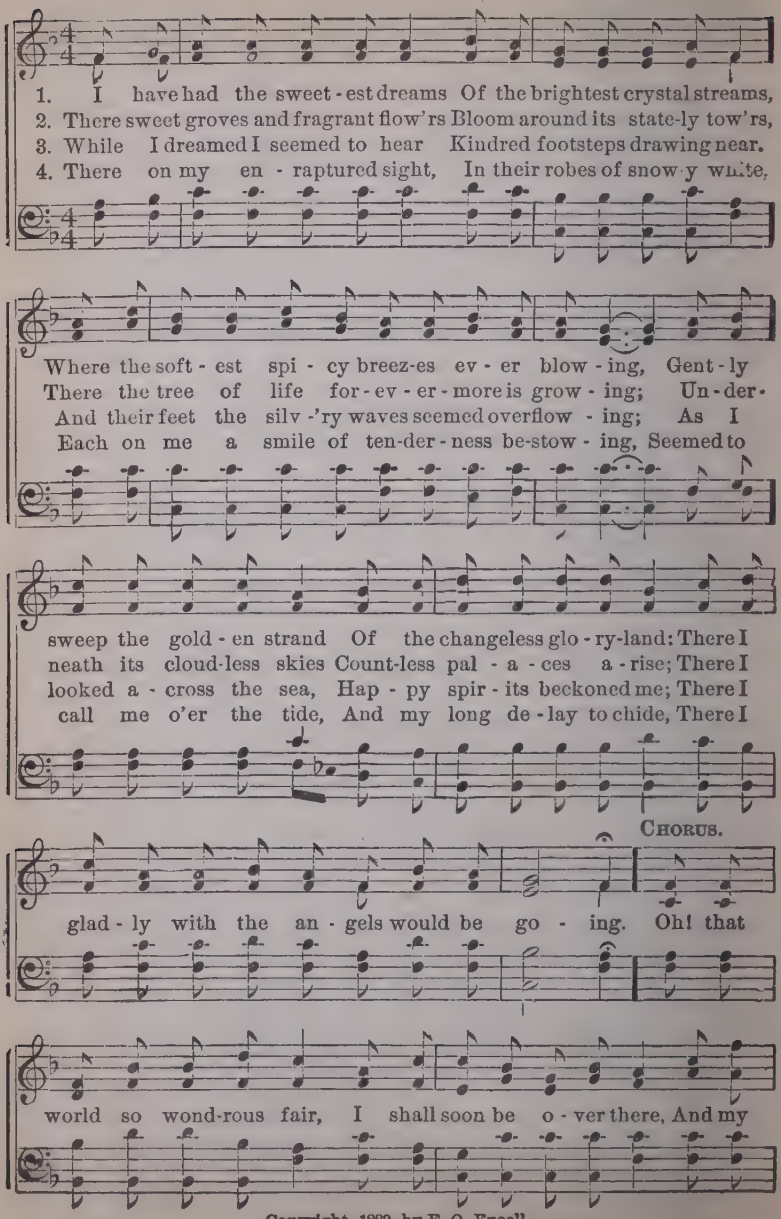
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless
Magnify them all in me.
Even me,

Copyright, 1862, used by per. Biglow & Main.

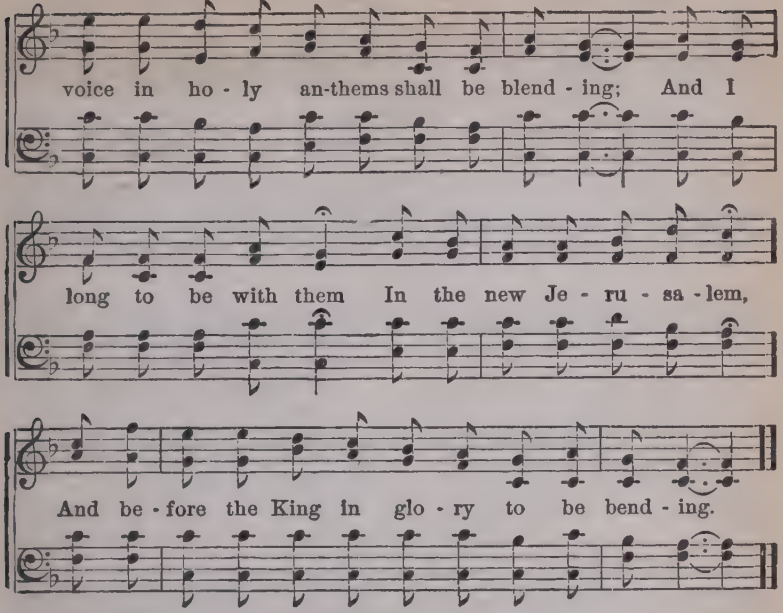
No. 144. Dreams of Glory-Land.

C. W. Ray. Chas. Edw. Prior.


1. I have had the sweet-est dreams Of the brightest crystal streams,
2. There sweet groves and fragrant flow'rs Bloom around its state-ly tow'rs,
3. While I dreamed I seemed to hear Kindred footsteps drawing near.
4. There on my en-raptured sight, In their robes of snow-y white,
Where the soft-est spi-cy breez-es ev-er blow-ing, Gent-ly
There the tree of life for-ev-er-more is grow-ing; Un-der-
And their feet the silv-'ry waves seemed overflow-ing; As I
Each on me a smile of ten-der-ness be-stow-ing, Seemed to
sweep the gold-en strand Of the changeless glo-ry-land: There I
neath its cloud-less skies Count-less pal-a-ces a-rise; There I
looked a-cross the sea, Hap-py spir-its beckoned me; There I
call me o'er the tide, And my long de-lay to chide, There I
Chorus.
glad-ly with the an-gels would be go-ing. Oh! that
world so wond-rous fair, I shall soon be o-ver there, And my

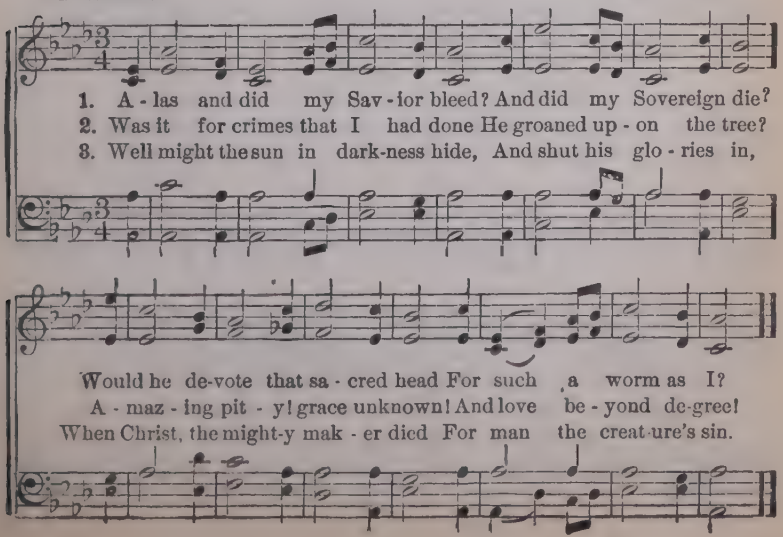
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Dreams of Glory-Land. Concluded.


voice in ho - ly an-thems shall be blend - ing; And I
long to be with them In the new Je - ru - sa - lem,
And be - fore the King in glo - ry to be bend - ing.

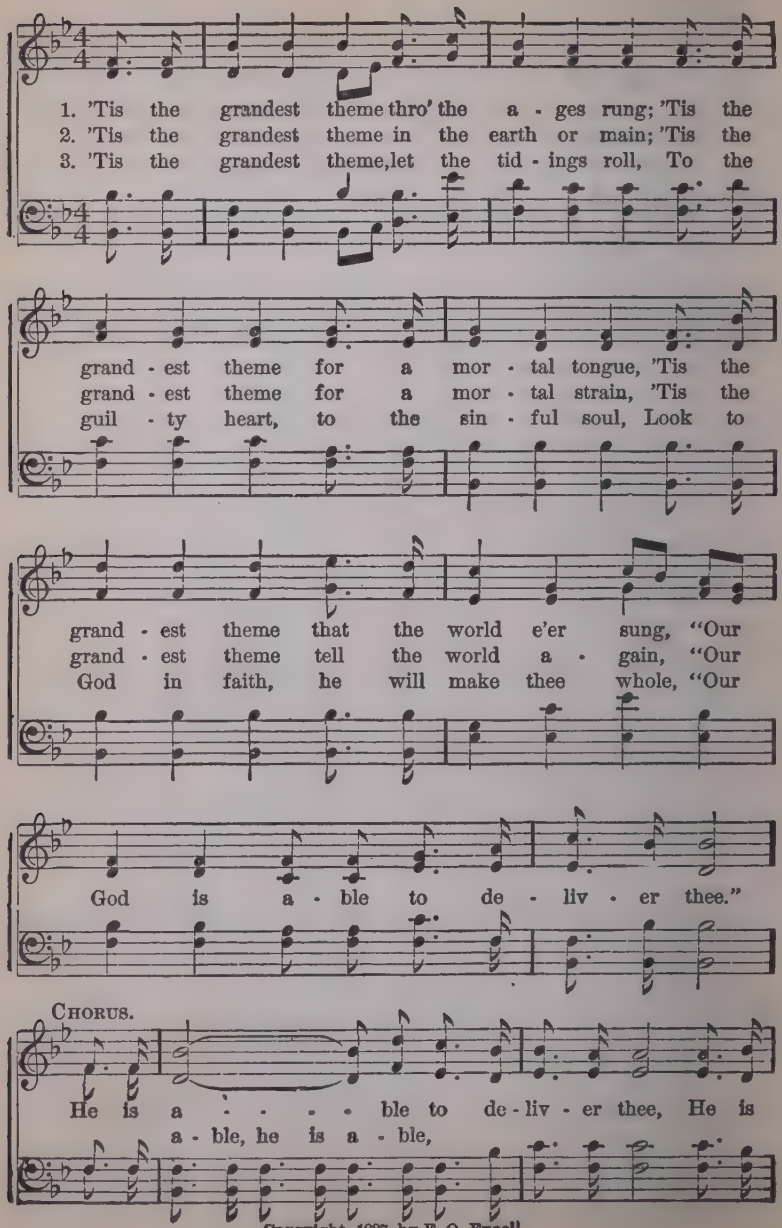
No. 145. Alas, and did my Savior Bleed?

I. Watts. Hugh Wilson.


1. A - las and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might-y mak - er died For man the creat-ure's sin.

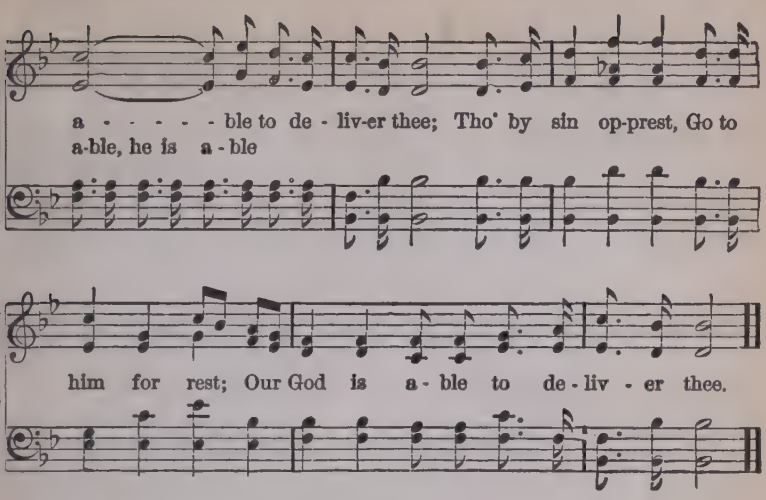
No. 146. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the
2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the
3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tid - ings roll, To the
grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the
grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the
guil - ty heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to
grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our
grand - est theme tell the world a - gain, "Our
God in faith, he will make thee whole, "Our
God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
Chorus.
He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is
a - ble, he is a - ble,

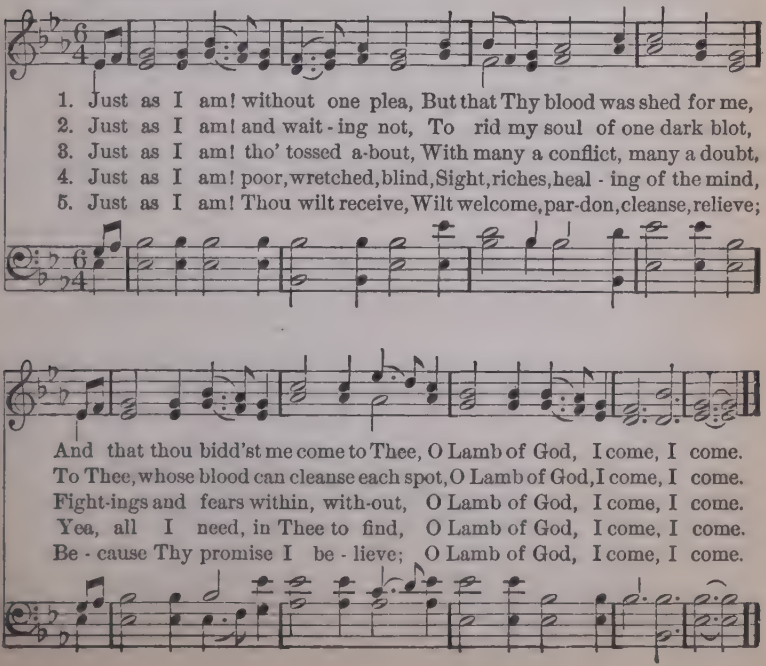
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.



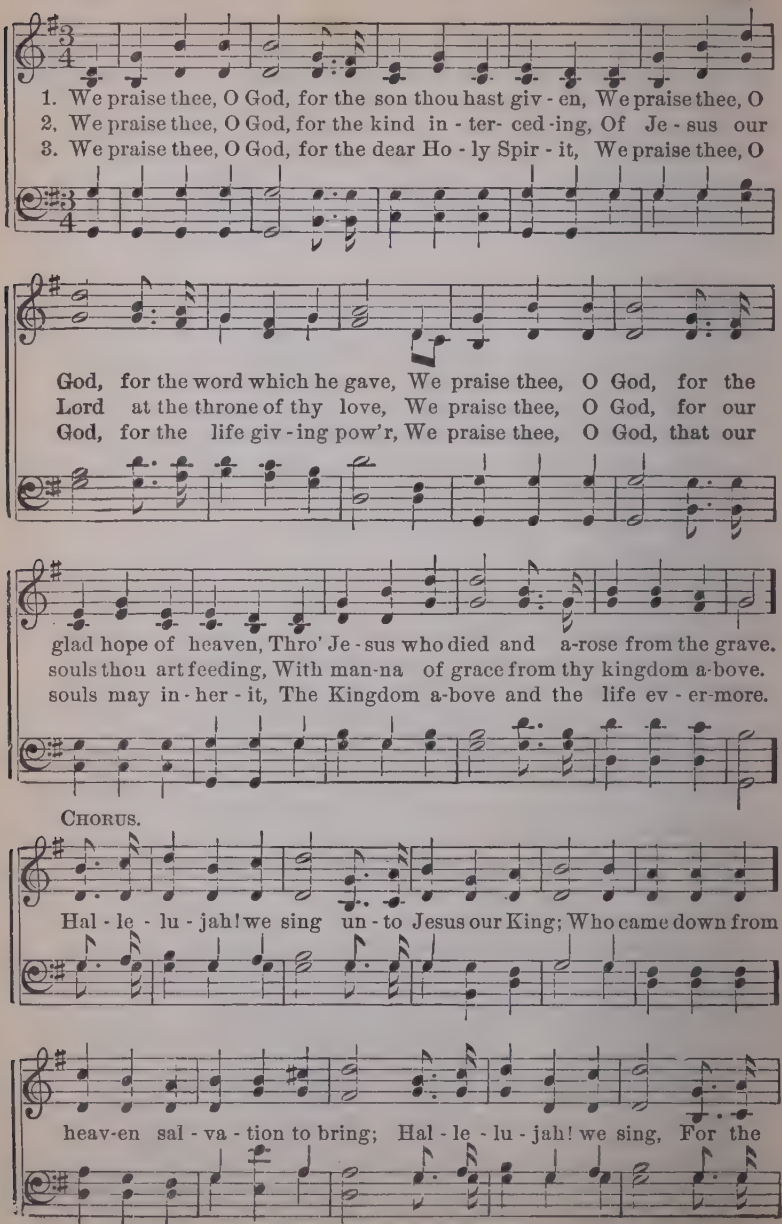
No. 147. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Fight-ings and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve; O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

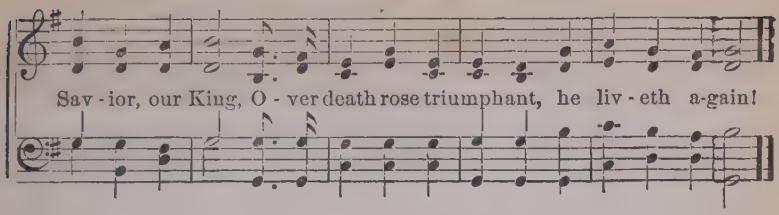
No. 148. We praise Thee, O God.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. We praise thee, O God, for the son thou hast giv - en, We praise thee, O
2. We praise thee, O God, for the kind in - ter- ced -ing, Of Je - sus our
3. We praise thee, O God, for the dear Ho - ly Spir - it, We praise thee, O
God, for the word which he gave, We praise thee, O God, for the
Lord at the throne of thy love, We praise thee, O God, for our
God, for the life giv - ing pow'r, We praise thee, O God, that our
glad hope of heaven, Thro' Je - sus who died and a-rose from the grave.
souls thou art feeding, With man-na of grace from thy kingdom a-bove.
souls may in - her - it, The Kingdom a-bove and the life ev - er-more.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! we sing un - to Jesus our King; Who came down from
heav-en sal - va - tion to bring; Hal - le - lu - jah! we sing, For the

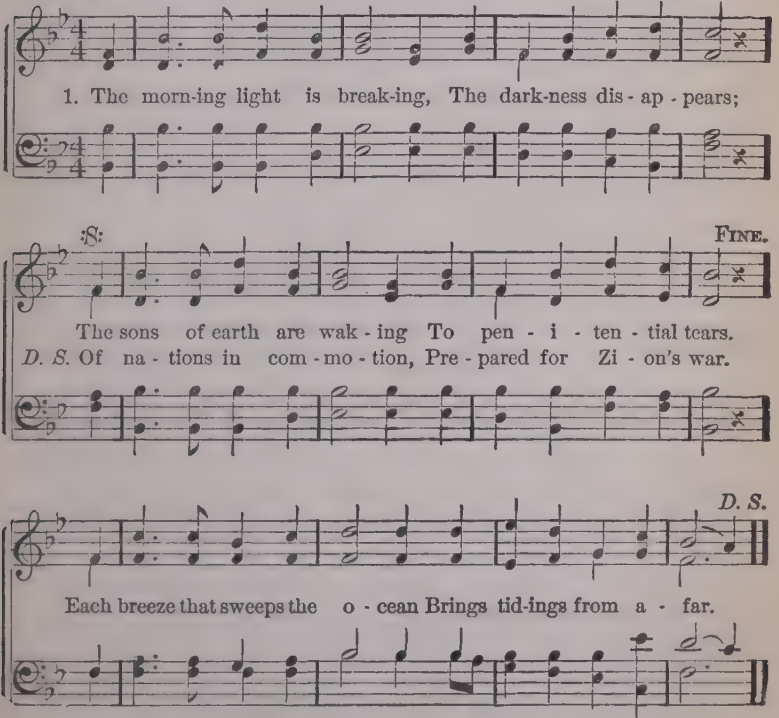
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

We Praise Thee O, God. Concluded.



No. 149. The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEO. WEBB.


1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears.
D. S. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid-ings from a - far.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

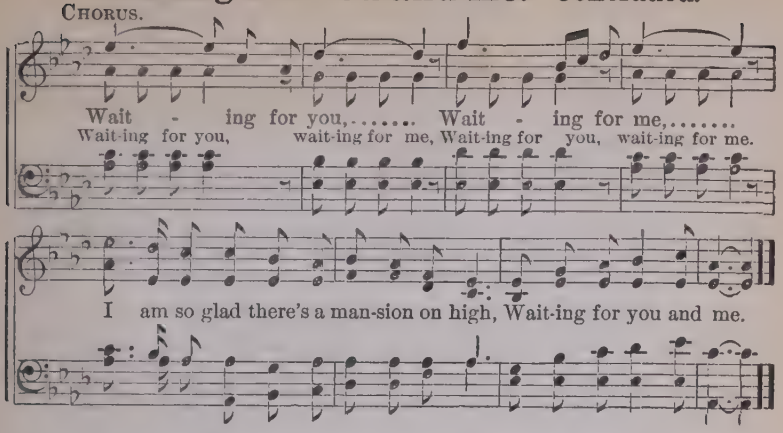
No. 150. Waiting for You and Me.

C. H. G. CHAS H. GABRIEL

1. O say do you know there's a man sion in heav'n, Waiting for you,
2. O say have you friends who have gone on be-fore, Waiting for you,
3. The Sav-ior has mer-cies and bless-ings for all, Waiting for you,
wait-ing for me. That Je - sus my Sav - ior the pro-mise has giv'n,
wait-ing for me, Who lov - ing - ly watch from the beau-ti - ful shore,
wait-ing for me, Oh why not ac-cept him and ans-wer the call,
Wait-ing for you and me, A beau - ti - ful crown of e -
Wait-ing for you and me, Their song is an in - fi - nite
Wait-ing for you and me, The mo ments are fly - ing, the
ter - nal rest, A robe of re - joic - ing with all the blest, A
song of love, As there with the glo - ri - fied throng a - bove, The
days go by, To-mor - row it may be to late to cry, Oh
home where no sor - row can ev - er mo- lest, Waiting for you and me.
pro-mise of Je - sus to sinners they prove, Waiting for you and me.
tar - ry no long - er, for Je - sus is nigh, Waiting for you and me.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Waiting for You and Me. Concluded.


Chorus.
Wait - ing for you, ... Wait - ing for me, ...
Wait-ing for you, wait-ing for me, Wait-ing for you, wait-ing for me.
I am so glad there's a man-sion on high, Wait-ing for you and me.

No. 151. Let Them Come to Me.

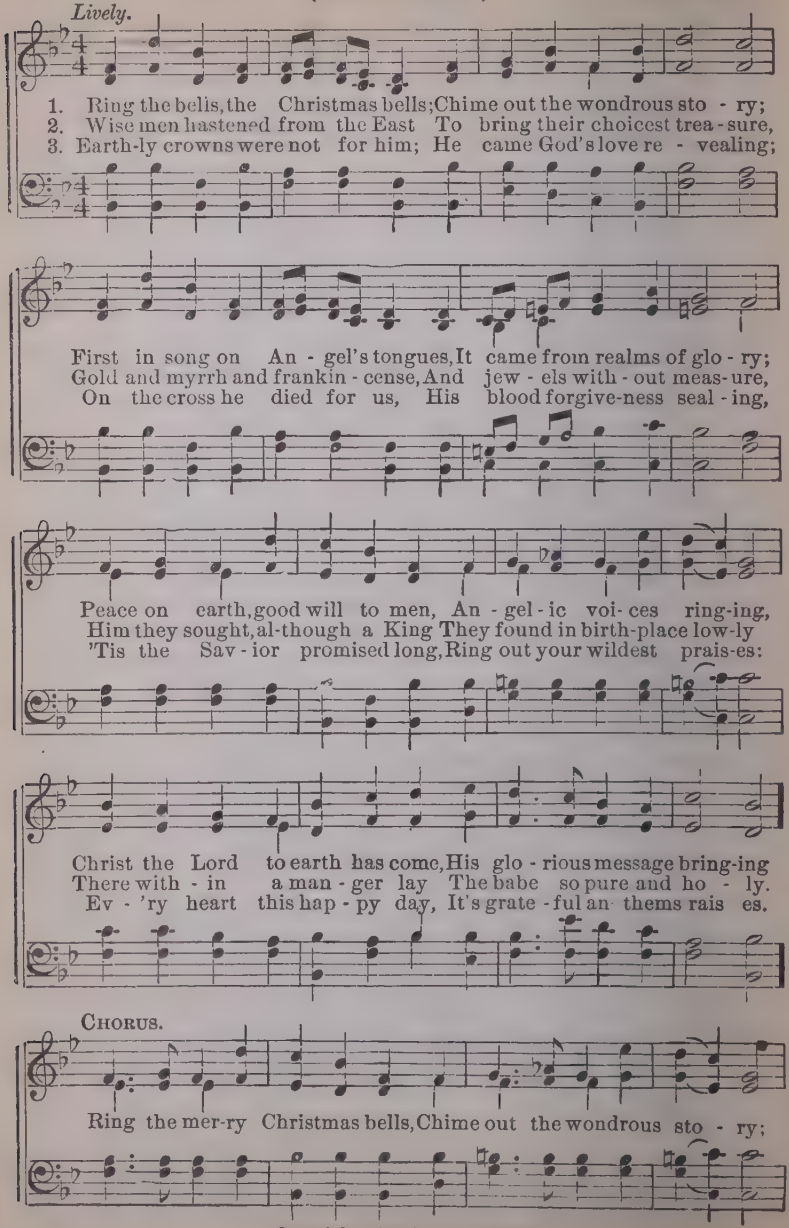
A. H. Adams. E. O. Excell

1. Hear the gen - tle Shep - herd Call - ing lambs like me,
In his sweet - est ac - cents, "Let them come to me."
2. He will bid us en - ter, When our tir - ed feet
Reach the gold - en cit - y, He'll be there to greet.
3. Thanks, dear bless - ed Je - sus, For thy words of love,
Bid - ding chil - dren en - ter Thy bright courts a - bove.
Refrain.
"Let them come to me, Oh, let them come to me,"
Hear him sweet - ly say - ing, "Let them come to me,

From "The Gospel in Song," by per.

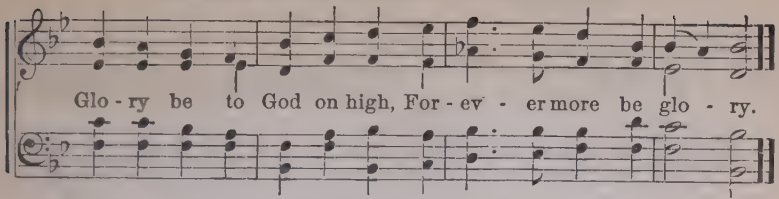
No.152. Ring the Bells, the Christmas Bells.

(For Christmas.) M. L. McPhail.


Lively.
1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry;
2. Wise men hastened from the East To bring their choicest trea - sure,
3. Earth-ly crowns were not for him; He came God's love re - vealing;
First in song on An - gel's tongues, It came from realms of glo - ry;
Gold and myrrh and frankin - cense, And jew - els with - out meas-ure,
On the cross he died for us, His blood forgive-ness seal - ing,
Peace on earth, good will to men, An - gel - ic voi - ces ring-ing,
Him they sought, al-though a King They found in birth-place low-ly
'Tis the Sav - ior promised long, Ring out your wildest prais-es:
Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo - rious message bring-ing
There with - in a man - ger lay The babe so pure and ho - ly.
Ev - 'ry heart this hap - py day, It's grate - ful an - thems rais es.
Chorus.
Ring the mer-ry Christmas bells, Chime out the wondrous sto - ry;

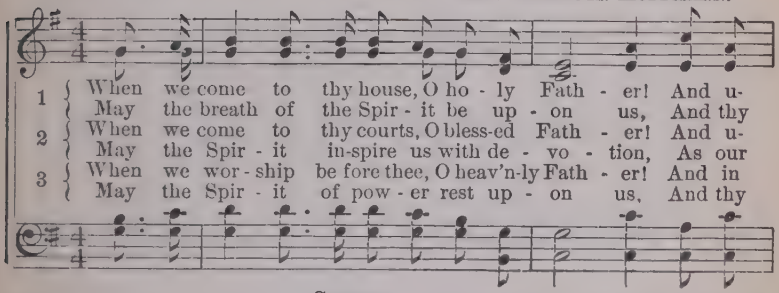
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Ring the Bells. Concluded.

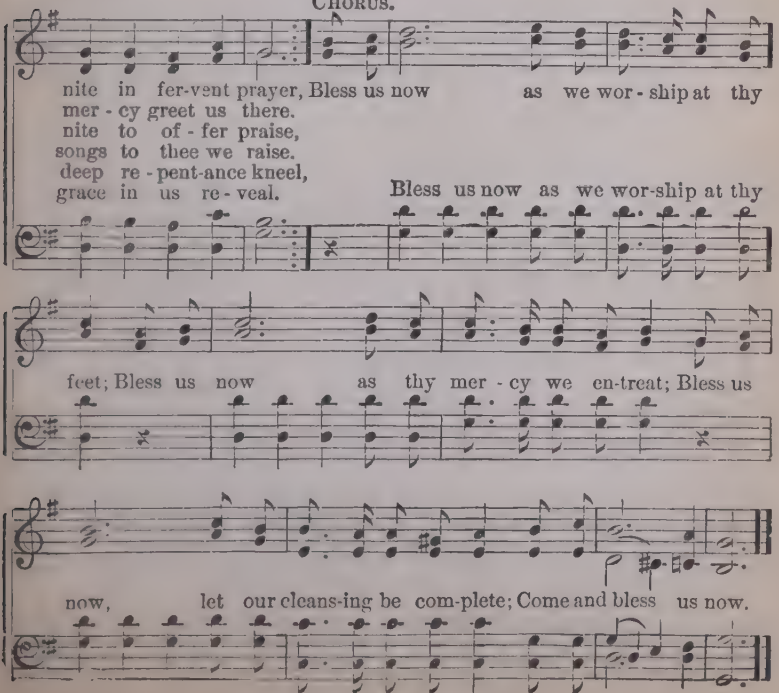


No. 153. Father, bless us as we Worship.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMANN.


1 When we come to thy house, O ho - ly Fath - er! And u-
May the breath of the Spir - it be up - on us, And thy
2 When we come to thy courts, O bless-ed Fath - er! And u-
May the Spir - it in-spire us with de - vo - tion, As our
3 When we wor - ship be fore thee, O heav'n-ly Fath - er! And in
May the Spir - it of pow - er rest up - on us, And thy

CHORUS.


nite in fer-vent prayer, Bless us now as we wor - ship at thy
mer - cy greet us there.
nite to of - fer praise,
songs to thee we raise.
deep re - pent-ance kneel,
grace in us re - veal.
Bless us now as we wor-ship at thy
feet; Bless us now as thy mer - cy we en-treat; Bless us
now, let our cleans-ing be com-plete; Come and bless us now.

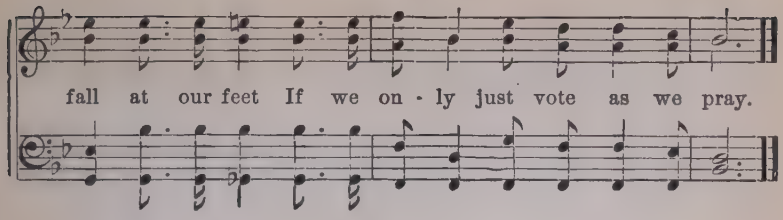
Copyright 1889 by E. O. Excell.

No. 154. Stand by the Home.

REV. JNO. MCPHAIL. Male voices. J. M. DUNGAN.

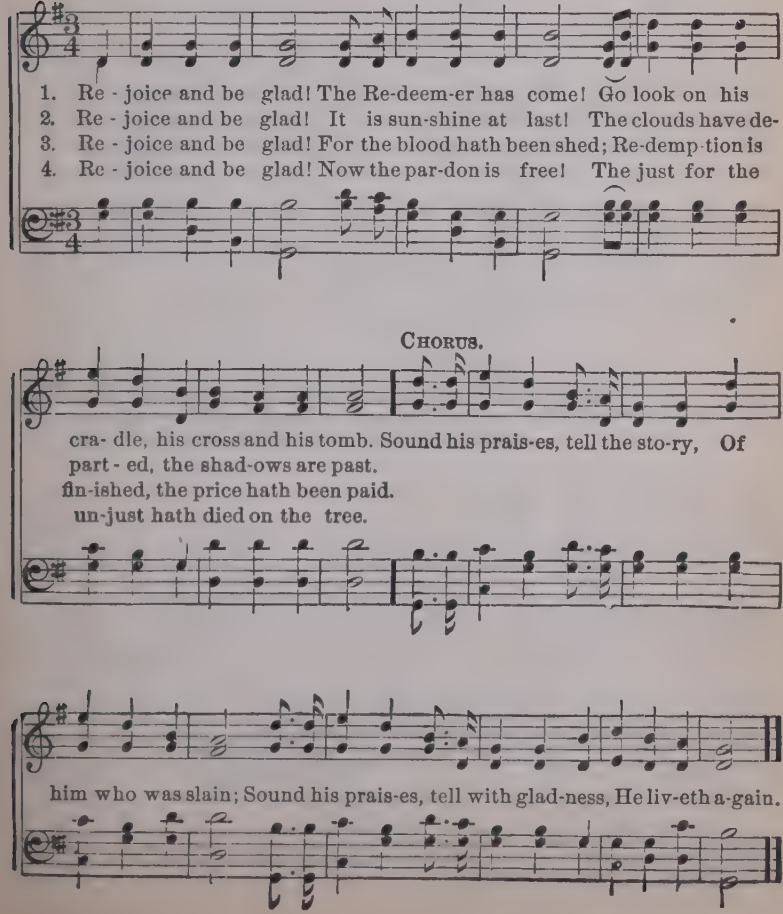
1. Let us do what we can for our beau-ti-ful homes, And re-
2. Yes the le-gal-ized foe, is the foe that we dread, There's none
3. The Po-lit-i-cal par-ties fall down in dis-grace, And then
mem-ber all hope cen-ters there, Let the vile de-mon drink nev-er
oth-er so vic-ious and strong, 'Tis a foe long sup-port-ed, pro-
wor-ship this hid-e-ous foe, And they pray that this bless-ing may
en-ter with-in, To de-spoil what is no-ble and fair.
tect-ed and cheered, 'Tis the de-mon-ized foe of the homes.
rest on their heads, And they trem-ble lest he should say no.
CHORUS.
Let us stand, stand, stand, by the home, With this
with the bal-lot in hand,
God-giv-en pow'r, rise and slay, And the great gi-ant e-vil will
rise and slay,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.



No. 155. Rejoice and be Glad.

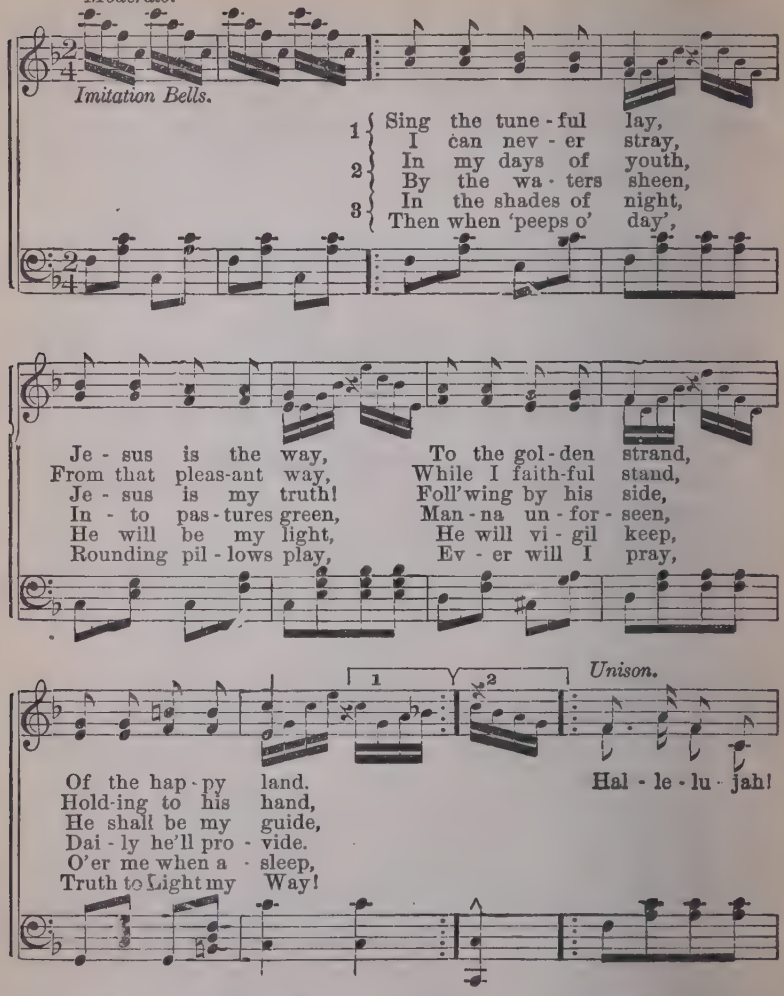
REV. HORATIUS BONAR. English Melody.


1. Re - joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his
2. Re - joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-
3. Re - joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is
4. Re - joice and be glad! Now the par-don is free! The just for the
CHORUS.
cra- dle, his cross and his tomb. Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of
part - ed, the shad-ows are past.
fin-ished, the price hath been paid.
un-just hath died on the tree.
him who was slain; Sound his prais-es, tell with glad-ness, He liv-eth a-gain.

No. 156. Jesus the Truth to Light my Way.

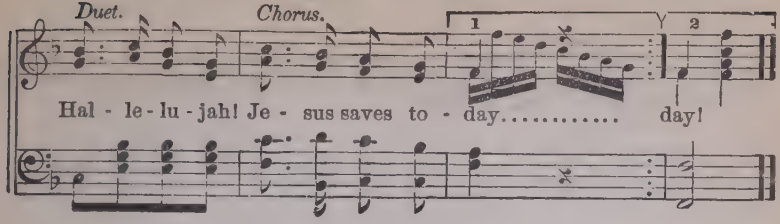
F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

Moderato.


Imitation Bells.
1 Sing the tune-ful lay,
I can nev-er stray,
2 In my days of youth,
By the wa-ters sheen,
3 In the shades of night,
Then when 'peeps o' day',
Je-sus is the way, To the gol-den strand,
From that pleas-ant way, While I faith-ful stand,
Je-sus is my truth! Foll'wing by his side,
In-to pas-tures green, Man-na un-for-seen,
He will be my light, He will vi-gil keep,
Rounding pil-lows play, Ev-er will I pray,
1
2
Unison.
Of the hap-py land. Hal-le-lu-jah!
Hold-ing to his hand,
He shall be my guide,
Dai-ly he'll pro-vide.
O'er me when a-sleep,
Truth to Light my Way!
Duet.
Chorus.
Unison.
Hal-le-lu-jah! I am in the way, Hal-le-lu-jah!

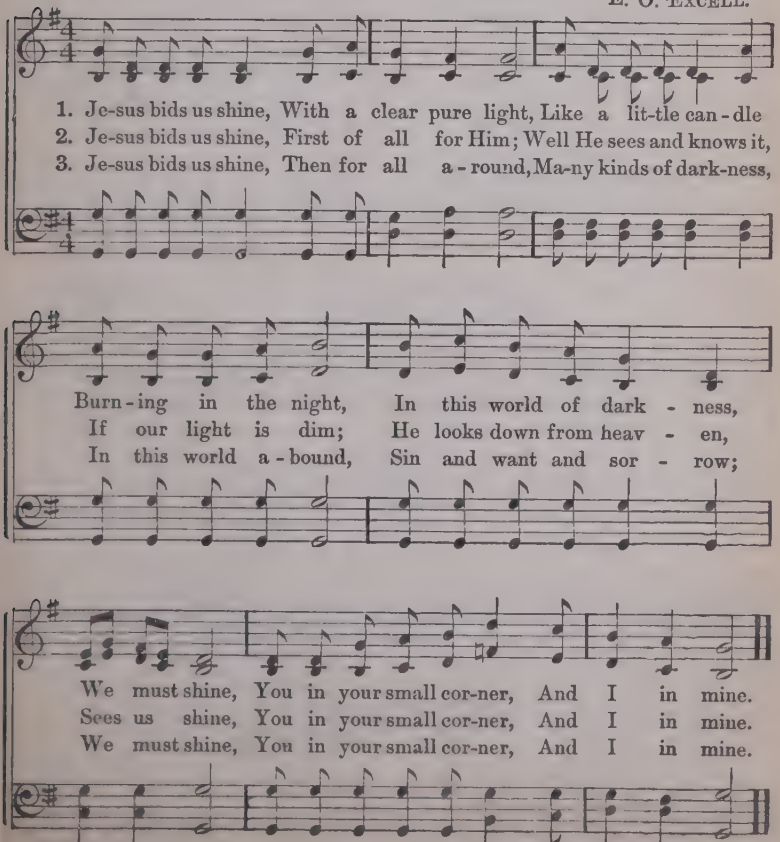
Copyright, 1893, by E. O Excell.

Jesus the Truth to Light. Concluded.



No. 157. Jesus bids us Shine.

E. O. Excell.

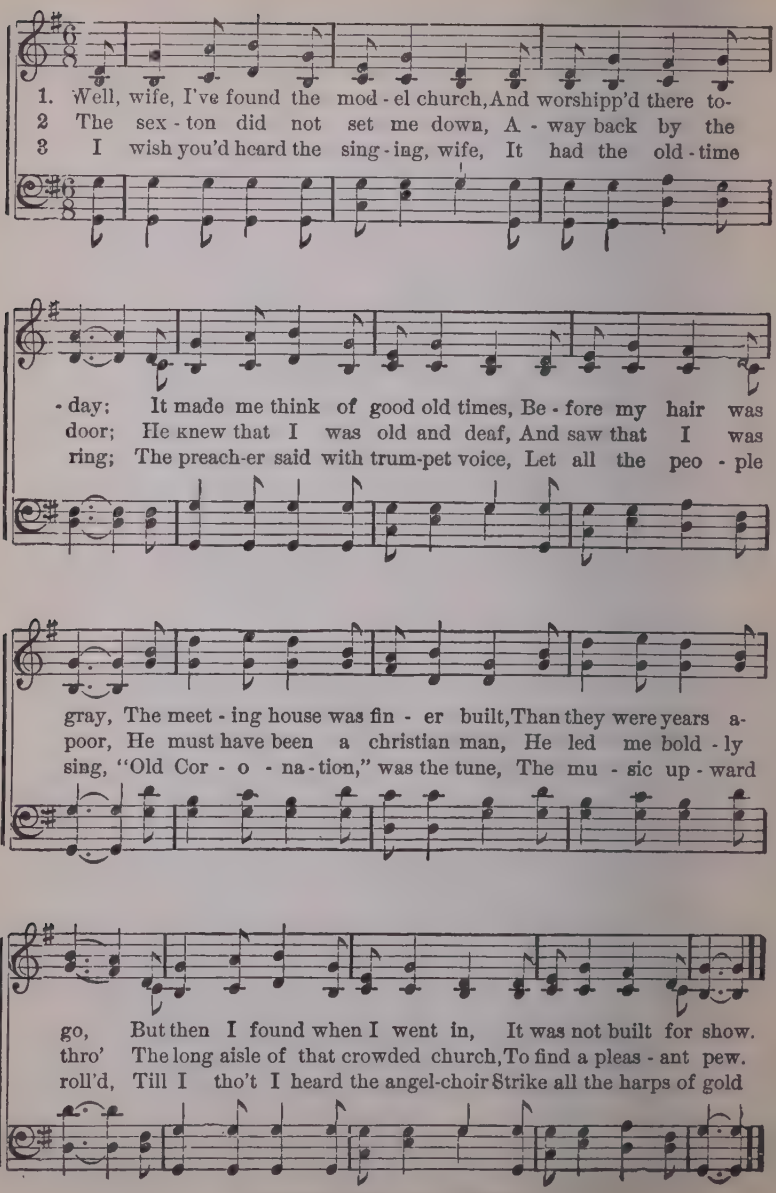

1. Je-sus bids us shine, With a clear pure light, Like a lit-tle can - dle
2. Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it,
3. Je-sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma-ny kinds of dark-ness,
Burn - ing in the night, In this world of dark - ness,
If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.

Copyright 1884 by E. O. Excell.

From "The Gospel in Song," by per.

No. 158. The Model Church.

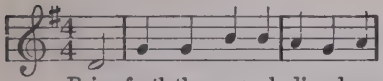
JOHN YATES. E. O. EXCELL.

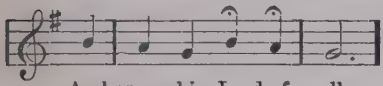

1. Well, wife, I've found the mod - el church, And worshipp'd there to-
2 The sex - ton did not set me down, A - way back by the
3 I wish you'd heard the sing - ing, wife, It had the old - time
- day; It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was
door; He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was
ring; The preach-er said with trum-pet voice, Let all the peo - ple
gray, The meet - ing house was fin - er built, Than they were years a-
poor, He must have been a christian man, He led me bold - ly
sing, "Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune, The mu - sic up - ward
go, But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
thro' The long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleas - ant pew.
roll'd, Till I tho't I heard the angel-choir Strike all the harps of gold

Copyright, 1884, by E. O. Excell.

The Model Church. Concluded.

4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angel's prostrate fall;

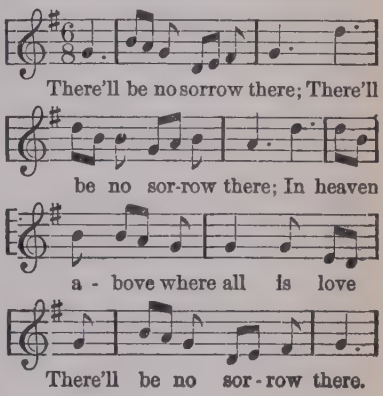




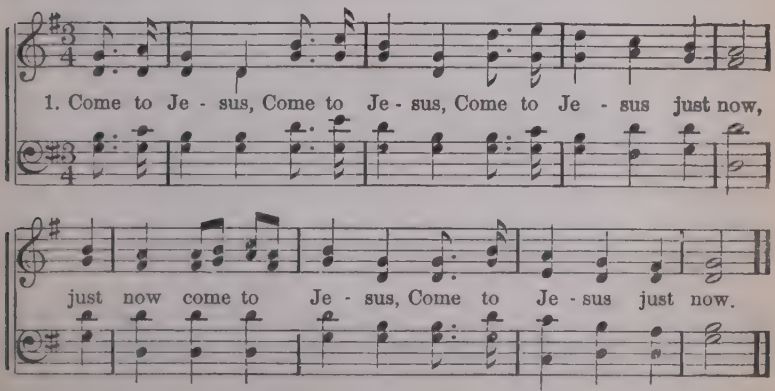
5. I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6. 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth,
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7. Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won,
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run,
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



No. 159. Come to Jesus.



2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to you.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

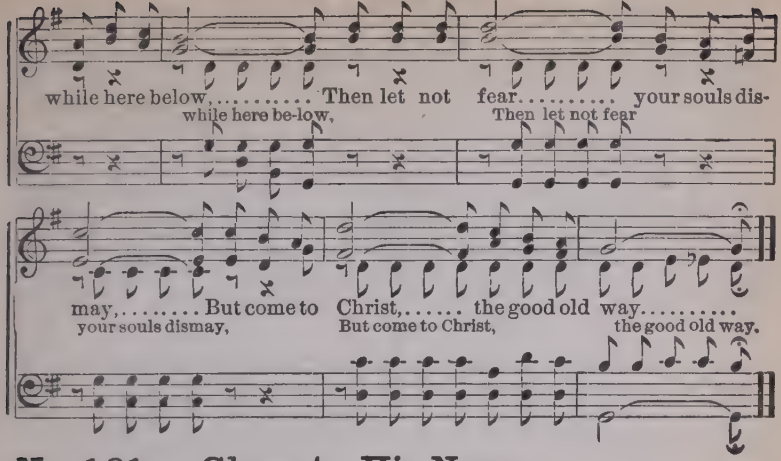
No. 160. The Good Old Way.

ANON. H. A. LEWIS.

1. In-quiring souls,..... who long to find,..... Pardon of
2. The righteous-ness,..... th' a-ton-ing blood..... Of Je-sus,
In-quir-ing souls, who long to find,
The righteousness, th' a-ton-ing blood
sin..... and peace of mind,..... At-tend the
Par-don of sin and peace of mind
is..... the way to God..... Oh, may you
Of Je-sus is the way to God.
voice..... of God to-day,..... Who bids you
At-tend the voice of God to-day
then..... no long-er stray..... But walk in
Oh may you then no long-er stray
CHORUS.
seek..... the good old way..... The proph-ets
Who bids you seek the good old way.
Christ..... the good old way.....
But walk in Christ the good old way.
and..... th' a-pos-tles too,..... Pur-sued this way.....
the pro-phets and th' a-pos-tles too, Pur-sued this way,

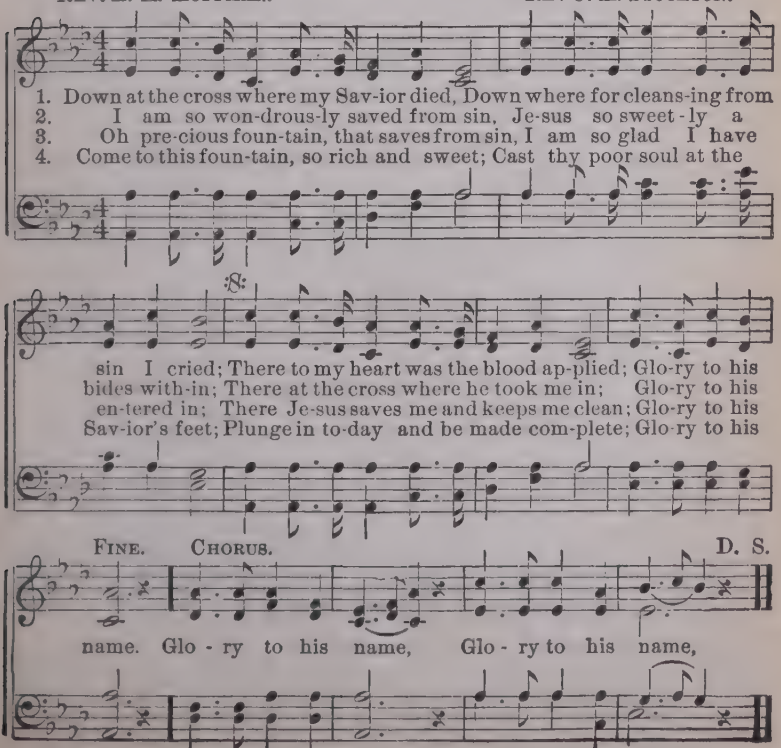
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

The Good Old Way Concluded


while here below..... Then let not fear..... your souls dis-
while here be-low, Then let not fear
may,..... But come to Christ,..... the good old way.....
your souls dismay, But come to Christ, the good old way.

No. 161. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV J. H. STOCKTON.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a
3. Oh pre-cious foun-tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to his
FINE. CHORUS. D. S.
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name,

By permission.

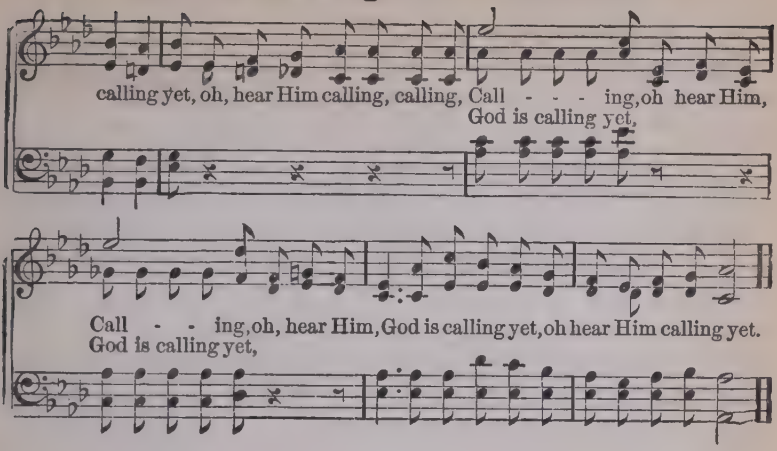
No. 162. God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise, And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
3. God call-ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock? He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare his spir-it grieve?
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live? I wait, but he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay: Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.
CHORUS.
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, God is calling yet,

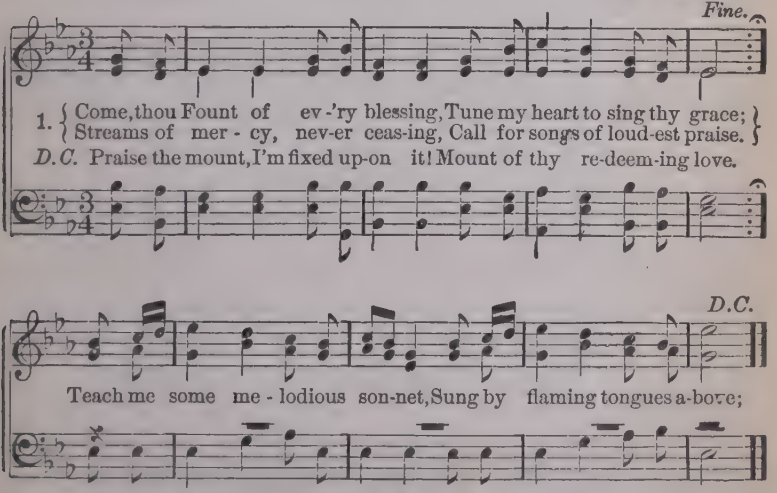
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

God is Calling Yet. Concluded.


calling yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, Call - - - ing, oh hear Him,
God is calling yet,
Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh hear Him calling yet.
God is calling yet,

No. 163. Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

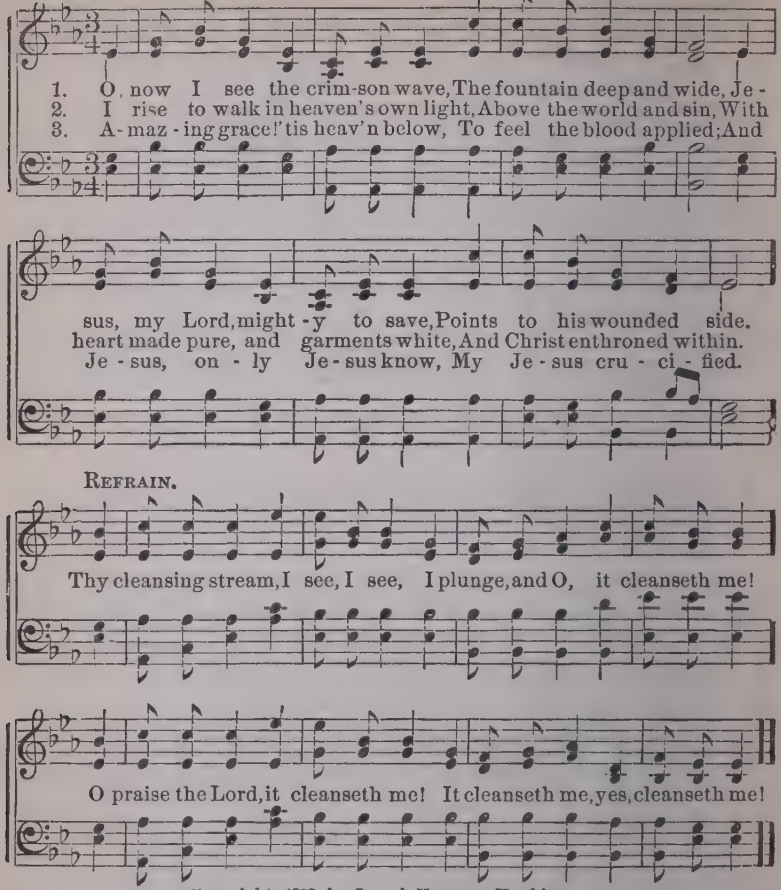

Fine.
1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.
D.C.
Teach me some me - lodious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 164. O, now I see the Crimson Wave.

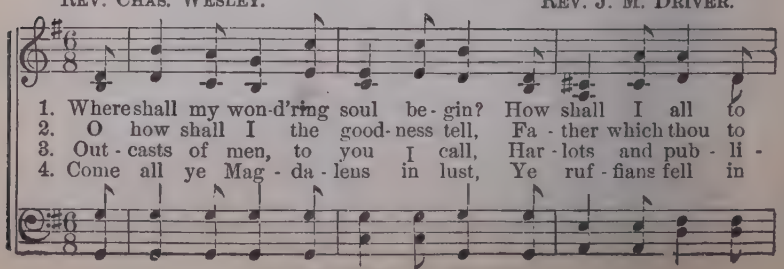
PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. O now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide, Je -
2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world and sin, With
3. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n below, To feel the blood applied; And
sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to his wounded side.
heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.
REFRAIN.
Thy cleansing stream, I see, I see, I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

Copyright, 1872, by Joseph Knapp. Used by per.

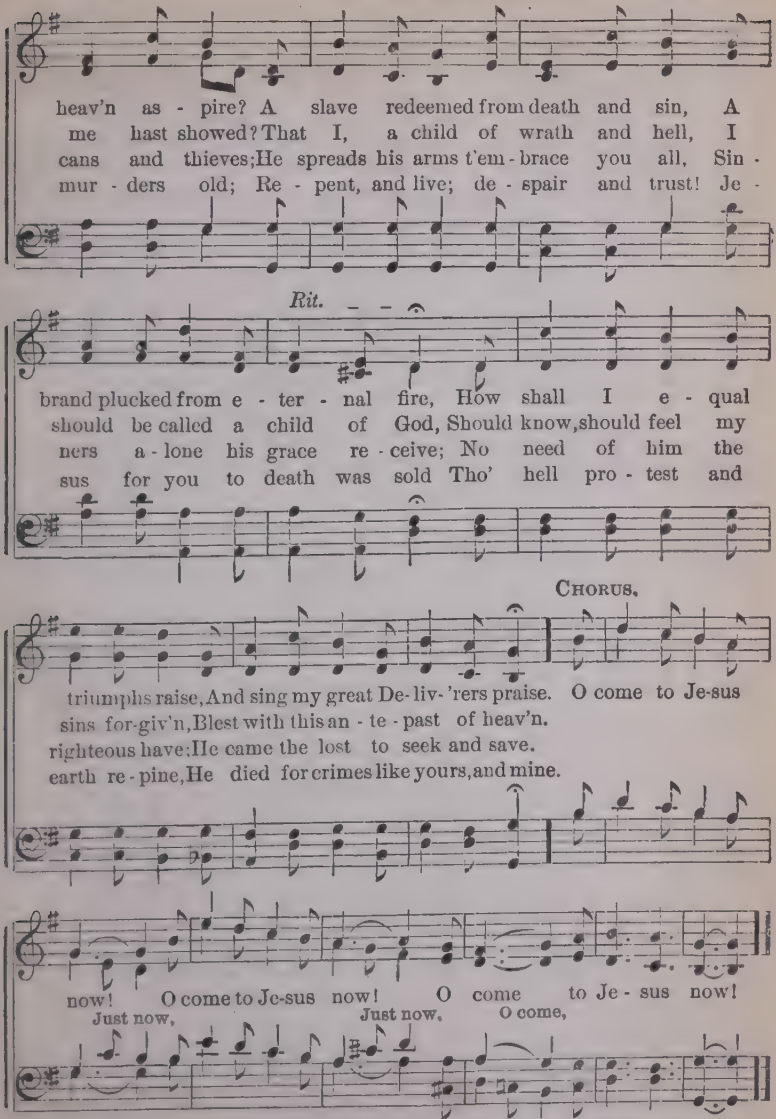
No. 165. Christ the Friend of Sinners.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. REV. J. M. DRIVER.


1. Where shall my won-d'ring soul be-gin? How shall I all to
2. O how shall I the good-ness tell, Fa-ther which thou to
3. Out-casts of men, to you I call, Har-lots and pub-li-
4. Come all ye Mag-da-lens in lust, Ye ruf-fians fell in

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Christ the Friend of Sinners. Concluded.


heav'n as - pire? A slave redeemed from death and sin, A
me hast showed? That I, a child of wrath and hell, I
cans and thieves; He spreads his arms t'em - brace you all, Sin -
mur - ders old; Re - pent, and live; de - spair and trust! Je -
Rit.
brand plucked from e - ter - nal fire, How shall I e - qual
should be called a child of God, Should know, should feel my
ners a - lone his grace re - ceive; No need of him the
sus for you to death was sold Tho' hell pro - test and
CHORUS.
triumphs raise, And sing my great De-liv-'rers praise. O come to Je-sus
sins for-giv'n, Blest with this an - te - past of heav'n.
righteous have: He came the lost to seek and save.
earth re - pine, He died for crimes like yours, and mine.
now! O come to Je-sus now! O come to Je - sus now!
Just now, Just now, O come,

5 Come, O my guilty brother, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin,
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in,
He calls you now, invites you home—
Come, O my guilty brother, come.

6 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from his wounded side;
Languishes for you th' eternal God;
For you the Prince of Glory died,
Believe, and all your guilts forgiven:
Only believe—and yours is heaven.

No. 166. On the Way.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tread-ing the way the feet of the mas-ter have trod be-fore,
2. What tho' the path be rough, and tempt-a-tions a-round us fall,
3. When at the brink of Jor-don's cold bil-lows my feet shall stand,
Un-der the cross we'll jour-ney and not des-pair,
Sweet-ly he smiles and beck-ons me from a-bove;
He will sus-tain and com-fort 'till life is past;
Ea-sy the yoke, so ea-sy, and light is the bur-den too,
He is my guide, and safe in the sha-dow of his dear wing,
Safe in his love I'll en-ter the val-ley of sha-dows dark,
Bright is the crown e-ter-nal the ran-som'd wear.
Glad is my soul to tell of his wond'rous love.
Reach-ing my home my beau-ti-ful home at last.
CHORUS.
Wear-ing a beau-ti-ful crown, a
Wear-ing a crown of e-ter-nal e

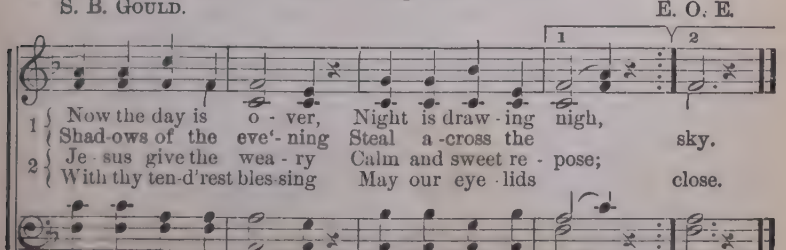
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

On the Way. Concluded.

crown of e - ter - nal love, We'll stand at the feet of the King,
ter - - nal love; We'll stand at the
the feet of the heav - 'nly King,
feet of the King; Join - ing the
Join-ing the glo - ri fied song, the beau-ti-ful song a-bove,
song of the glo - ri - fied saints a-bove;
For - ev - er his praises to sing, For - ev - er his praises to sing.
For - ev - - - - - er his praises to sing.

No. 167. Now the Day is Over.

S. B. Gould. E. O. E.

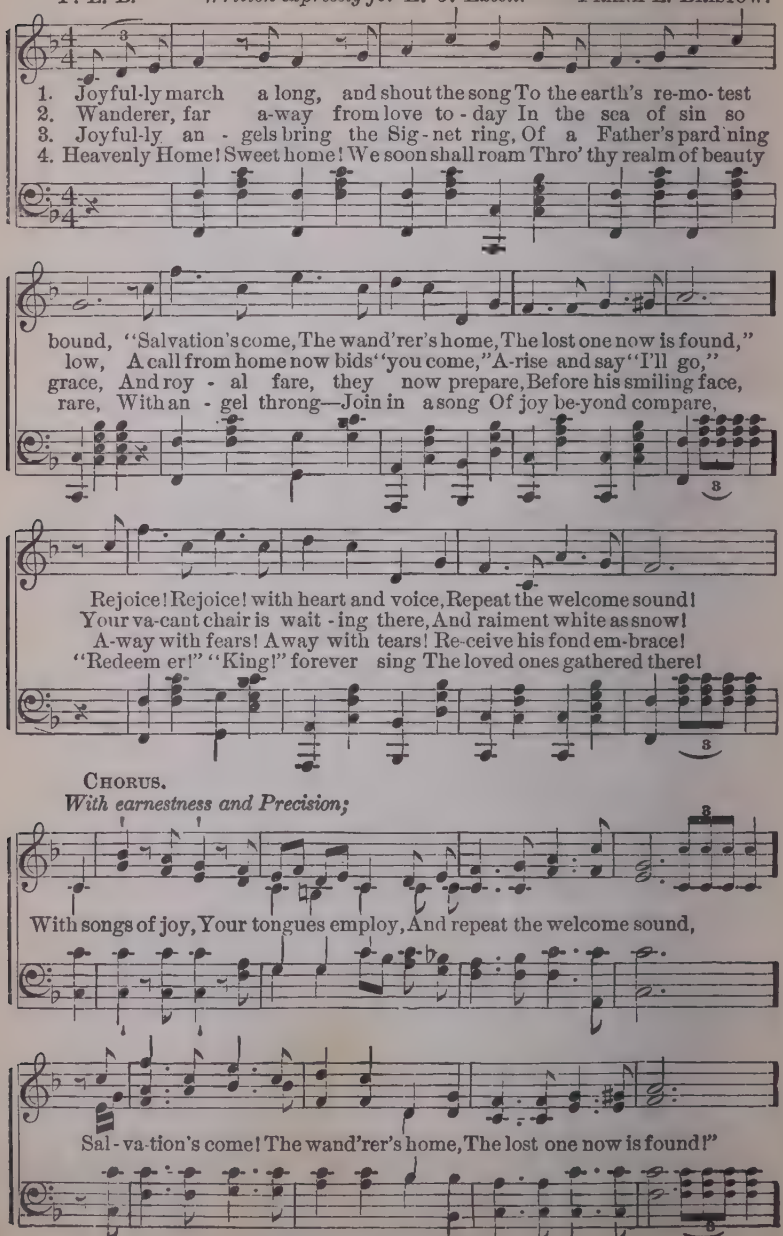

1 2
1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
Shad-ows of the eve'- ning Steal a-cross the sky.
2 Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
With thy ten-d'rest bles-sing May our eye - lids close.

3 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

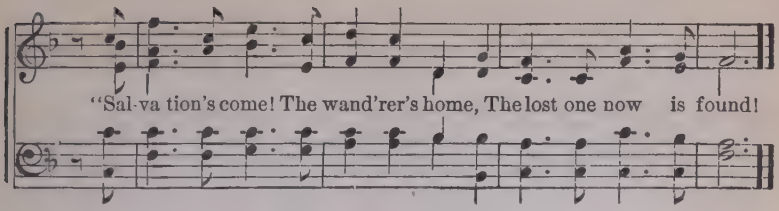
No.168. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is found!

F. L. B. *Written expressly for E. O. Excell.* FRANK L. BRISTOW.


1. Joyful-ly march a long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mo-test
2. Wanderer, far a-way from love to-day In the sea of sin so
3. Joyful-ly an-gels bring the Sig-net ring, Of a Father's pard'ning
4. Heavenly Home! Sweet home! We soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty
bound, "Salvation's come, The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found,"
low, A call from home now bids "you come," A-rise and say "I'll go,"
grace, And roy-al fare, they now prepare, Before his smiling face,
rare, With an-gel throng—Join in a song Of joy be-yond compare,
Rejoice! Rejoice! with heart and voice, Repeat the welcome sound!
Your va-cant chair is wait-ing there, And raiment white as snow!
A-way with fears! Away with tears! Re-ceive his fond em-brace!
"Redeem er!" "King!" forever sing The loved ones gathered there!
CHORUS.
With earnestness and Precision;
With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the welcome sound,
Sal-va-tion's come! The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!"

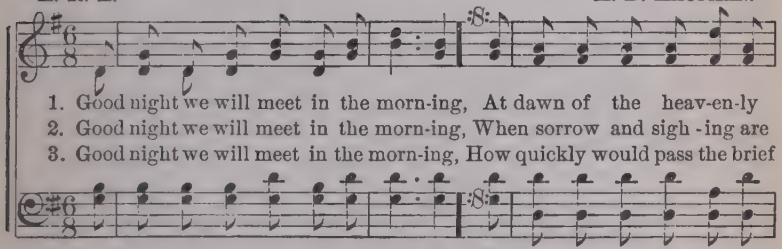
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

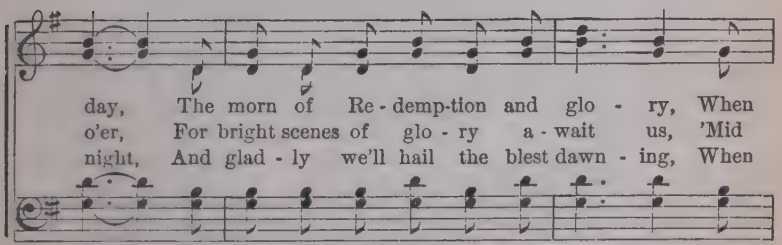
Rejoice! the Lost is Found. Concluded.

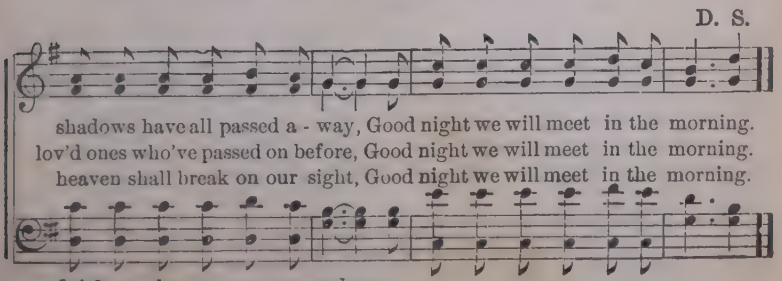


No. 169. We'll meet in the Morning.

E. R. L. A. B. KAUFMAN.


1. Good night we will meet in the morn-ing, At dawn of the heav-en-ly
2. Good night we will meet in the morn-ing, When sorrow and sigh-ing are
3. Good night we will meet in the morn-ing, How quickly would pass the brief
D. S. Not fear-ing the bil-lows that


day, The morn of Re-demp-tion and glo - ry, When
o'er, For bright scenes of glo - ry a - wait us, 'Mid
night, And glad - ly we'll hail the blest dawn - ing, When
roar, How glad - ly we'll hail the blest dawn - ing, That


D. S.
shadows have all passed a - way, Good night we will meet in the morning.
lov'd ones who've passed on before, Good night we will meet in the morning.
heaven shall break on our sight, Good night we will meet in the morning.
brightens the ev - er-green shore.

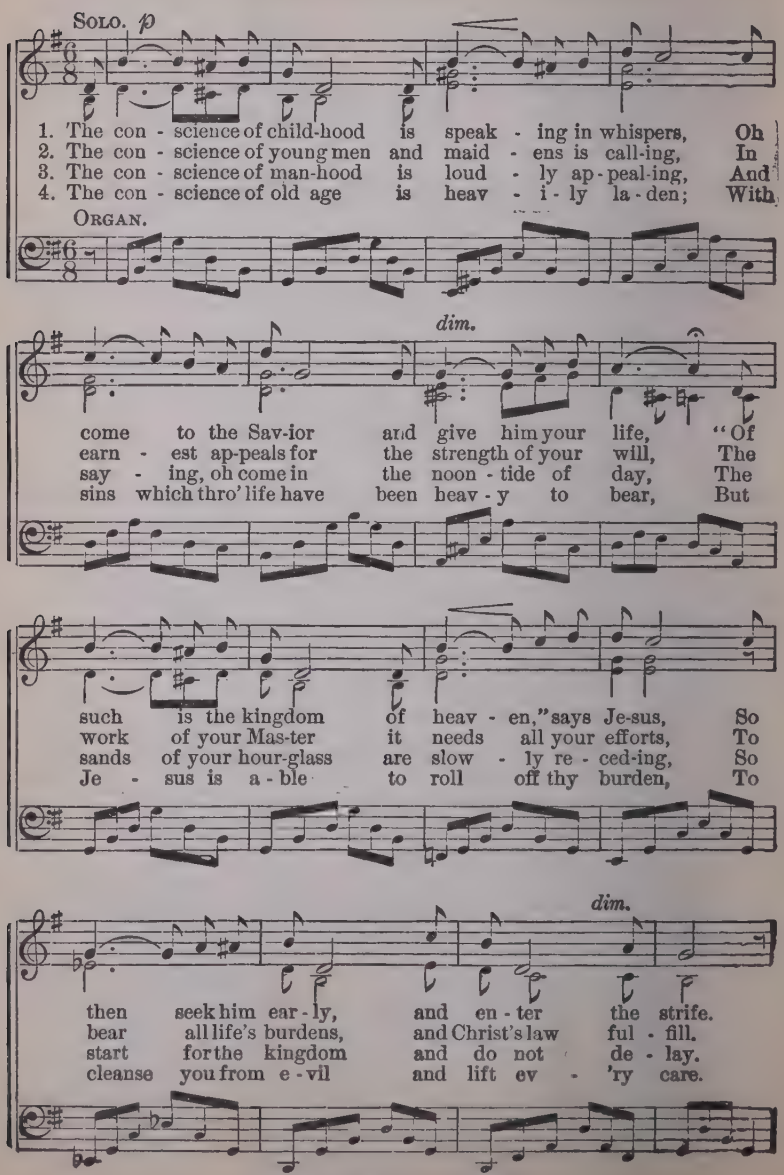
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell

No. 170. The Bells of Conscience.

J. M. D

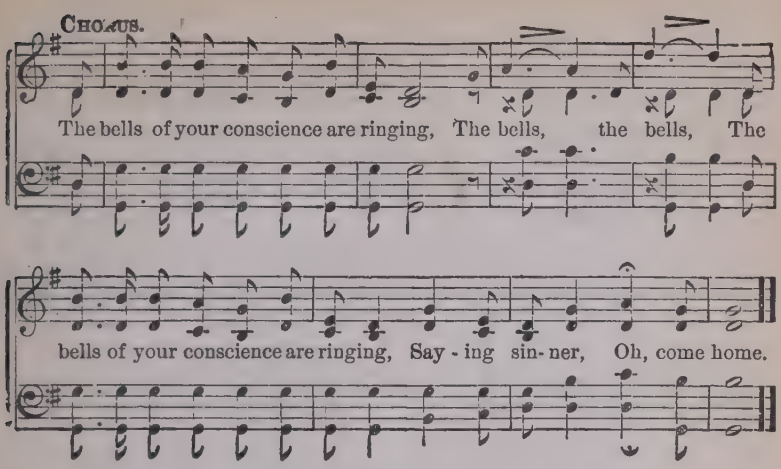
J. M. DUNCAN.

Words and music written expressly
for, and dedicated to my friend, E. O. EXCELL.


SOLO. p
1. The con - science of child-hood is speak - ing in whispers, Oh
2. The con - science of young men and maid - ens is call-ing, In
3. The con - science of man-hood is loud - ly ap-peal-ing, And
4. The con - science of old age is heav - i - ly la-den; With
ORGAN.
dim.
come to the Sav-ior and give him your life, "Of
earn - est ap-peals for the strength of your will, The
say - ing, oh come in the noon - tide of day, The
sins which thro' life have been heav - y to bear, But
such is the kingdom of heav - en," says Je-sus, So
work of your Mas-ter it needs all your efforts, To
sands of your hour-glass are slow - ly re - ced-ing, So
Je - sus is a - ble to roll off thy burden, To
dim.
then seek him ear - ly, and en - ter the strife.
bear all life's burdens, and Christ's law ful - fill.
start for the kingdom and do not de - lay.
cleanse you from e - vil and lift ev - 'ry care.

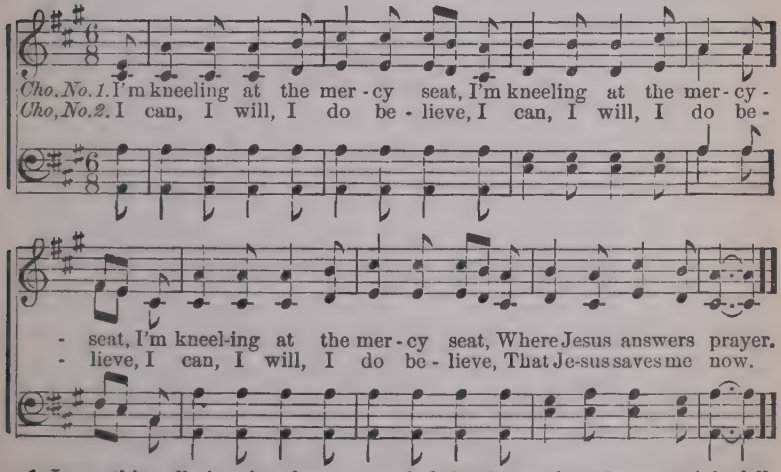
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

The Bells of Conscience. Concluded.


Chorus.
The bells of your conscience are ringing, The bells, the bells, The
bells of your conscience are ringing, Say - ing sin - ner, Oh, come home.

No. 171. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

Melody by F. L. Bristow.


Cho. No. 1. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy -
Cho. No. 2. I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be -
- seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Jesus answers prayer.
- lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je-sus saves me now.

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now in me begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Spirit, to thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Copyright, 1886, by The Geo. D. Newhall Co.

No. 172. Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGGS. E. O. EXCELL.

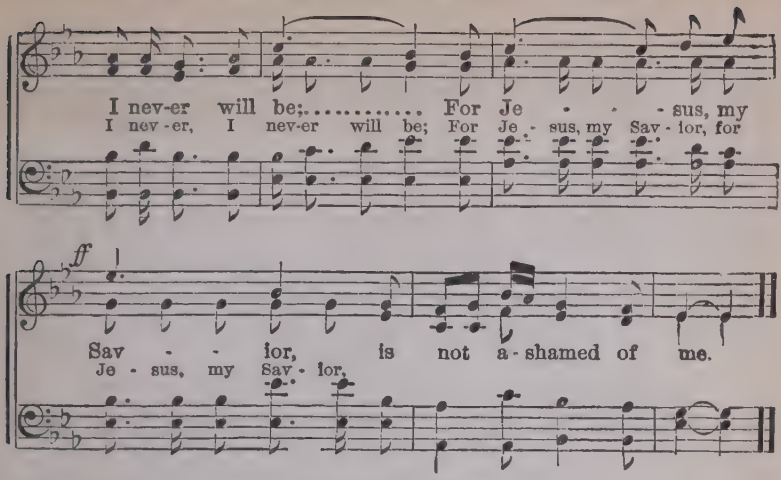
DUET.*

1. Je - sus and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let even - ing
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon, Let mid-night
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my
5. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no
man a - shamed of thee? A - shamed of thee, whom
blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of
be a - shamed of noon; 'Tis mid - night with my
hopes of heav'n de - pend; No! when I blush be
guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no
an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
soul till he, Bright Morn-ing Star, bid dark - ness flee.
this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.
good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
CHORUS.
A - shamed..... of Je - sus, I nev - er,
A - shamed of Je - sus; a-shamed of Je - sus; I nev - er;

* Ten. and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

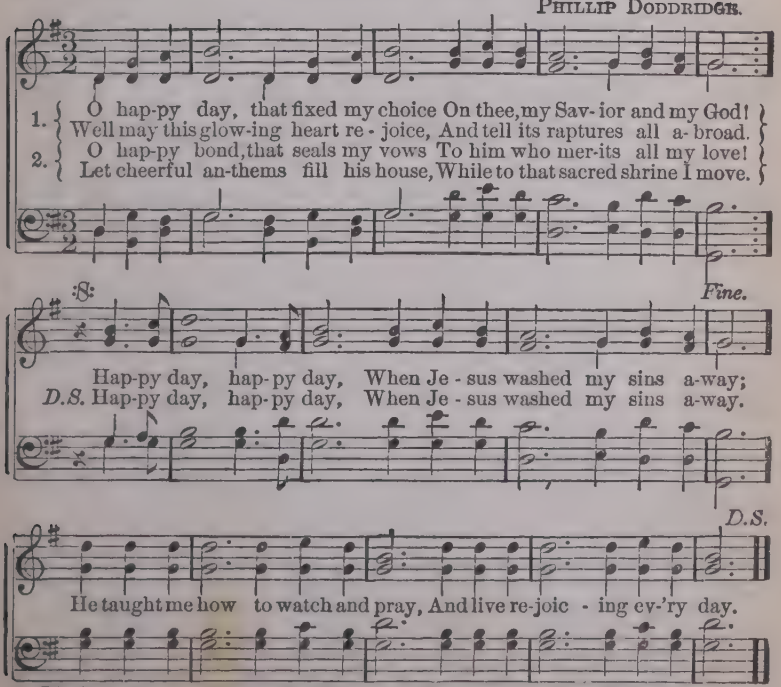
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

Ashamed of Jesus. Concluded.



No. 173. Happy Day.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

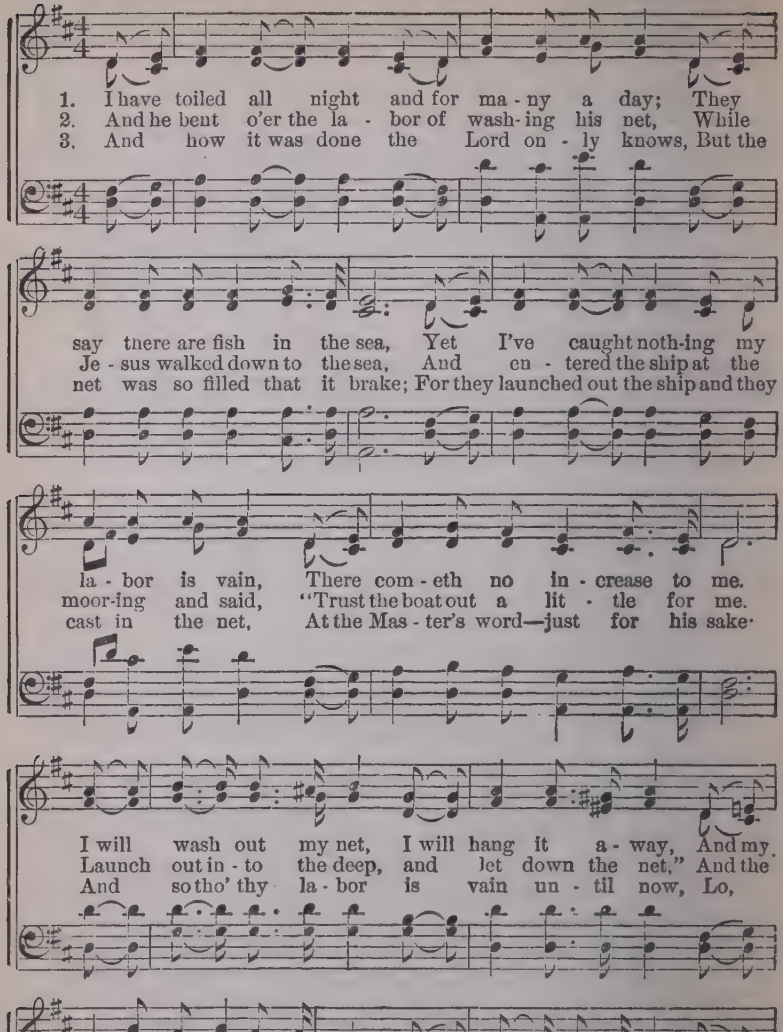

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad.
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
:S:
Fine.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a-way;
D.S. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a-way.
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on, [vine.
Charmed to confess the voice di-

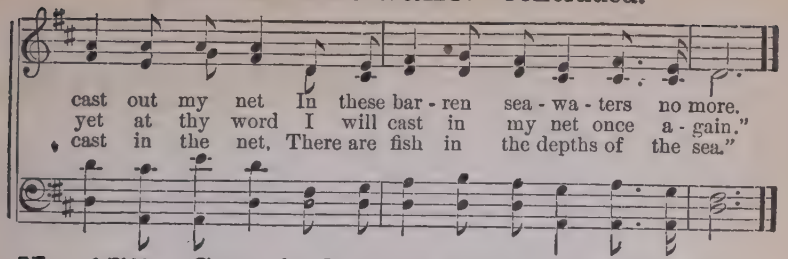
4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

No. 174. Just for His Sake.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY M. H. EVANS.

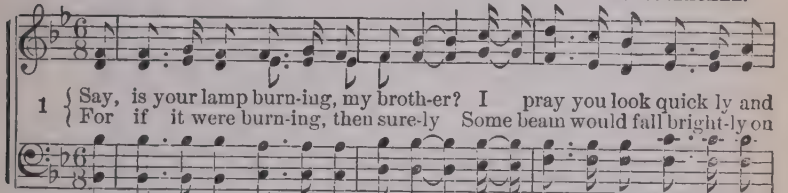

1. I have toiled all night and for ma - ny a day; They say there are fish in the sea, Yet I've caught noth-ing my la - bor is vain, There com - eth no in - crease to me. I will wash out my net, I will hang it a - way, And my fish - ing boat draw to the shore. It is use - less to me, I will
2. And he bent o'er the la - bor of wash-ing his net, While Je - sus walked down to the sea, And en - tered the ship at the moor-ing and said, "Trust the boat out a lit - tle for me. Launch out in - to the deep, and let down the net," And the fish - er man an-swer'd, "In vain We have la - bored all night and
3. And how it was done the Lord on - ly knows, But the net was so filled that it brake; For they launched out the ship and they cast in the net, At the Mas - ter's word—just for his sake. And so tho' thy la - bor is vain un - til now, Lo, Je - sus is say - ing to thee: "Launch out in - to the deep now and

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.


cast out my net In these bar - ren sea - wa - ters no more.
yet at thy word I will cast in my net once a - gain."
cast in the net, There are fish in the depths of the sea."

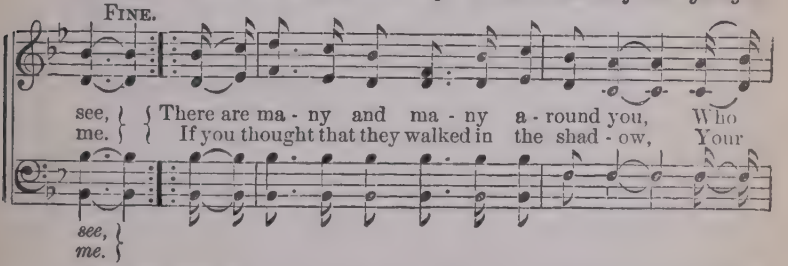
No. 175. Say, is Your Lamp Burning?

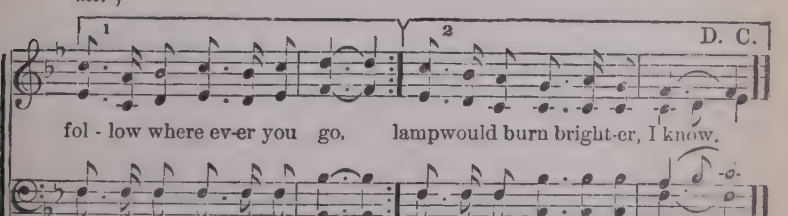
E. O. Excell.


1 Say, is your lamp burn-ing, my broth-er? I pray you look quick ly and
For if it were burn-ing, then sure-ly Some beam would fall bright-ly on

D.C. *Say, is your lamp burning, my broth-er? I pray you look quick ly and*
For if it were burn-ing, then sure-ly Some beam would fall bright-ly on

Fine.





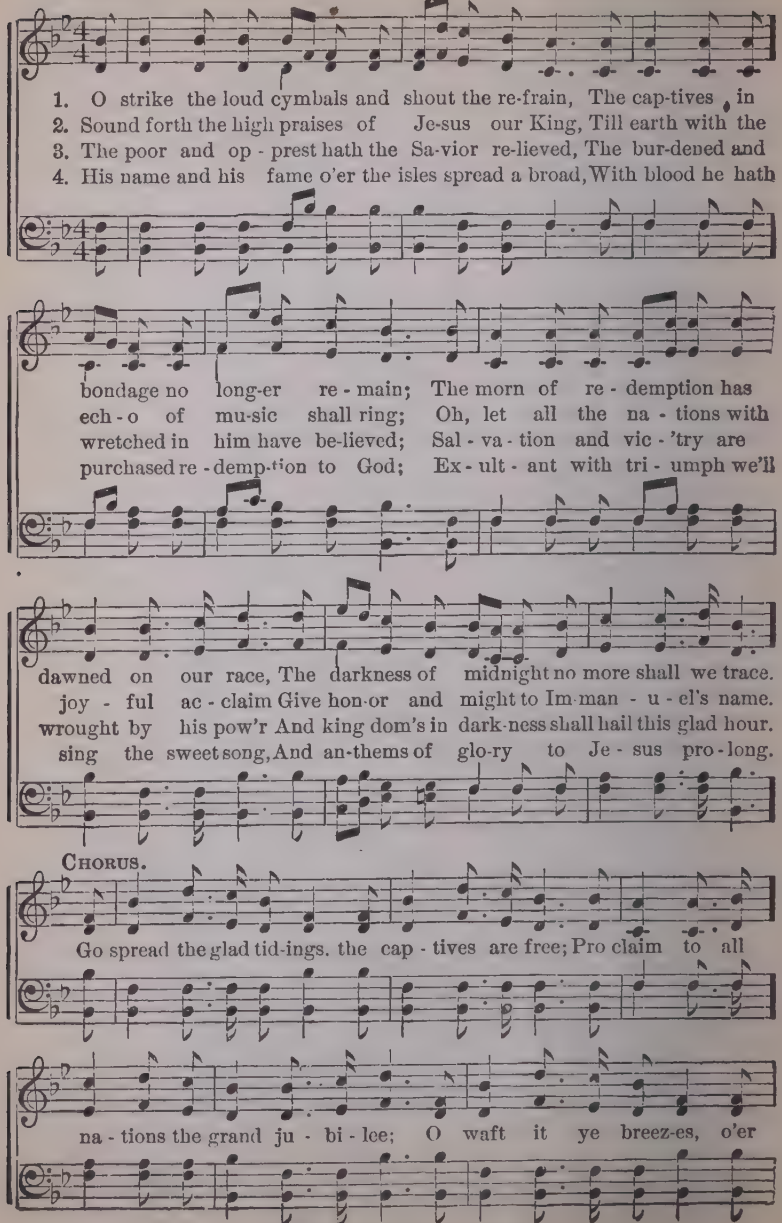
2 Upon the dark mountains they stumble, they lie
They are bruised on the rocks and
With white pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds and the pitiful sky;
There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them a near and afar,
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star —D. C.

2 If once all the lamps that are lighted,
Should steadily blaze in a line
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millennial day.—D.C.

Copyright, 1885, by E. O. Excell

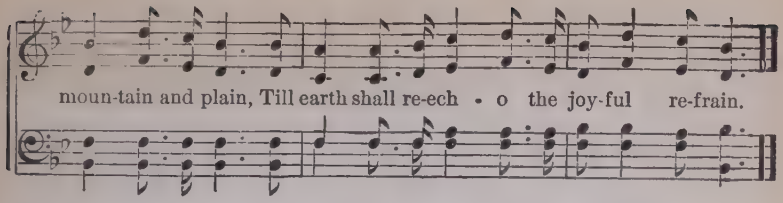
No. 176. The grand Jubilee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Chas. Edw. Prior.


1. O strike the loud cymbals and shout the re-frain, The cap-tives in
2. Sound forth the high praises of Je-sus our King, Till earth with the
3. The poor and op - prest hath the Sa-vior re-lieved, The bur-dened and
4. His name and his fame o'er the isles spread a broad, With blood he hath
bondage no long-er re - main; The morn of re - demption has
ech - o of mu-sic shall ring; Oh, let all the na - tions with
wretched in him have be-lieved; Sal - va - tion and vic - 'try are
purchased re - demp-tion to God; Ex - ult - ant with tri - umph we'll
dawned on our race, The darkness of midnight no more shall we trace.
joy - ful ac - claim Give hon-or and might to Im-man - u - el's name.
wrought by his pow'r And king dom's in dark-ness shall hail this glad hour.
sing the sweet song, And an-thems of glo-ry to Je - sus pro - long.
Chorus.
Go spread the glad tid-ings. the cap - tives are free; Pro claim to all
na - tions the grand ju - bi - lee; O waft it ye breez-es, o'er

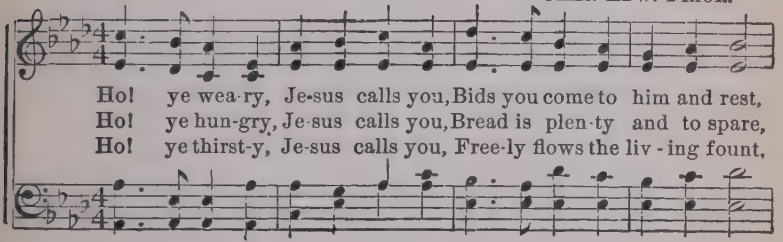
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

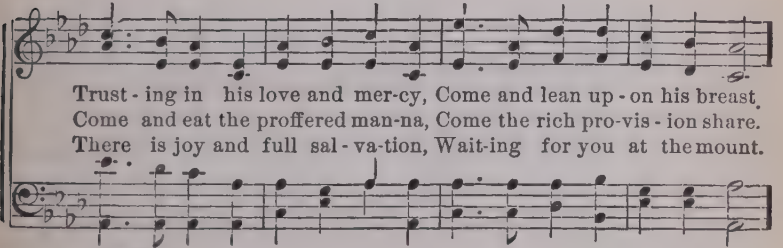
The grand Jubilee. Concluded.



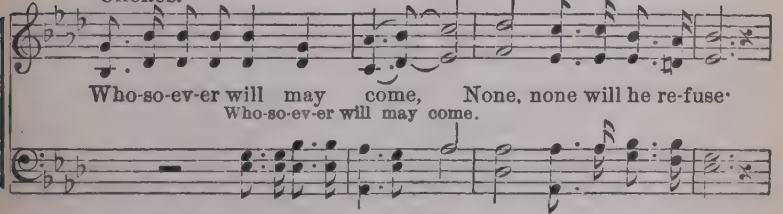
No. 177. Whosoever will may Come.

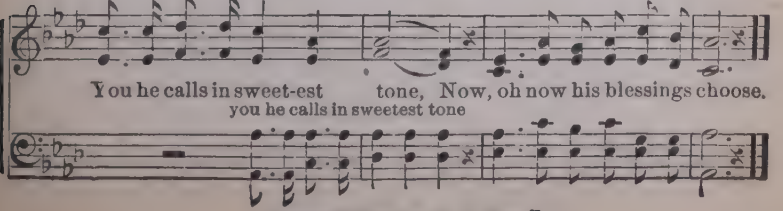
MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


Ho! ye wea-ry, Je-sus calls you, Bids you come to him and rest,
Ho! ye hun-gry, Je-sus calls you, Bread is plen-ty and to spare,
Ho! ye thirst-y, Je-sus calls you, Free-ly flows the liv-ing fount,


Trust-ing in his love and mer-cy, Come and lean up-on his breast,
Come and eat the proffered man-na, Come the rich pro-vis-ion share.
There is joy and full sal-va-tion, Wait-ing for you at the mount.

CHORUS.

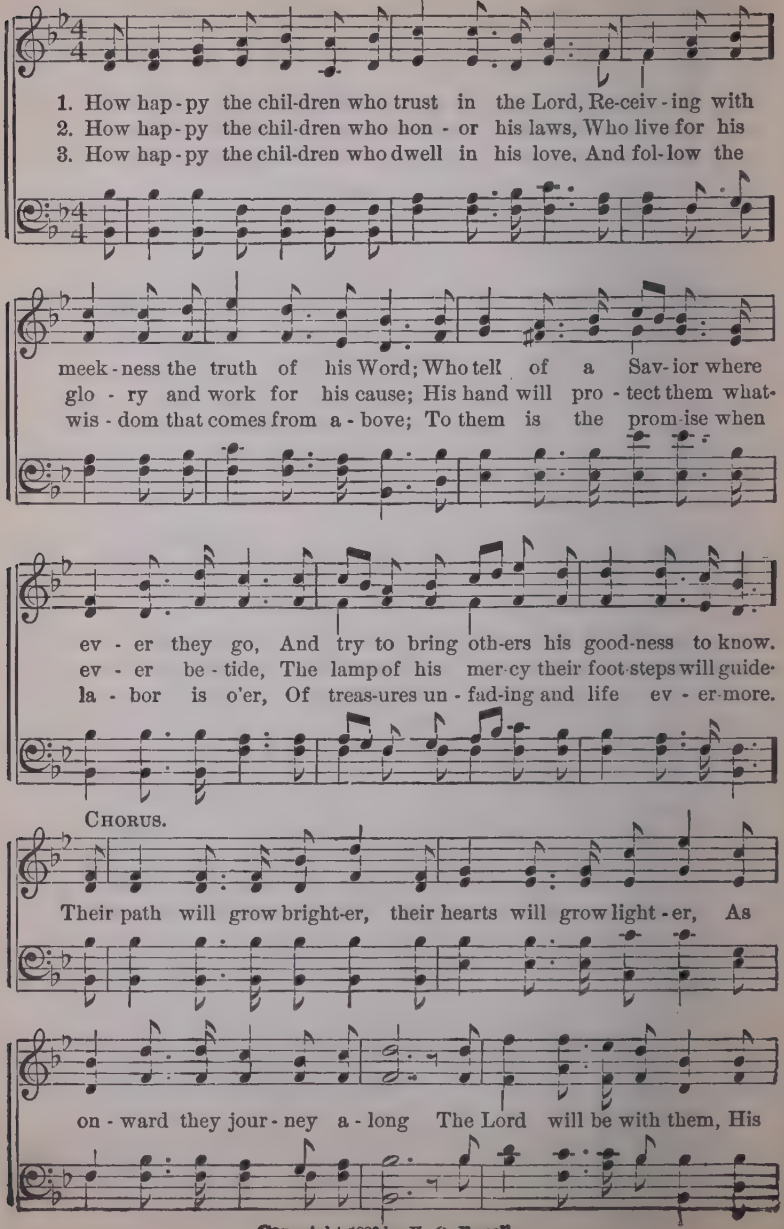




Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

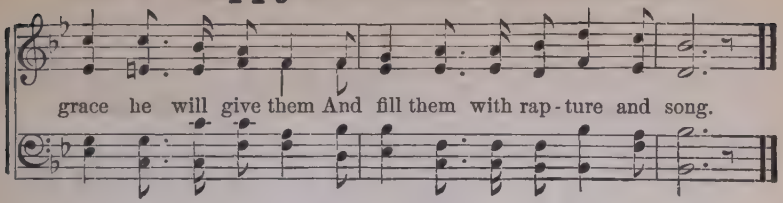
No. 178. How Happy the Children.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. How hap-py the chil-dren who trust in the Lord, Re-ceiv-ing with
2. How hap-py the chil-dren who hon-or his laws, Who live for his
3. How hap-py the chil-dren who dwell in his love, And fol-low the
meek-ness the truth of his Word; Who tell of a Sav-ior where
glo-ry and work for his cause; His hand will pro-tect them what-
wis-dom that comes from a-bove; To them is the prom-ise when
ev-er they go, And try to bring oth-ers his good-ness to know.
ev-er be-tide, The lamp of his mer-cy their foot-steps will guide.
la-bor is o'er, Of treas-ures un-fad-ing and life ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
Their path will grow bright-er, their hearts will grow light-er, As
on-ward they jour-ney a-long The Lord will be with them, His

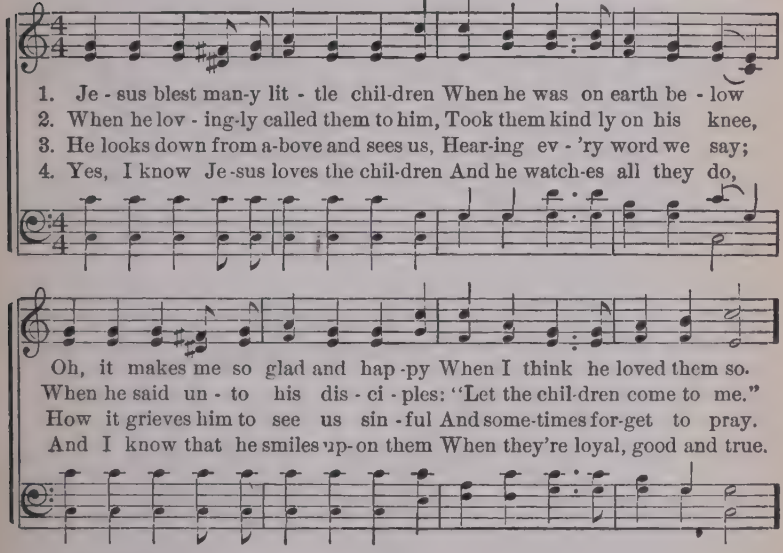
Copyright 1889 by E. O. Excell.

How Happy the Children. Concluded.

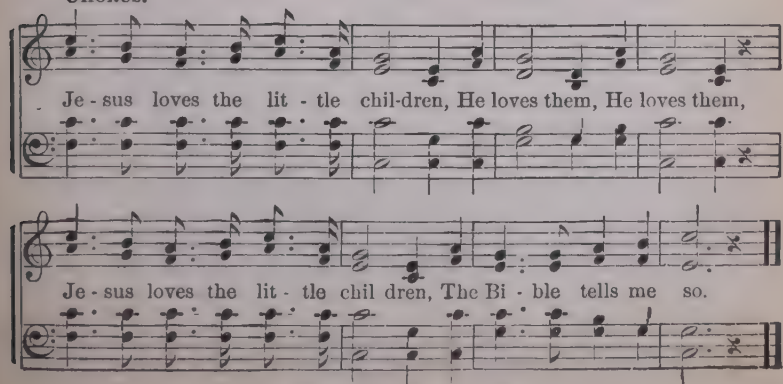


No. 179. He Loves Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Je-sus blest man-y lit-tle chil-dren When he was on earth be-low
2. When he lov-ing-ly called them to him, Took them kind ly on his knee,
3. He looks down from a-bove and sees us, Hear-ing ev-'ry word we say;
4. Yes, I know Je-sus loves the chil-dren And he watch-es all they do,
Oh, it makes me so glad and hap-py When I think he loved them so.
When he said un-to his dis-ci-ples: "Let the chil-dren come to me."
How it grieves him to see us sin-ful And some-times for-get to pray.
And I know that he smiles up-on them When they're loyal, good and true.

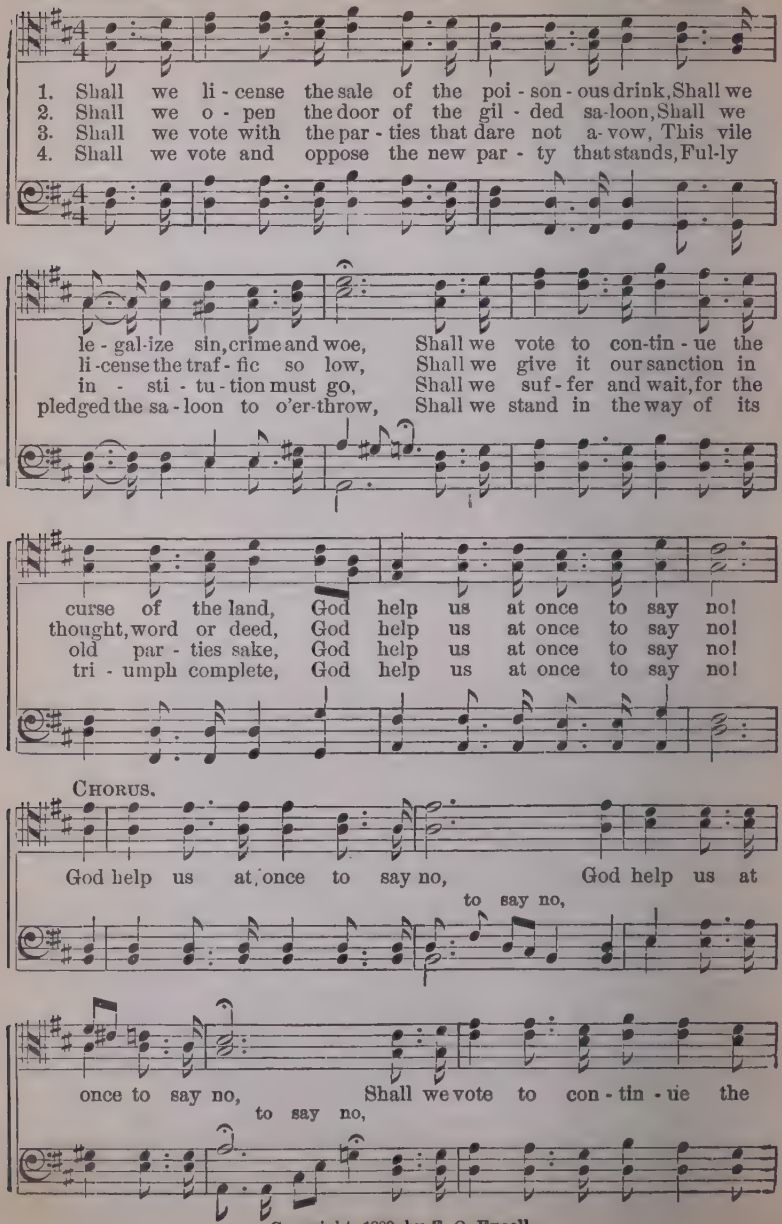
CHORUS.



Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell

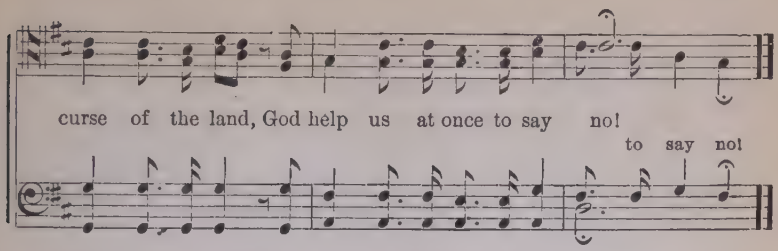
No. 180. God help us at once to say No!

REV. JNO. MCPHAIL. **Male Voices.** J. M. DUNGAN.


1. Shall we li - cense the sale of the poi - son - ous drink, Shall we
2. Shall we o - pen the door of the gil - ded sa-loon, Shall we
3. Shall we vote with the par - ties that dare not a-vow, This vile
4. Shall we vote and oppose the new par - ty that stands, Ful-ly
le - gal-ize sin, crime and woe, Shall we vote to con-tin - ue the
li-cense the traf - fic so low, Shall we give it our sanction in
in - sti - tu - tion must go, Shall we suf - fer and wait, for the
pledged the sa - loon to o'er-throw, Shall we stand in the way of its
curse of the land, God help us at once to say no!
thought, word or deed, God help us at once to say no!
old par - ties sake, God help us at once to say no!
tri - umph complete, God help us at once to say no!
CHORUS.
God help us at once to say no, God help us at
to say no,
once to say no, Shall we vote to con - tin - ue the
to say no,

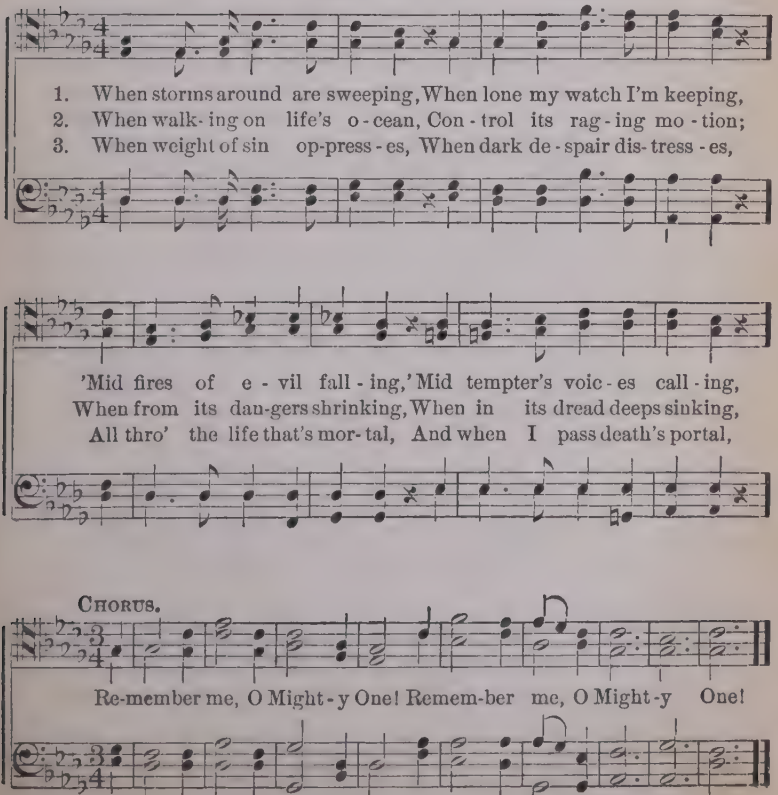
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

God help us at once to say no. Concluded.



No. 181. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

ANON, MALE VOICES. JOANNA KINKEL, arr.


1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keeping,
2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,
'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing,' Mid tempter's voic-es call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sinking,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's portal,
CHORUS.
Re-member me, O Might-y One! Remem-ber me, O Might-y One!

By permission.

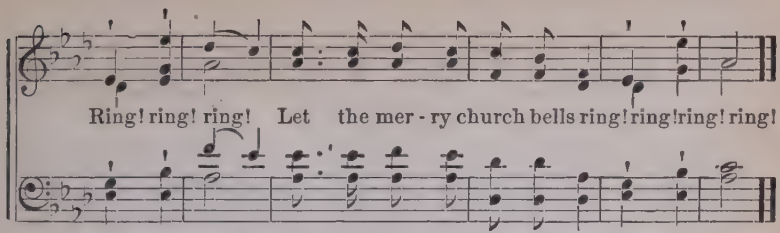
No. 182. Let the Merry Church Bells Ring.

H. W. Fairbank.

1. Let the mer - ry church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh-ing,
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain From their leaf-y chap - el,
3. Now the night of grief is past, Joy the morn ing giv - eth
Frost and cold hath fled from spring, Life hath con-quered dy - ing.
Prais - ing him, with whom in vain, Death has sought to grap - ple
Christ the Lord was slain for us, But to - day he liv - eth;
p
Flowr's are smil-ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath-er,
Sounds of joy rise loud and clear As the breez - es flut-ter;
Ev - ery heart is glad and gay, Sor - row from us driv - en,
mf
With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to-geth - er.
"Christ is ris - en, he's not here," Is the strain they ut - ter.
This the joy of East - er day, Christ the Lord is ris - en.
f
Chorus.
All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer - ry church bells ring!
Is the strain they ut - ter.
Christ the Lord is ris - en.
rit.

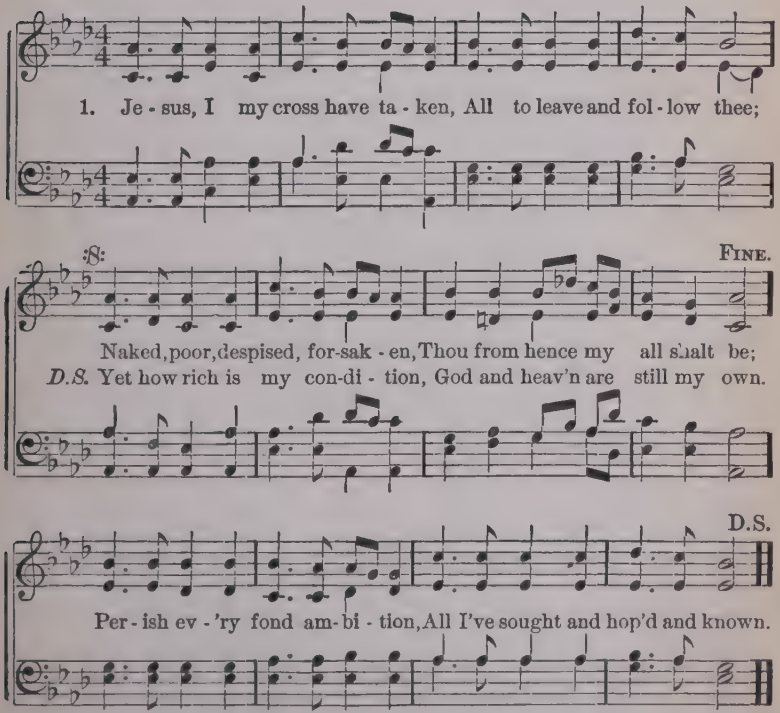
Copyright, 1889, by H. W. Fairbank. By permission.

Let the Merry Church Bells Ring. Concluded.



No. 183 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

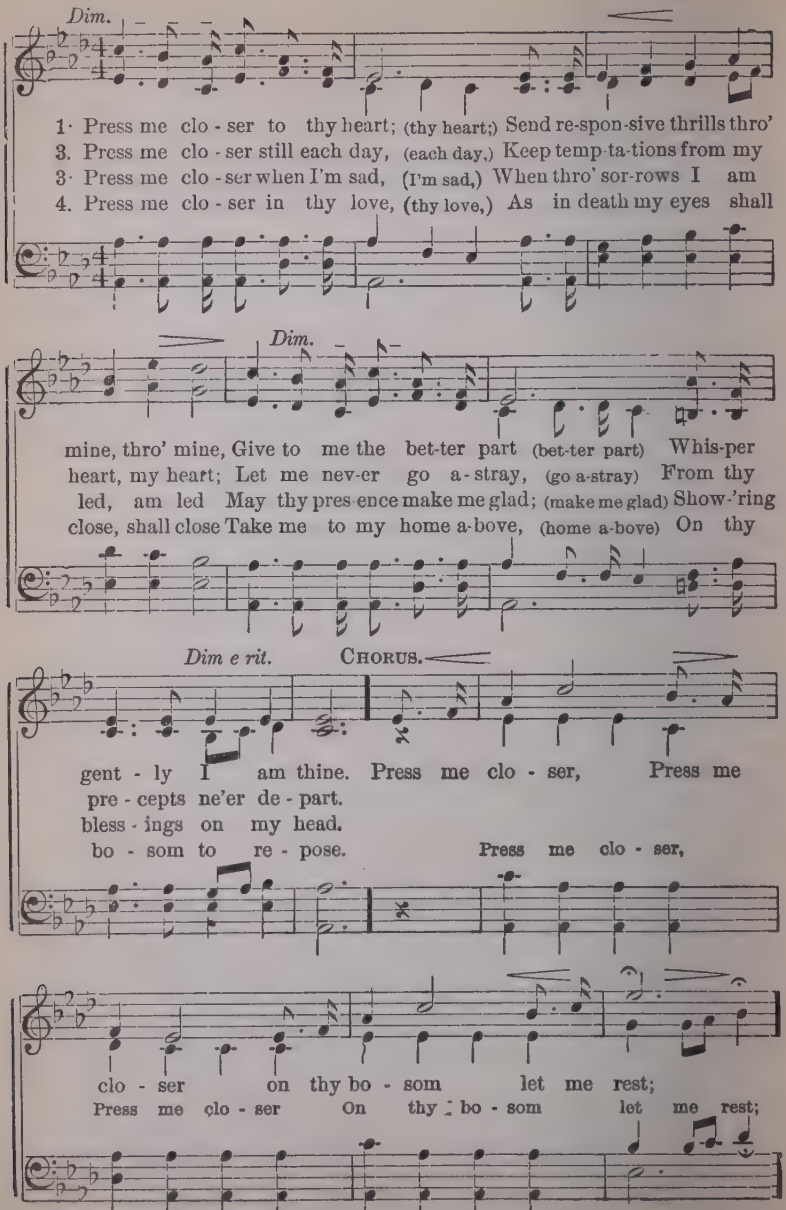

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
FINE.
Naked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D.S. Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am-bi - tion, All I've sought and hop'd and known.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show thy face, and all is bright. [me.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father,"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-
All must work for good to me. [er,

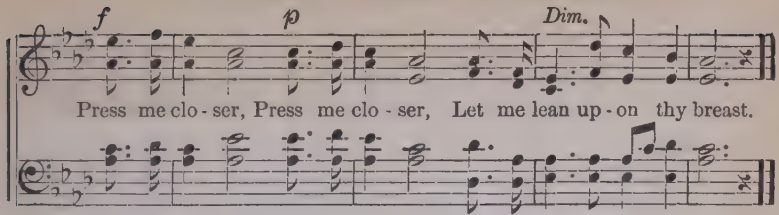
No. 184. Press me Closer.

M. and D. J. M. DUNGAN.


Dim.
1· Press me clo - ser to thy heart; (thy heart;) Send re-spon-sive thrills thro'
3. Press me clo - ser still each day, (each day,) Keep temp-ta-tions from my
3· Press me clo - ser when I'm sad, (I'm sad,) When thro' sor-rows I am
4. Press me clo - ser in thy love, (thy love,) As in death my eyes shall
Dim.
mine, thro' mine, Give to me the bet-ter part (bet-ter part) Whis-per
heart, my heart; Let me nev-er go a-stray, (go a-stray) From thy
led, am led May thy pres-ence make me glad; (make me glad) Show-'ring
close, shall close Take me to my home a-bove, (home a-bove) On thy
Dim e rit.
CHORUS.
gent - ly I am thine. Press me clo - ser, Press me
pre - cepts ne'er de - part.
bless - ings on my head.
bo - som to re - pose. Press me clo - ser,
clo - ser on thy bo - som let me rest;
Press me clo - ser On thy bo - som let me rest;

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Press me Closer. Concluded.



No. 185. O Help me on my Way.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I jour - ney to a bet - ter land Of bright e - ter - nal day,
2. The way is nar - row and the thorns Have pierc'd my bleed-ing feet.
3. Then shall I rest from wea-ri - ness, From sin and sor - row free,
4 The way will not seem hard or long If thou wilt walk with me.
The home of in - fi - nite de - light; Lord, help me on my way.
But I will jour ney till I reach The cit - y's gold-en street
And in the pres - ence of my Lord For - ev - er bles-sed be.
For I shall sing my pil - grim song, And ev - er joy - ful be.
CHORUS.
O help me on my way, Lord help me on my way.
Reach forth thy kind and lov - ing hand, And help me on my way.

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

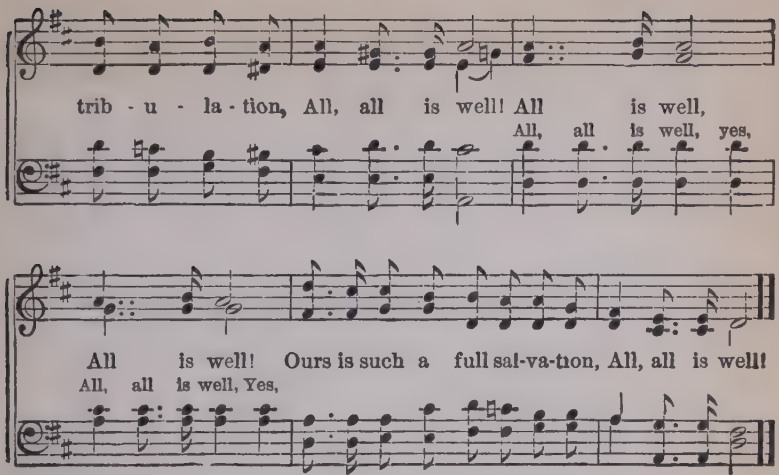
No. 186. All is Well.

MARY BOWLY. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Through the love of God our Sav - ior, All will be well;
2. Though we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, All will be well;
3. We ex -pect a bright to - mor - row, All will be well;
Free and change-less is this fav - or, All, all is well!
Ours is such a full sal . va - tion, All, all is well!
Faith can sing through days of sor - row, All, all is well!
Pre-cious is the blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that sealed us,
Hap-py still to God con - fid - ing, Fruit-ful if in Christ a - bid ing,
On our Fath-er's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - 'ry need sup-ply - ing,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well!
Ho - ly through the Spir - it's guid - ing; All must be well!
Or in liv - ing, or in dy ing, All must be well!
All is well, All is well; Though we pass thro'
All, all is well, Yes, All, all is well, Yes,

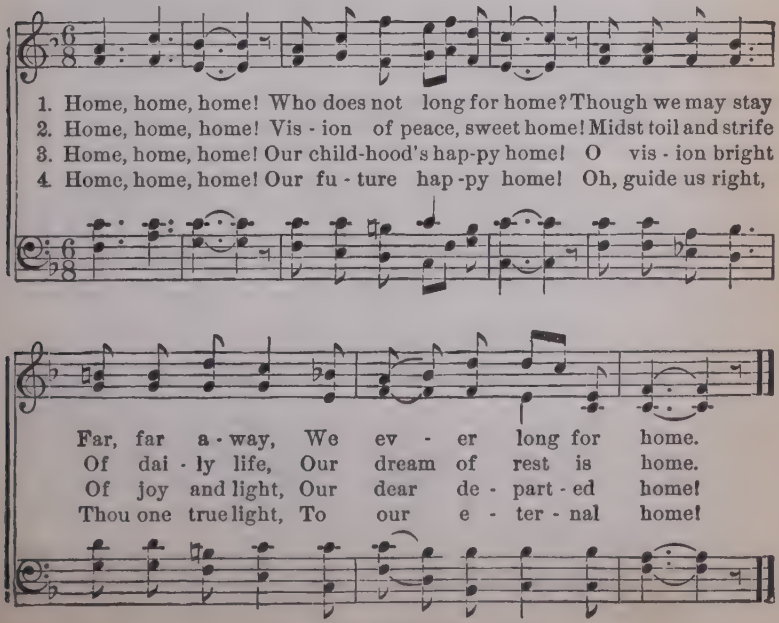
Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

All is Well. Concluded.


trib - u - la - tion, All, all is well! All is well,
All, all is well, yes,
All is well! Ours is such a full sal-va-tion, All, all is well!
All, all is well, Yes,

No. 187 Home, Home, Home!

G. R. Prynne, M. A. M. L. McPhail.

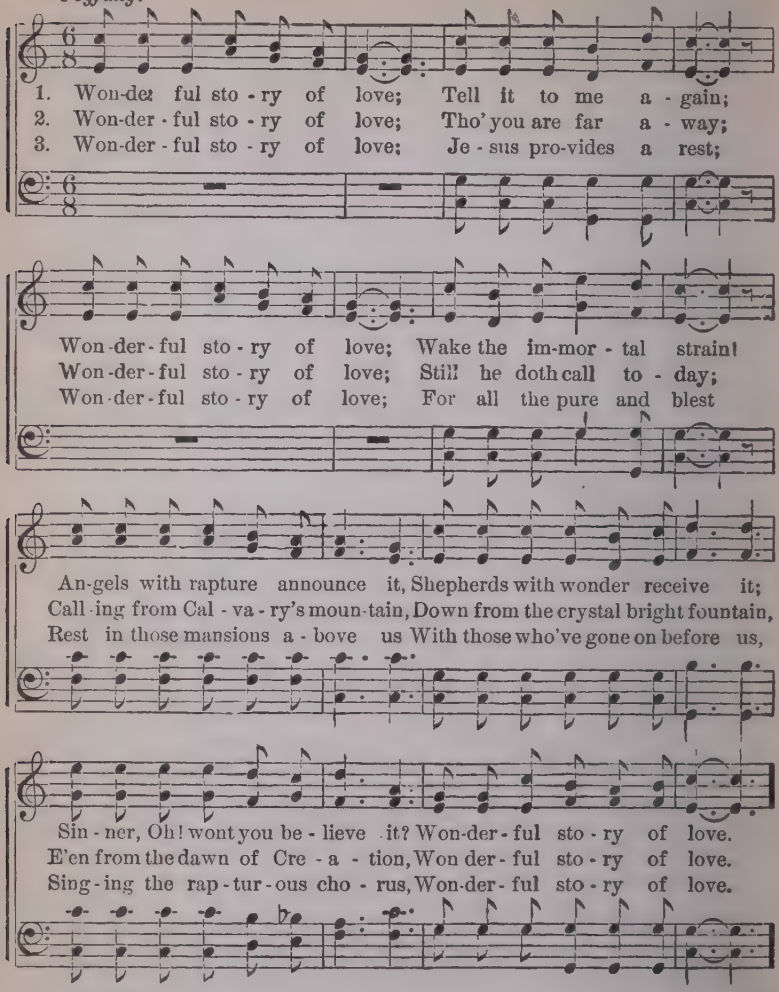

1. Home, home, home! Who does not long for home? Though we may stay
2. Home, home, home! Vis - ion of peace, sweet home! Midst toil and strife
3. Home, home, home! Our child-hood's hap-py home! O vis - ion bright
4. Home, home, home! Our fu - ture hap -py home! Oh, guide us right,
Far, far a - way, We ev - er long for home.
Of dai - ly life, Our dream of rest is home.
Of joy and light, Our dear de - part - ed home!
Thou one true light, To our e - ter - nal home!

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 188. Wonderful Story of Love.

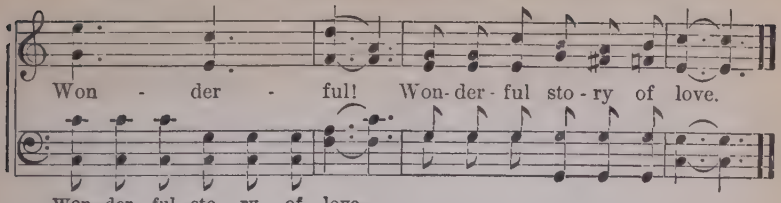
REV. J. M. D. REV. J. M. DRIVER.

Joyfully.


1. Won-der ful sto - ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain;
2. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way;
3. Won-der - ful sto - ry of love; Je - sus pro-vides a rest;
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; Wake the im-mor - tal strain!
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; Still he doth call to - day;
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; For all the pure and blest
An-gels with rapture announce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it;
Call-ing from Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, Down from the crystal bright fountain,
Rest in those mansions a - bove us With those who've gone on before us,
Sin - ner, Oh! wont you be - lieve it? Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
E'en from the dawn of Cre - a - tion, Won der - ful sto - ry of love.
Sing - ing the rap - tur - ous cho - rus, Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
CHORUS.
Won - der - ful! Won der - ful!
Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Won - der - ful sto - ry of love;

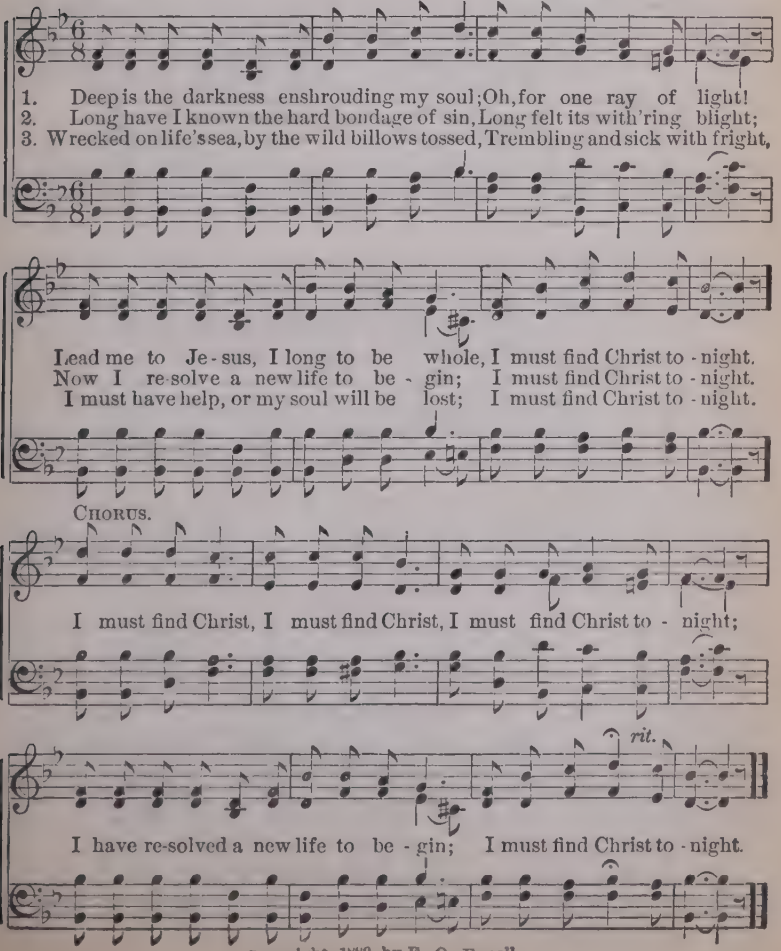
By permission.

Wonderful Story of Love. Concluded.



No. 189. I Must Find Christ To-night.

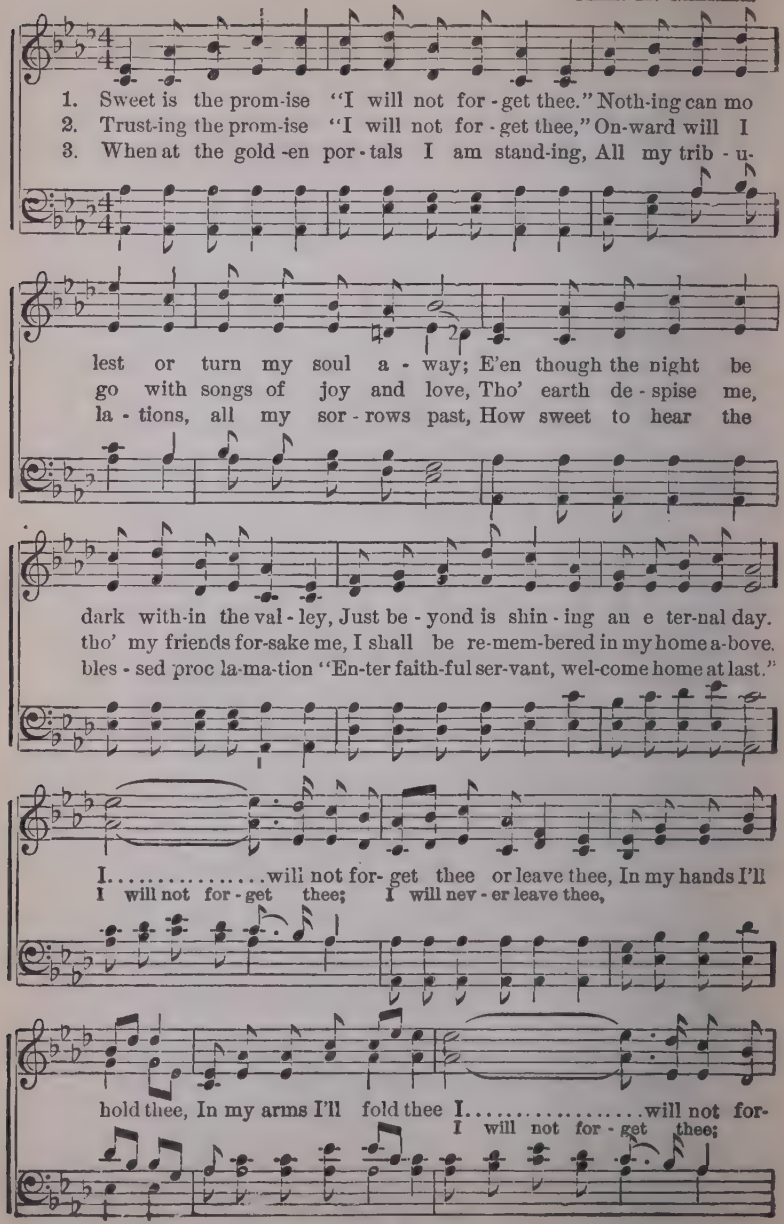
E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Deep is the darkness enshrouding my soul; Oh, for one ray of light!
2. Long have I known the hard bondage of sin, Long felt its with'ring blight;
3. Wrecked on life's sea, by the wild billows tossed, Trembling and sick with fright,
Lead me to Je-sus, I long to be whole, I must find Christ to-night.
Now I re-solve a new life to be-gin; I must find Christ to-night.
I must have help, or my soul will be lost; I must find Christ to-night.
CHORUS.
I must find Christ, I must find Christ, I must find Christ to-night;
rit.
I have re-solved a new life to be-gin; I must find Christ to-night.

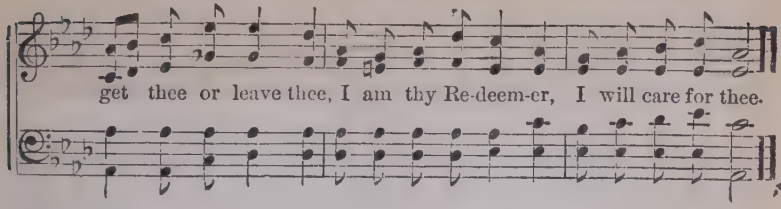
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 190. "I will not Forget Thee."

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee." Noth-ing can mo
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-
lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en though the night be
go with songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me,
la-tions, all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the
dark with-in the val-ley, Just be-yond is shin-ing an e ter-nal day.
tho' my friends for-sake me, I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove.
bles-sed proc la-ma-tion "En-ter faith-ful ser-vant, wel-come home at last."
I.....will not for-get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll
I will not for-get thee; I will nev-er leave thee,
hold thee, In my arms I'll fold thee I.....will not for-
I will not for-get thee;

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.



No. 191. Only Trust Him.

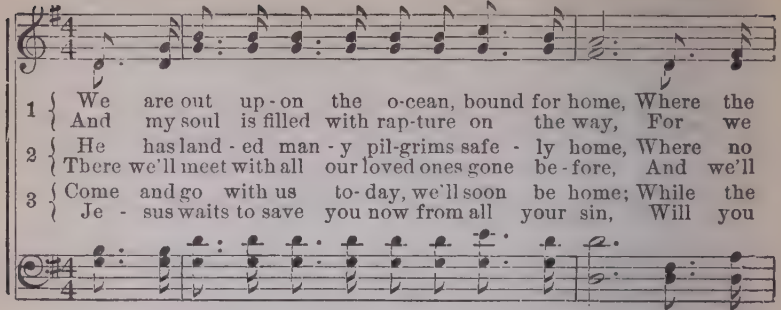
J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

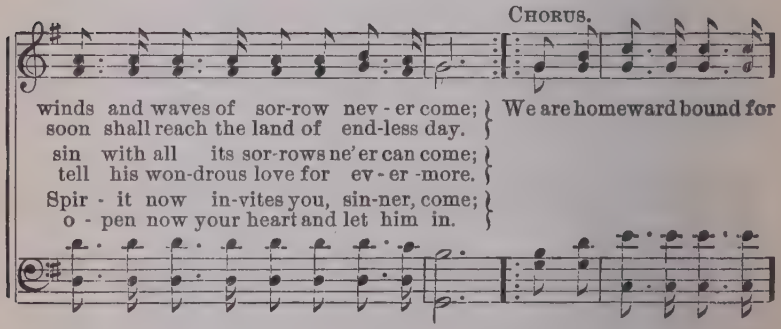
1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed his pre-cious blood, Rich blessings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And he will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in his word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That washes white as snow.
Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys immor-tal flow.
On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

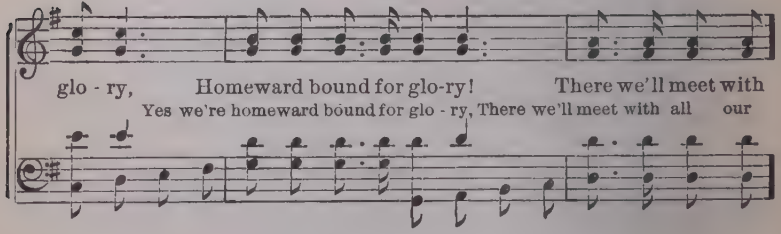
By permission.

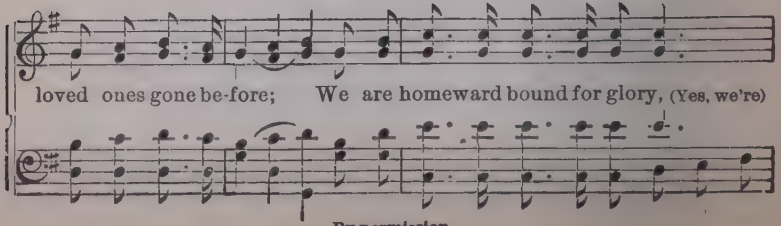
No. 192. Homeward Bound.

R. E. Hudson. Arranged by R. E. Hudson.


1 We are out up-on the o-cean, bound for home, Where the
And my soul is filled with rap-ture on the way, For we
2 He has land-ed man-y pil-grims safe-ly home, Where no
There we'll meet with all our loved ones gone be-fore, And we'll
3 Come and go with us to-day, we'll soon be home; While the
Je-sus waits to save you now from all your sin, Will you

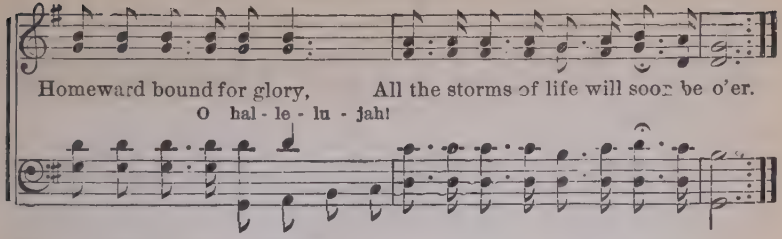

Chorus.
winds and waves of sor-row nev-er come; soon shall reach the land of end-less day.
We are homeward bound for
sin with all its sor-rows ne'er can come; tell his won-drous love for ev-er-more.
Spir-it now in-vites you, sin-ner, come; o-pen now your heart and let him in.





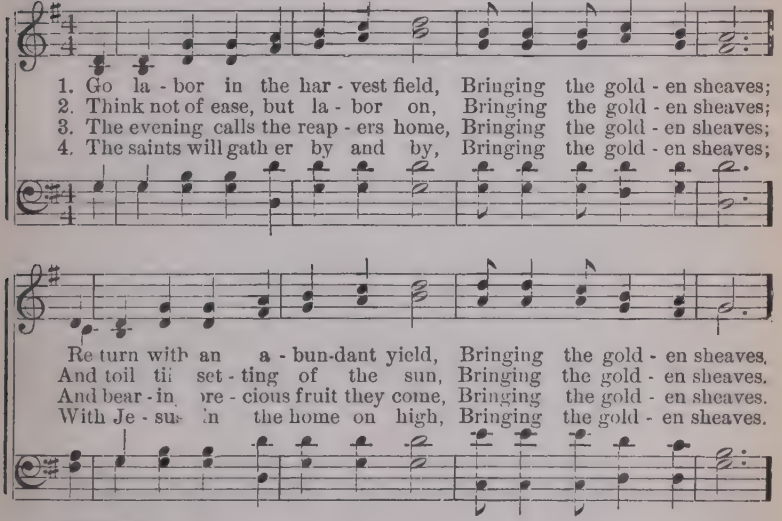
By permission.

Homeward Bound. Concluded.

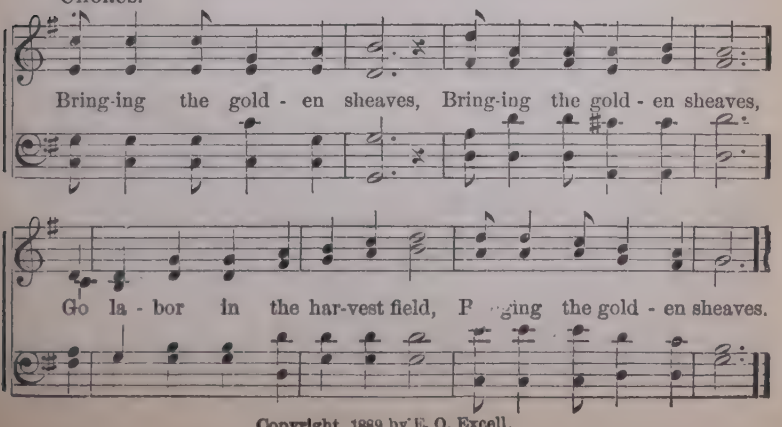


No. 193. Bringing the Golden Sheaves.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Go la - bor in the har - vest field, Bringing the gold - en sheaves;
2. Think not of ease, but la - bor on, Bringing the gold - en sheaves;
3. The evening calls the reap - ers home, Bringing the gold - en sheaves;
4. The saints will gath er by and by, Bringing the gold - en sheaves;
Re turn with an a - bun-dant yield, Bringing the gold - en sheaves.
And toil til set - ting of the sun, Bringing the gold - en sheaves.
And bear - in re - cious fruit they come, Bringing the gold - en sheaves.
With Je - sus in the home on high, Bringing the gold - en sheaves.

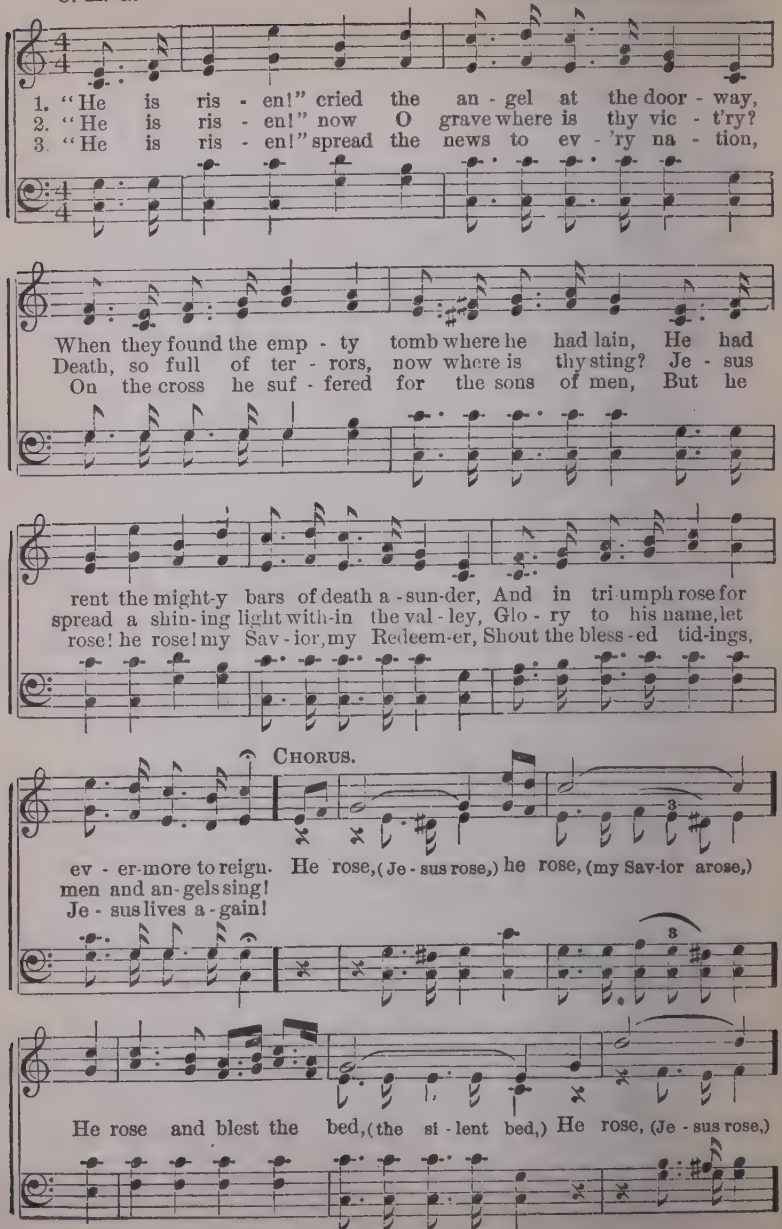
CHORUS.



Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

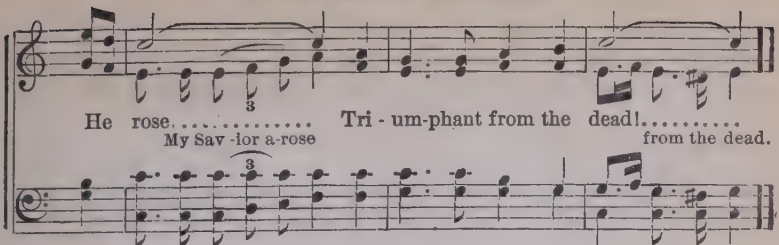
No. 194. He is Risen!

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. "He is ris - en!" cried the an - gel at the door - way,
2. "He is ris - en!" now O grave where is thy vic - t'ry?
3. "He is ris - en!" spread the news to ev - 'ry na - tion,
When they found the emp - ty tomb where he had lain, He had
Death, so full of ter - rors, now where is thy sting? Je - sus
On the cross he suf - fered for the sons of men, But he
rent the might-y bars of death a - sun-der, And in tri-umph rose for
spread a shin-ing light with-in the val - ley, Glo - ry to his name, let
rose! he rose! my Sav - ior, my Redeem-er, Shout the bless - ed tid-ings,
CHORUS.
ev - er-more to reign. He rose, (Je - sus rose,) he rose, (my Sav-ior arose,)
men and an-gels sing!
Je - sus lives a - gain!
He rose and blest the bed, (the si - lent bed,) He rose, (Je - sus rose,)

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

He is Risen! Concluded.



No. 195. Silent Night.

Christmas Song.

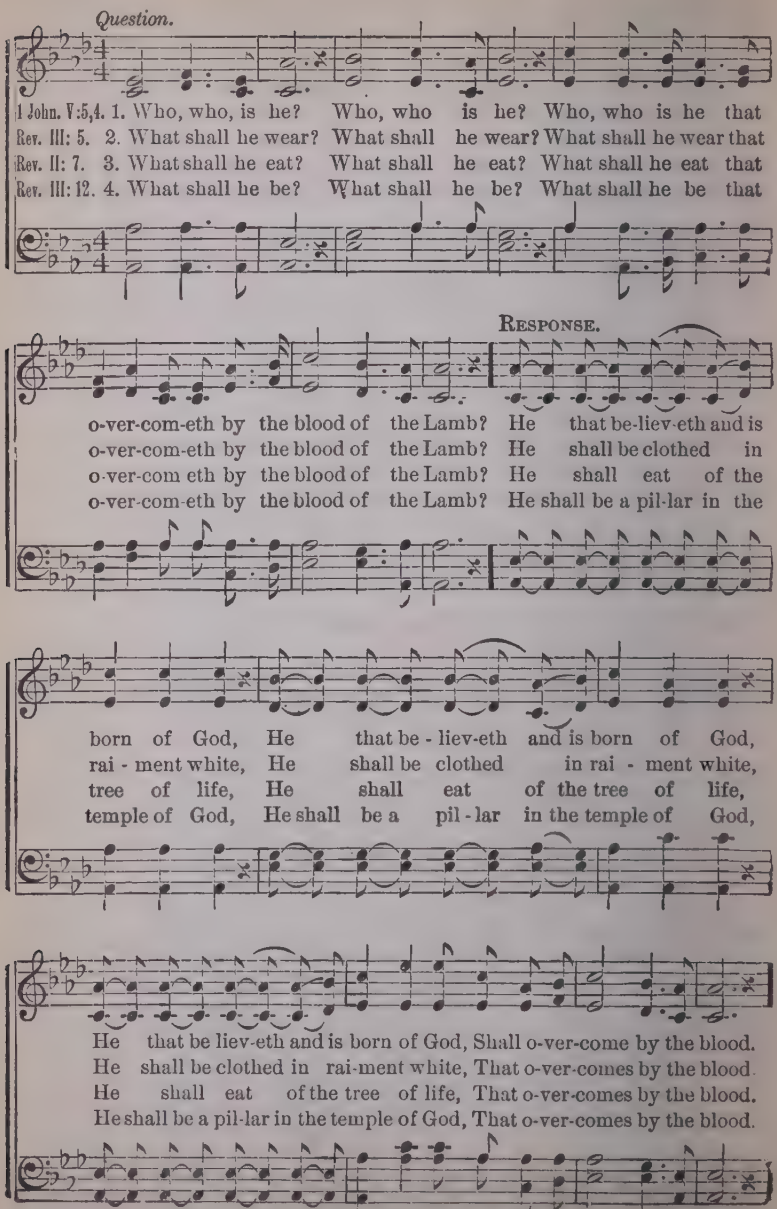
ANON. IRA O. HOFFMAN.

Expressive.
cres.
pp
1. Si - lent night! shad - ow - y night! Pur - ple dome,
2. Si - lent night! mys - ti - cal night! Kings and seers
3. Ho - ly night! her - ald - ing dawn! Far and near
f
star - ry light! Pour - ing splen-dor of cen - tu - ries down,
sought thy light. Where the watch of the shep-herds is kept,
breaks the morn! Breaks the day when the Sav ior of men,
Gold and pur - ple, a glo - ri - ous crown, Where the man - ger so
Heavenly hosts thro' the still-ness have swept, Clear, pro claim-ing a
Bring-ing par - don and heal-ing a - gain, "Ho - ly harm-less and
dim.
rude and wild Cra-dles a child, a sleep - ing child.
Sav - ior born! Sing-ing the morn, the Christ-mas morn.
un - de - filed," Com-eth a child, a lit - tle child.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

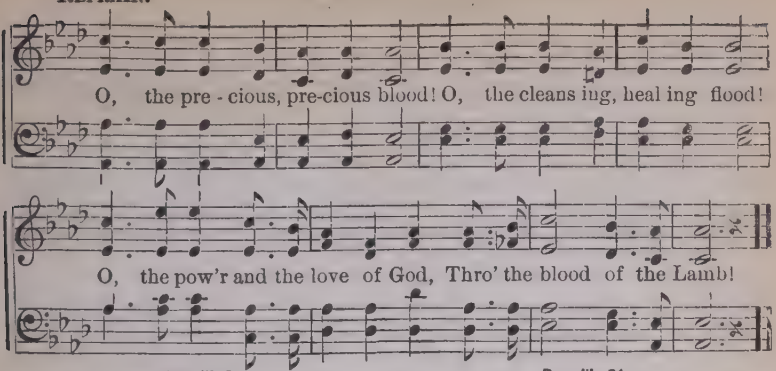
No. 196. "Overcomers."

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


Question.
1 John. V:5,4. 1. Who, who, is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that
Rev. III: 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that
Rev. II: 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that
Rev. III: 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that
Response.
o-ver-com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is
o-ver-com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
o-ver-com eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
o-ver-com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the
born of God, He that be - liev-eth and is born of God,
rai - ment white, He shall be clothed in rai - ment white,
tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
temple of God, He shall be a pil - lar in the temple of God,
He that be liev-eth and is born of God, Shall o-ver-come by the blood.
He shall be clothed in rai-ment white, That o-ver-comes by the blood.
He shall eat of the tree of life, That o-ver-comes by the blood.
He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God, That o-ver-comes by the blood.

Copyright, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

REFRAIN.



Rev. III: 5.

5 ‖: What shall he hear?:‖ that over- cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall hear his name con- | fessed in heaven,:‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. XXI: 7.

6 ‖: What shall he have?:‖ that over- cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: God will give him all things, and | make him his son,:‖
That overcomes by the blood.

Rev. III: 21.

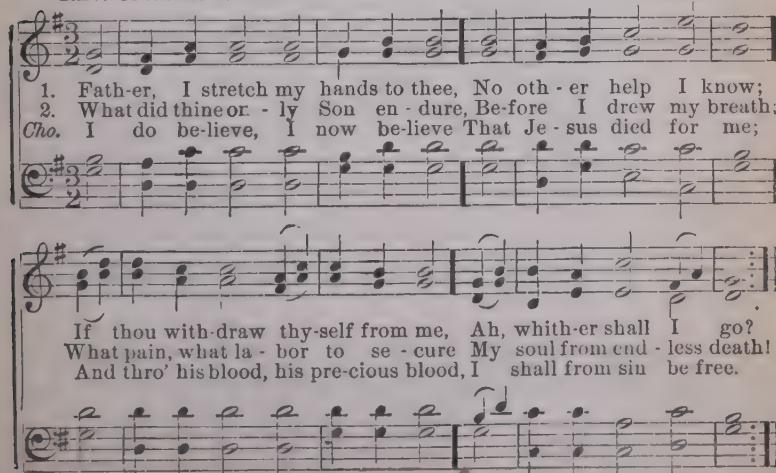
7 ‖: Where shall he sit?:‖ that over- cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his throne,:‖
That overcomes by the blood.

1, John, V: 4.

8 ‖: What is the victory? :‖ that over- cometh
By the blood of the Lamb?
‖: Faith is the victory that | over- cometh
By the blood of the Lamb.

No. 197. I Do Believe. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.


1. Fath-er, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
Cho. I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me;
If thou with-draw thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And thro' his blood, his pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

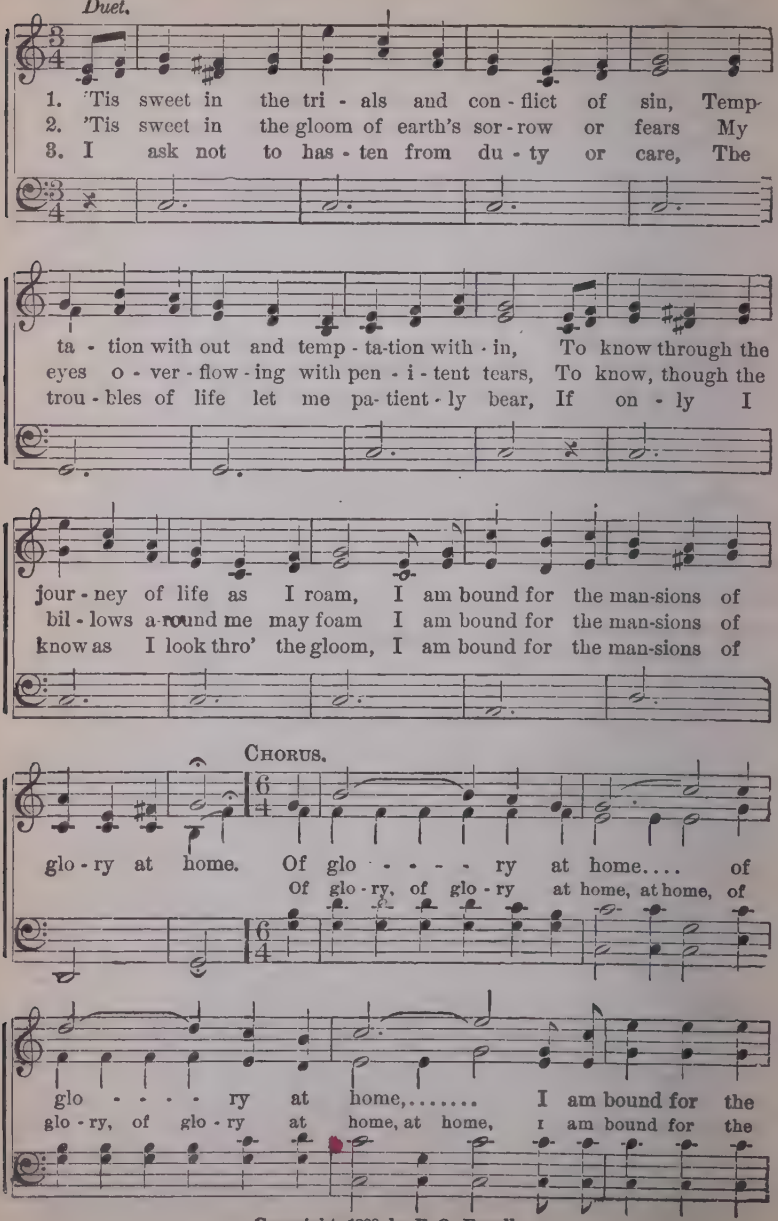
3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst re- | lieve,
In this accepted hour. *Cho.*

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

No.198. Bound for the Mansions of Glory.

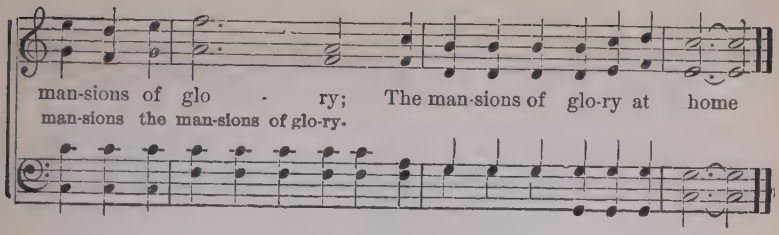
J. W. Smith. H. A. Lewis.

Duet.


1. 'Tis sweet in the tri - als and con - flict of sin, Temp-
2. 'Tis sweet in the gloom of earth's sor - row or fears My
3. I ask not to has - ten from du - ty or care, The
ta - tion with out and temp - ta-tion with - in, To know through the
eyes o - ver - flow - ing with pen - i - tent tears, To know, though the
trou - bles of life let me pa-tient - ly bear, If on - ly I
jour - ney of life as I roam, I am bound for the man-sions of
bil - lows a-round me may foam I am bound for the man-sions of
know as I look thro' the gloom, I am bound for the man-sions of
Chorus.
glo - ry at home. Of glo - - - - - ry at home.... of
Of glo - ry, of glo - ry at home, at home, of
glo - - - - - ry at home,..... I am bound for the
glo - ry, of glo - ry at home, at home, I am bound for the

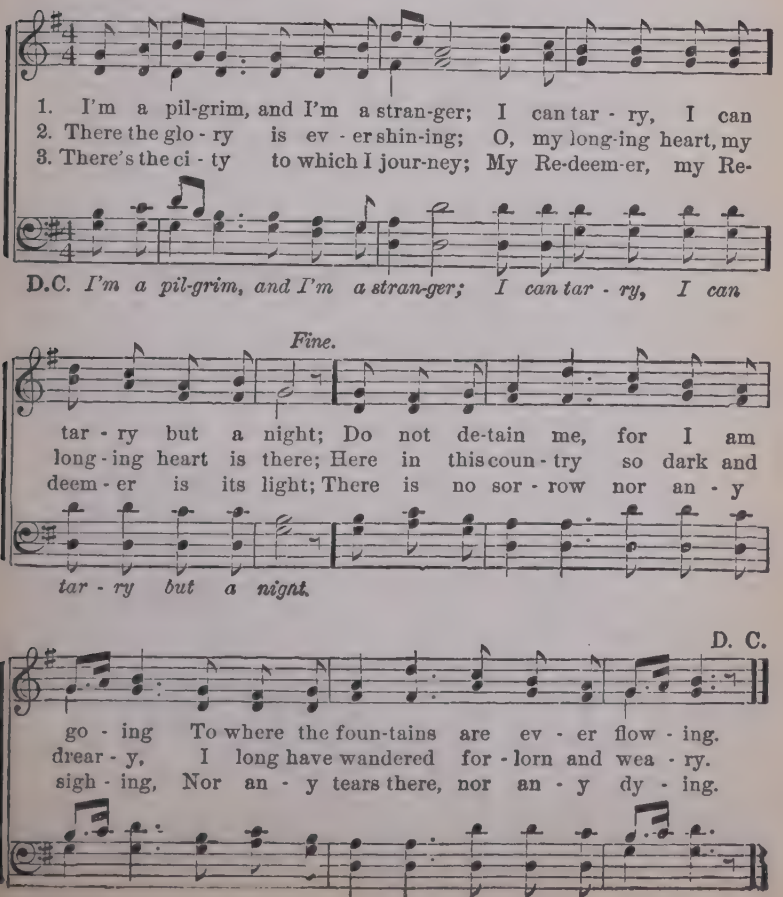
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Bound for the Mansions. Concluded.



No. 199. I'm a Pilgrim.

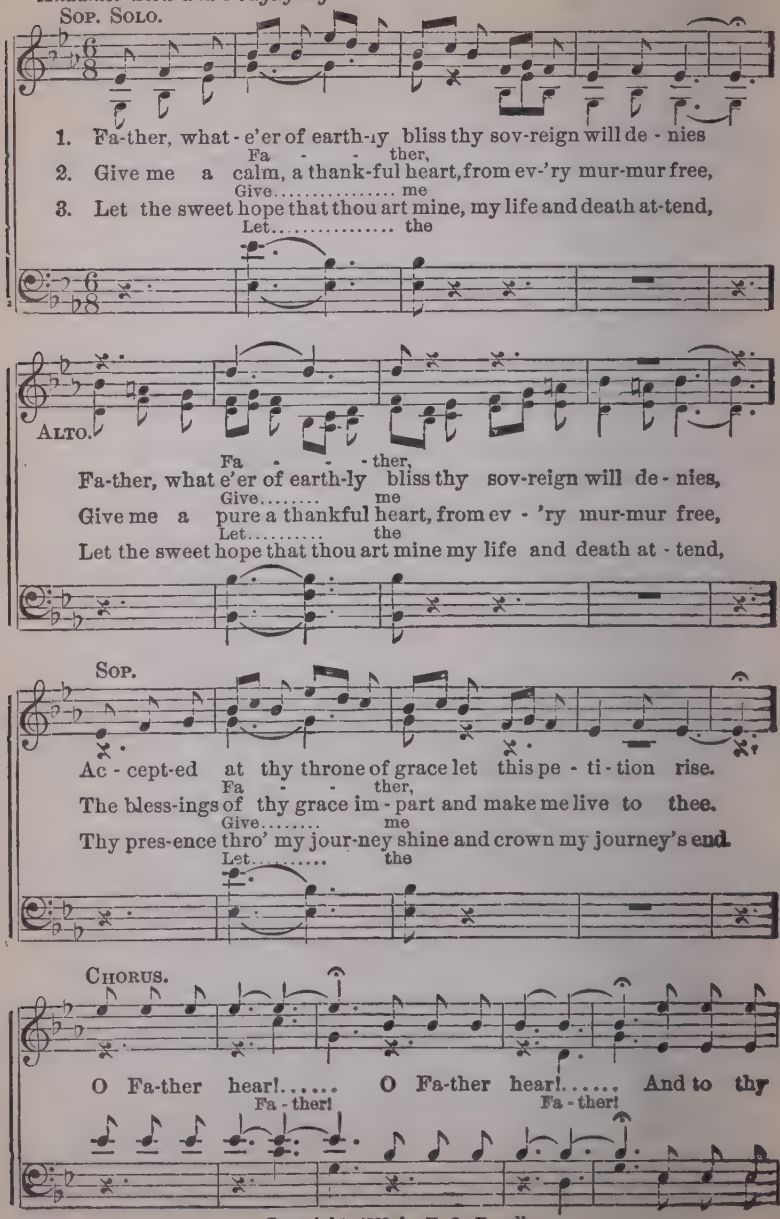
MRS. M. S. B. DANA.


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shin-ing; O, my long-ing heart, my
3. There's the ci - ty to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-
D.C. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry, I can
Fine.
tar - ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am
long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try so dark and
deem - er is its light; There is no sor - row nor an - y
tar - ry but a night.
D. C.
go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
drear - y, I long have wandered for - lorn and wea - ry.
sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.

No. 200. My Prayer,

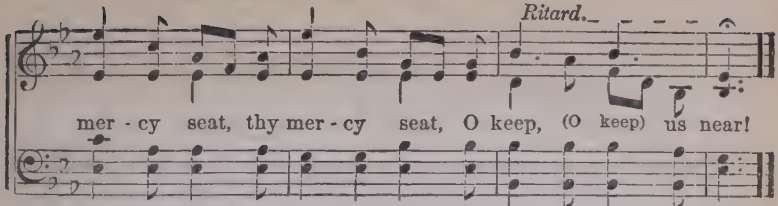
Arr. from Boito by F. L. Bristow.

Andante. Slow and Prayerfully.


Sop. Solo.
1. Fa-ther, what - e'er of earth-ly bliss thy sov-reign will de - nies
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, from ev-'ry mur-mur free,
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, my life and death at-tend,
Fa - - - ther,
Give..... me
Let..... the
Alto.
Fa - - - ther,
Fa-ther, what e'er of earth-ly bliss thy sov-reign will de - nies,
Give..... me
Give me a pure a thankful heart, from ev - 'ry mur-mur free,
Let..... the
Let the sweet hope that thou art mine my life and death at - tend,
Sop.
Ac - cept-ed at thy throne of grace let this pe - ti - tion rise.
Fa - - - ther,
The bless-ings of thy grace im - part and make me live to thee.
Give..... me
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour-ney shine and crown my journey's end.
Let..... the
Chorus.
O Fa-ther hear!..... O Fa-ther hear!..... And to thy
Fa - ther!
Fa - ther!

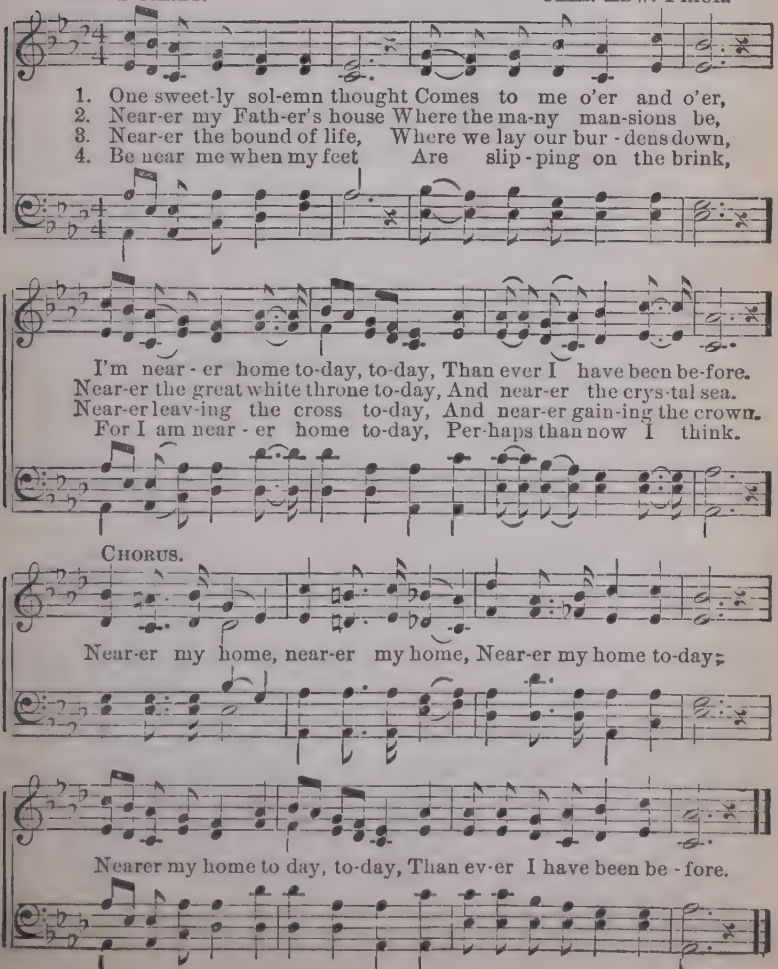
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

My Prayer. Concluded.



No. 201. One sweetly solemn Thought.

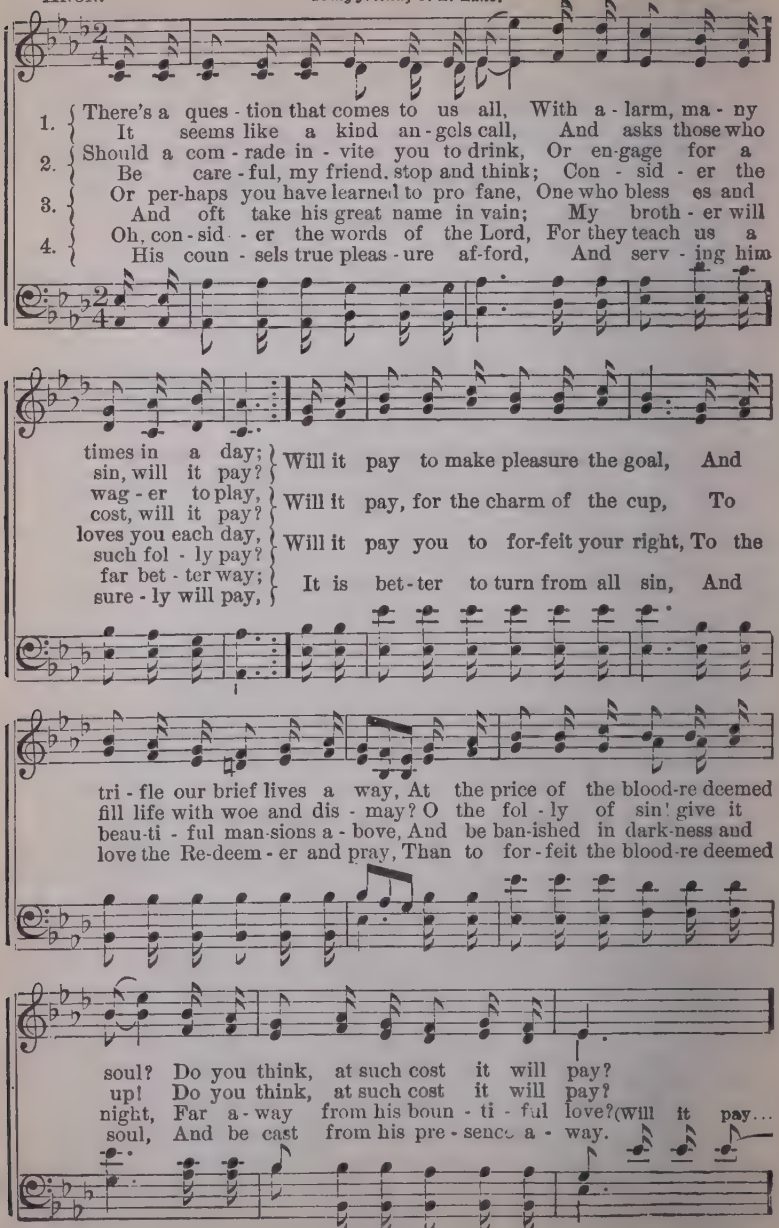
PHŒBE CAREY. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.


1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. Near-er my Fath-er's house Where the ma-ny man-sions be,
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,
4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping on the brink,
I'm near - er home to-day, to-day, Than ever I have been be-fore.
Near-er the great white throne to-day, And near-er the crys-tal sea.
Near-er leav-ing the cross to-day, And near-er gain-ing the crown.
For I am near - er home to-day, Per-haps than now I think.
CHORUS.
Near-er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day;
Nearer my home to day, to-day, Than ev-er I have been be - fore.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

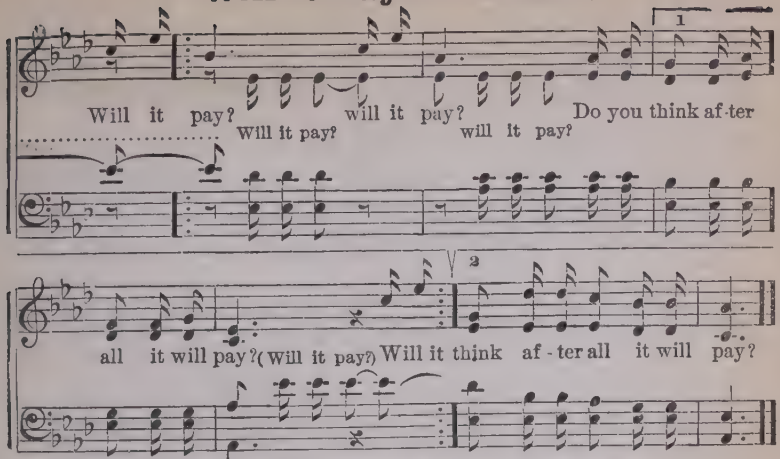
No. 202. Will it Pay?

ANON. *To my friend, C. E. Lane.* E. O. EXCELL.

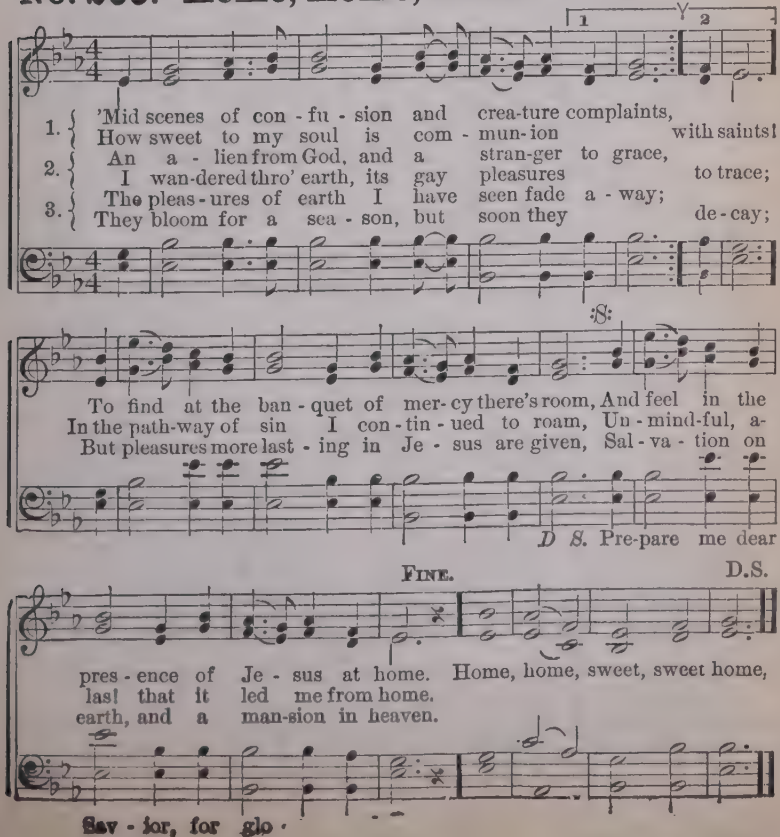

1. There's a ques - tion that comes to us all, With a - larm, ma - ny
It seems like a kind an - gels call, And asks those who
2. Should a com - rade in - vite you to drink, Or en-gage for a
Be care - ful, my friend, stop and think; Con - sid - er the
3. Or per-haps you have learned to pro fane, One who bless es and
And oft take his great name in vain; My broth - er will
4. Oh, con-sid - er the words of the Lord, For they teach us a
His coun - sels true pleas - ure af-ford, And serv - ing him
times in a day; Will it pay to make pleasure the goal, And
sin, will it pay?
wag - er to play, Will it pay, for the charm of the cup, To
cost, will it pay?
loves you each day, Will it pay you to for-feit your right, To the
such fol - ly pay?
far bet - ter way; It is bet - ter to turn from all sin, And
sure - ly will pay,
tri - fle our brief lives a way, At the price of the blood-re deemed
fill life with woe and dis - may? O the fol - ly of sin! give it
beau-ti - ful man-sions a - bove, And be ban-ished in dark-ness and
love the Re-deem - er and pray, Than to for - feit the blood-re deemed
soul? Do you think, at such cost it will pay?
up! Do you think, at such cost it will pay?
night, Far a - way from his boun - ti - ful love? (Will it pay...
soul, And be cast from his pre - sence a - way.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Will it Pay? Concluded.

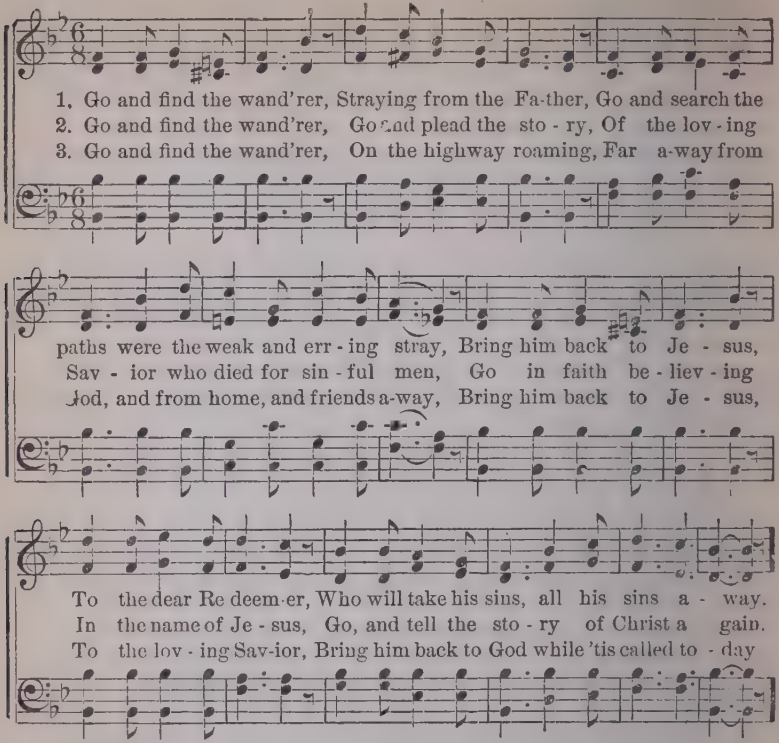

Will it pay? will it pay? Do you think af-ter
Will it pay? will it pay?
all it will pay? (Will it pay?) Will it think af-ter all it will pay?

No. 203. Home, Home, Sweet Home.

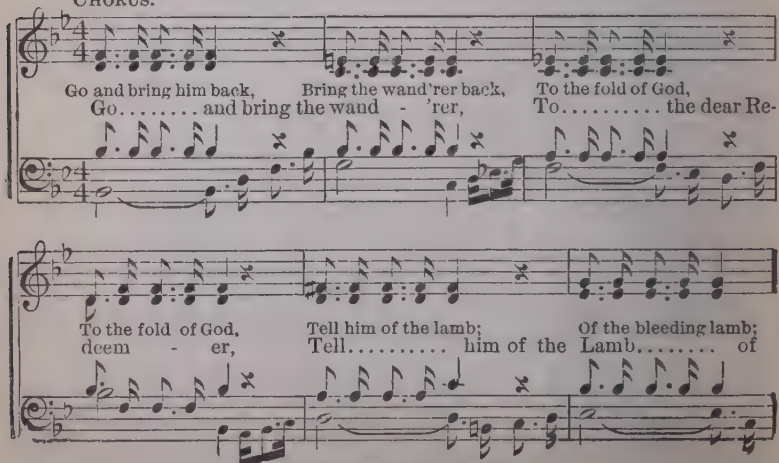

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com-mun-ion with saints!
2. An a-lien from God, and a stran-ger to grace,
I wan-dered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
3. The pleas-ures of earth I have seen fade a-way;
They bloom for a sea-son, but soon they de-cay;
:S:
To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path-way of sin I con-tin-ued to roam, Un-mind-ful, a-
But pleasures more last-ing in Je-sus are given, Sal-va-tion on
D S. Pre-pare me dear
FINE.
D.S.
pres-ence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
las! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man-sion in heaven.
Sav-ior, for glo-

No. 204. Go and find the Wand'rer.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

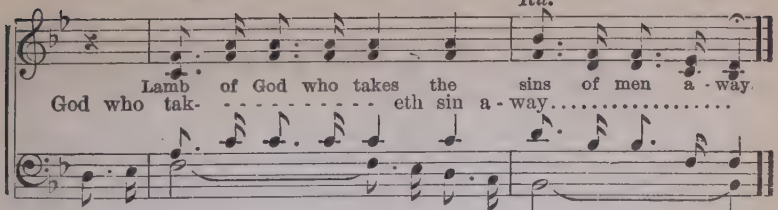

1. Go and find the wand'rer, Straying from the Fa-ther, Go and search the
2. Go and find the wand'rer, Go and plead the sto - ry, Of the lov - ing
3. Go and find the wand'rer, On the highway roaming, Far a-way from
paths were the weak and err - ing stray, Bring him back to Je - sus,
Sav - ior who died for sin - ful men, Go in faith be - liev - ing
God, and from home, and friends a-way, Bring him back to Je - sus,
To the dear Re deem-er, Who will take his sins, all his sins a - way.
In the name of Je - sus, Go, and tell the sto - ry of Christ a gain.
To the lov - ing Sav-ior, Bring him back to God while 'tis called to - day

Chorus.

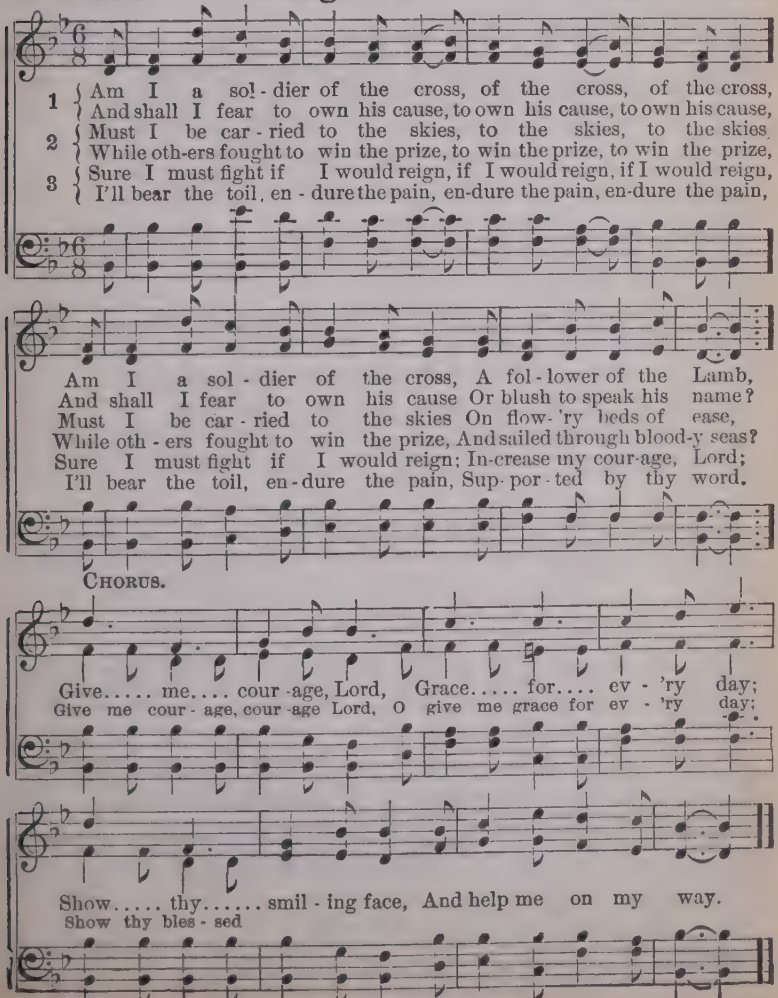

Go and bring him back, Bring the wand'rer back, To the fold of God,
Go..... and bring the wand - 'rer, To..... the dear Re-
To the fold of God, Tell him of the lamb; Of the bleeding lamb;
deem - er, Tell..... him of the Lamb..... of

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Go and find the Wand'rer. Concluded.

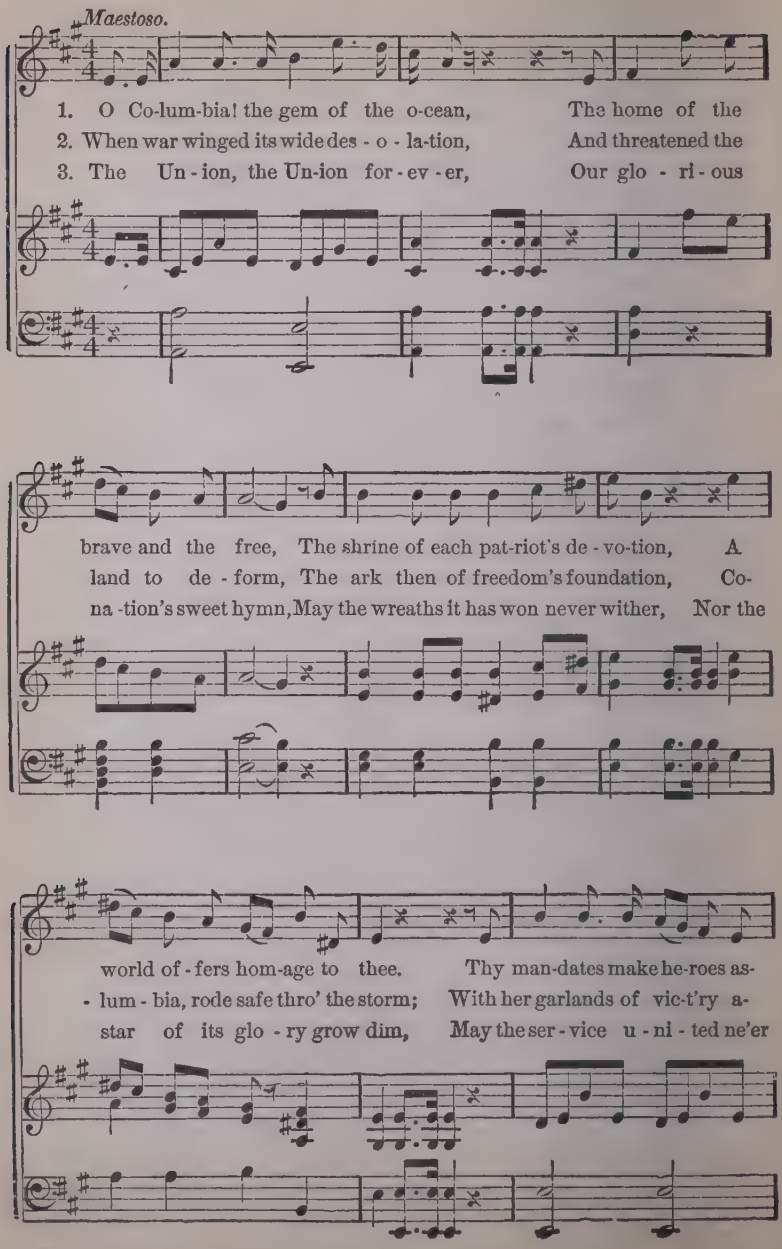


No. 205. Song of the Cross. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

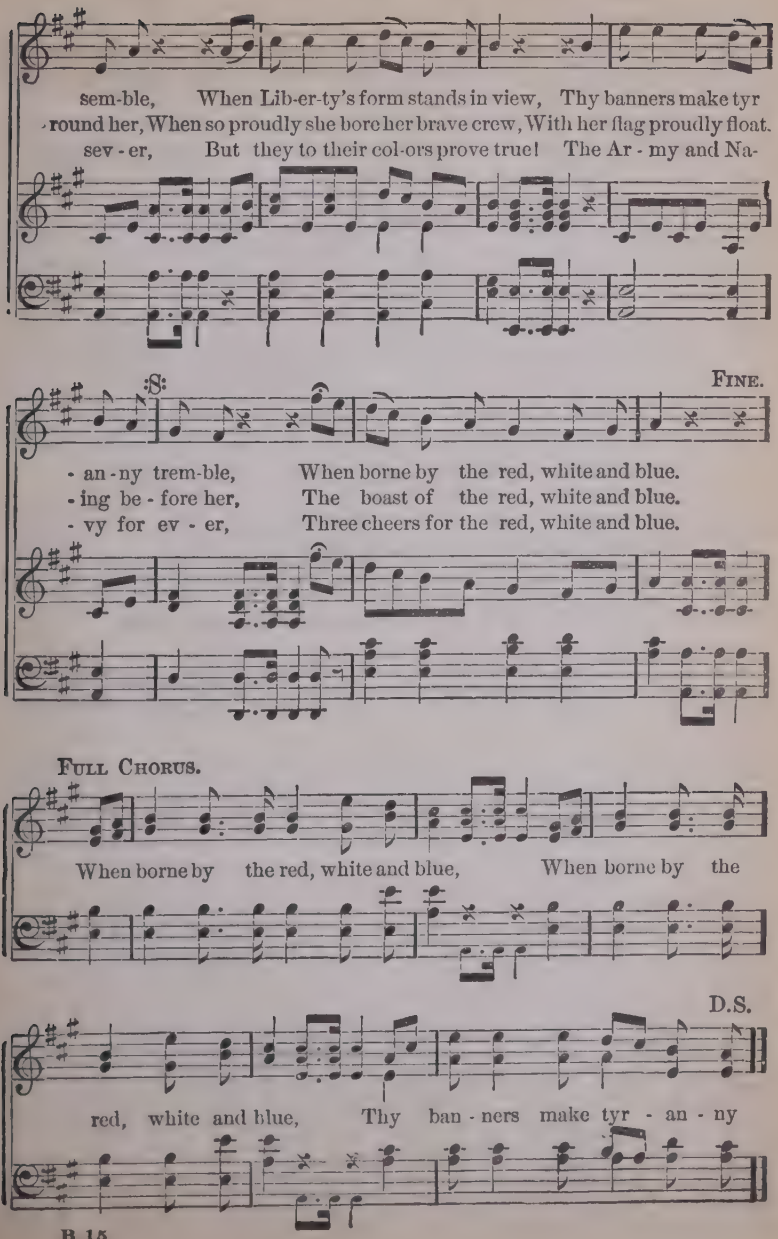

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, of the cross, of the cross,
And shall I fear to own his cause, to own his cause, to own his cause,
2 Must I be car - ried to the skies, to the skies, to the skies,
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, to win the prize, to win the prize,
3 Sure I must fight if I would reign, if I would reign, if I would reign,
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, en-dure the pain, en-dure the pain,
Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow- 'ry beds of ease,
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood-y seas?
Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup- por - ted by thy word.
CHORUS.
Give..... me.... cour -age, Lord, Grace..... for.... ev - 'ry day;
Give me cour - age, cour -age Lord, O give me grace for ev - 'ry day;
Show..... thy..... smil - ing face, And help me on my way.
Show thy bles - sed

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

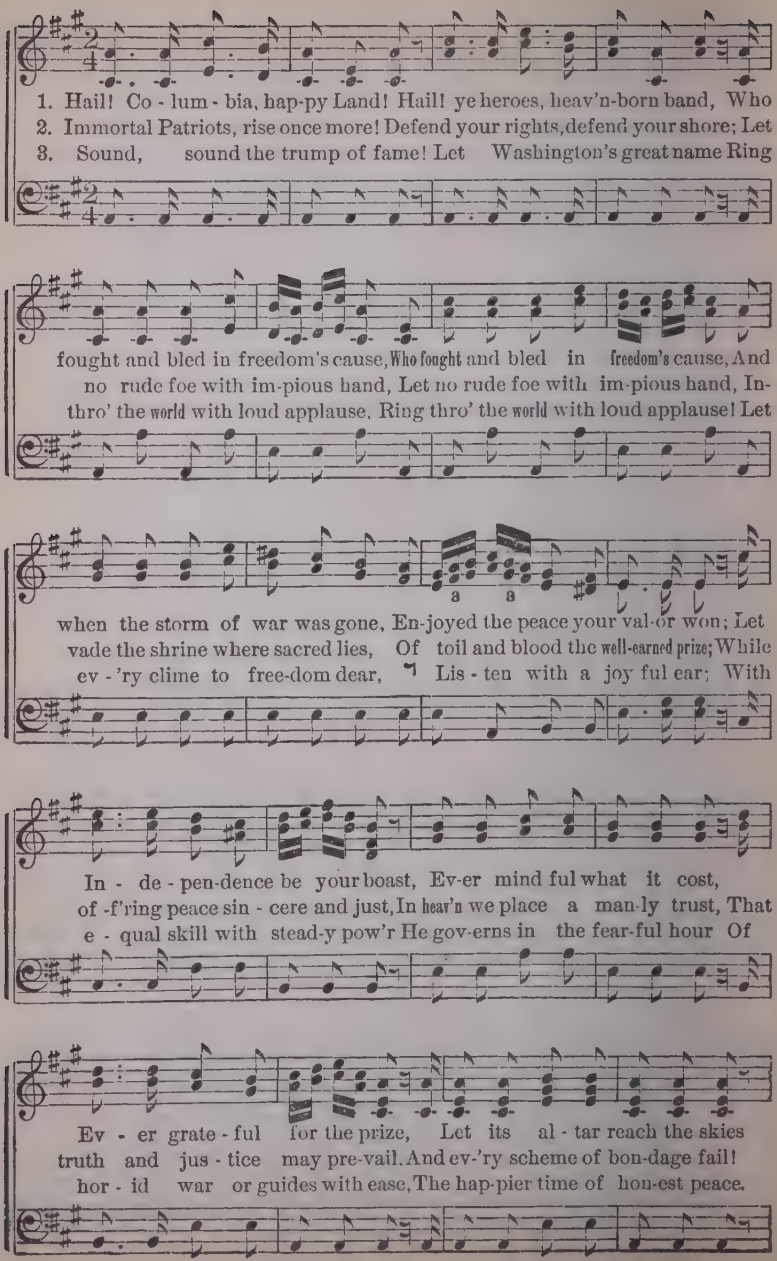
No. 206. Red, White and Blue.


Maestoso.
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la-tion, And threatened the
3. The Un - ion, the Un-ion for - ev - er, Our glo - ri - ous
brave and the free, The shrine of each pat-riot's de - vo-tion, A
land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-
na -tion's sweet hymn, May the wreaths it has won never wither, Nor the
world of - fers hom-age to thee. Thy man-dates make he-roes as-
- lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of vic-t'ry a-
star of its glo - ry grow dim, May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er

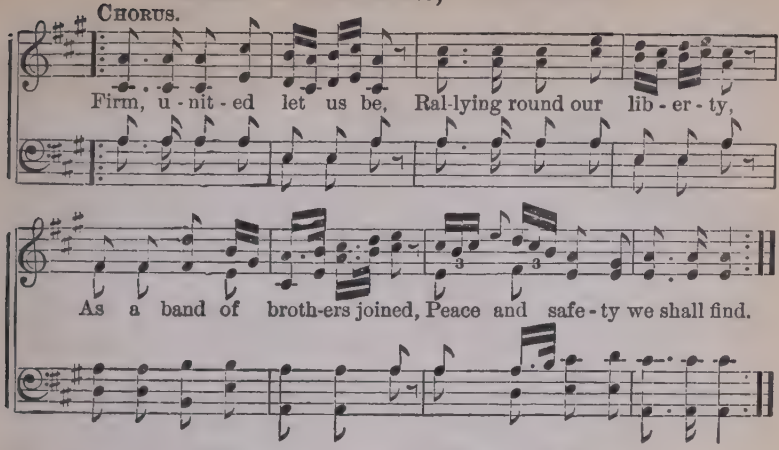
Red, White and Blue. Concluded.


sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view, Thy banners make tyr
round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly float.
sev - er, But they to their col-ors prove true! The Ar - my and Na-
FINE.
- an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
- ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
- vy for ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
FULL CHORUS.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the
D.S.
red, white and blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny

No. 207. Hail! Columbia.


1. Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap-py Land! Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who
2. Immortal Patriots, rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Washington's great name Ring
fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And
no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, In-
thro' the world with loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud applause! Let
when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won; Let
vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize; While
ev - 'ry clime to free-dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy ful ear; With
In - de - pen-dence be your boast, Ev-er mind ful what it cost,
of - f'ring peace sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man-ly trust, That
e - qual skill with stead-y pow'r He gov-erns in the fear-ful hour Of
Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies
truth and jus - tice may pre-vail, And ev-'ry scheme of bon-dage fail!
hor - id war or guides with ease, The hap-pier time of hon-est peace.

Hail! Columbia, Concluded.



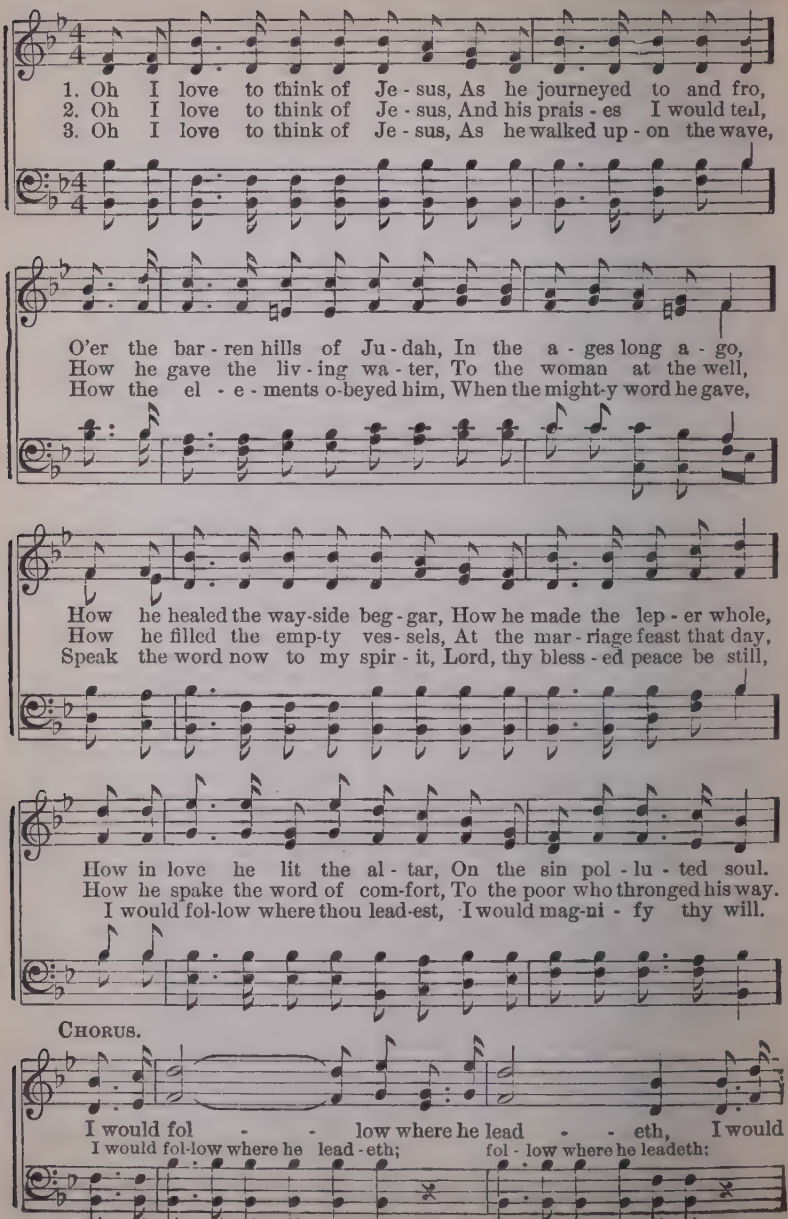
No. 208. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. AMERICA. 6, 4.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
5. Our fath - er's God to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's
cres.
Pil-grim's pride, From ev' - ry moun-tain side, Let free - dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a-bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their sil - ence break, The sound pro long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

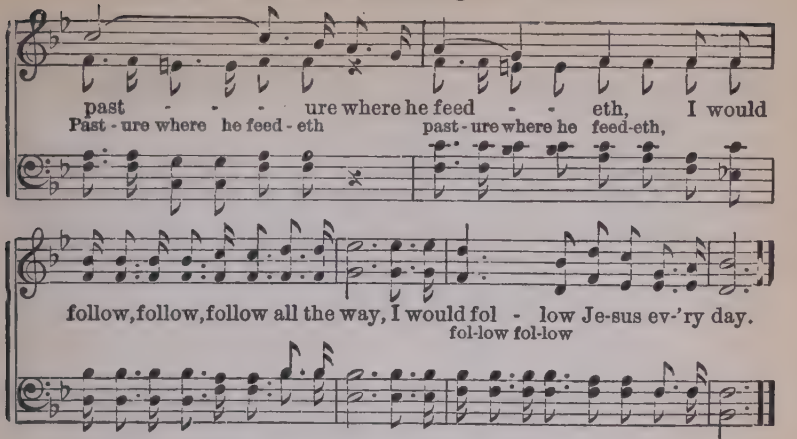
No. 209. Follow all the Way.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. Oh I love to think of Je - sus, As he journeyed to and fro,
2. Oh I love to think of Je - sus, And his prais - es I would tell,
3. Oh I love to think of Je - sus, As he walked up - on the wave,
O'er the bar - ren hills of Ju - dah, In the a - ges long a - go,
How he gave the liv - ing wa - ter, To the woman at the well,
How the el - e - ments o-beyed him, When the might-y word he gave,
How he healed the way-side beg - gar, How he made the lep - er whole,
How he filled the emp-ty ves- sels, At the mar - riage feast that day,
Speak the word now to my spir - it, Lord, thy bless - ed peace be still,
How in love he lit the al - tar, On the sin pol - lu - ted soul.
How he spake the word of com-fort, To the poor who thronged his way.
I would fol-low where thou lead-est, I would mag-ni - fy thy will.
Chorus.
I would fol - low where he lead - eth, I would
I would fol-low where he lead - eth;
fol - low where he leadeth;

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Follow all the Way. Concluded.


past - - - ure where he feed - - eth, I would
Past - ure where he feed - eth past - ure where he feed-eth,
follow, follow, follow all the way, I would fol - low Je-sus ev-'ry day.
fol-low fol-low

Responsive Services.

"Follow all the Way."

No. 210.

LEADER.

And it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee.

SCHOOL.

And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off:

LEADER.

And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.

SCHOOL.

And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed.

LEADER.

And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God.

SCHOOL.

And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan.

LEADER.

And he said unto Him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.

*Sing No. 209, "Oh I love to think of Jesus," etc.

No. 211.

LEADER.

Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

SCHOOL.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus upon the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

LEADER.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.

(For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.)

SCHOOL.

Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou being a Jew, asketh drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

LEADER.

Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

SCHOOL.

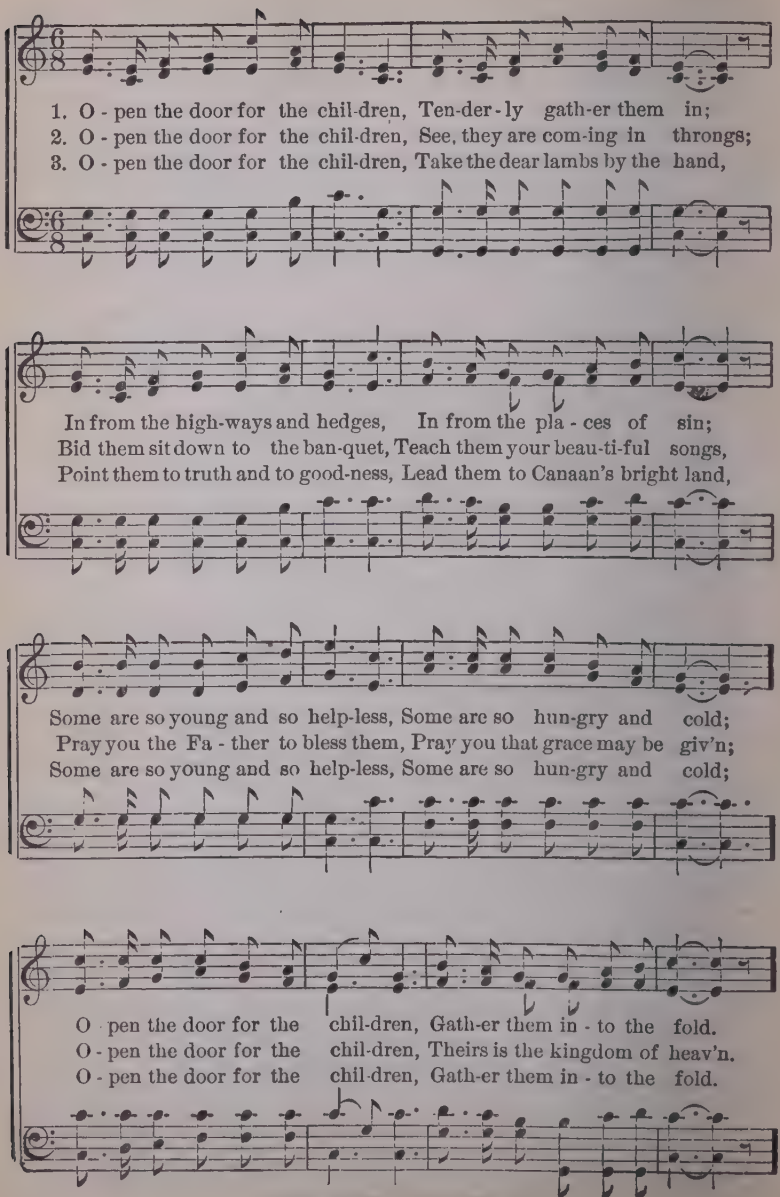
The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses, No. 209, "Oh I love to think of Jesus," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

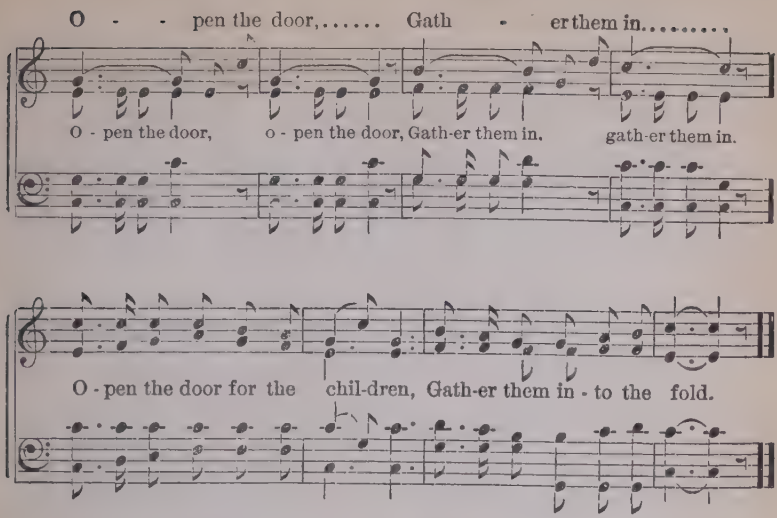
No. 212. Open the Door for the Children.

E. O. Excell.


1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in;
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,
In from the high-ways and hedges, In from the pla - ces of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs,
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Canaan's bright land,
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the kingdom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Open the Door. Concluded.


O - - pen the door,..... Gath - er them in.....
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

Responsive Services.

"Open the Door for the Children."

No. 213.

LEADER.

Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many:

SCHOOL.

And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

LEADER.

And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 212, "Open the Door," etc.

LEADER.

And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

SCHOOL.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

LEADER.

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

*Sing 2d verse, "Open the Door," etc.

No. 214.

LEADER.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

SCHOOL.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

LEADER.

My son, keep thy father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother:

*Sing 1st verse, No.212, "Open the Door," etc.

LEADER.

Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

SCHOOL.

When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.

LEADER.

For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life:

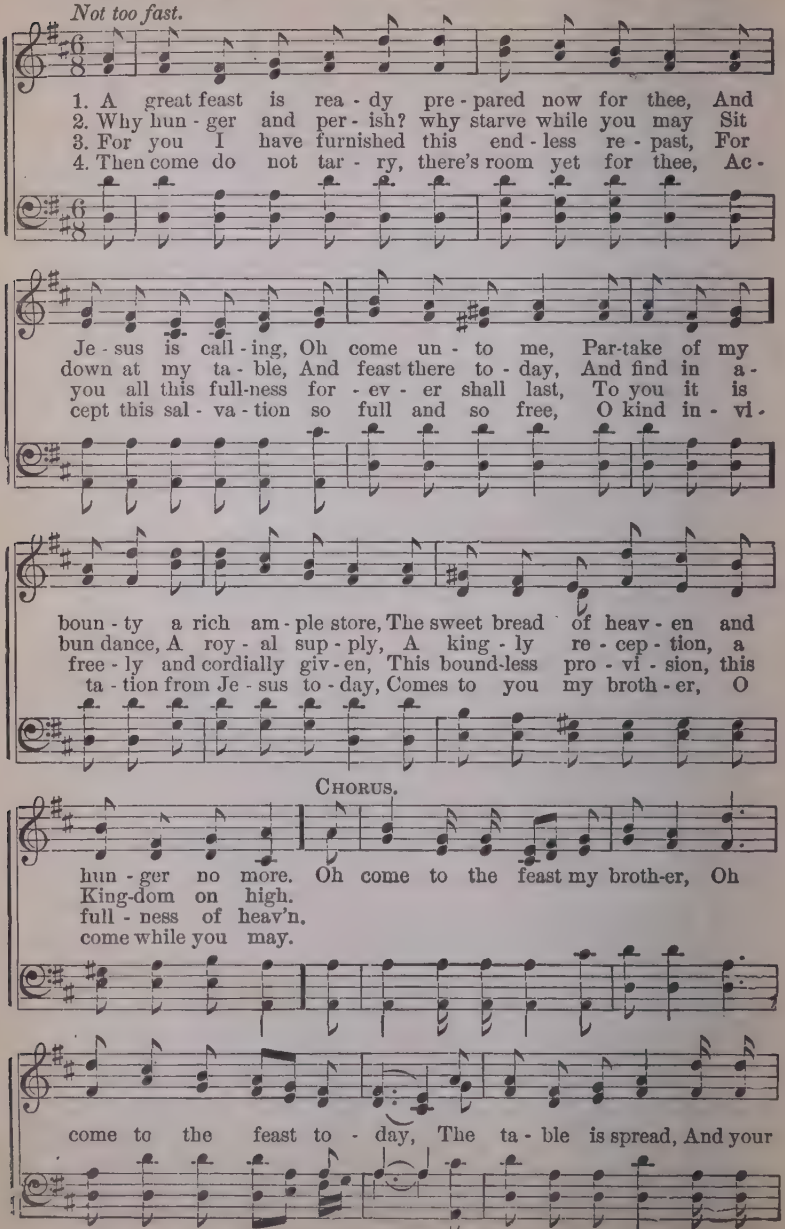
*Sing 2d verse, "Open the Door," etc.

The organist should be prompt in giving the key to song

No. 215. Oh Come to the Feast.

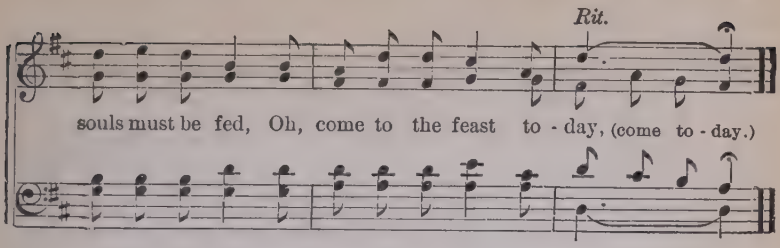
REV. JOHN MCPHAIL. May be sung as a duet. M. L. MCPHAIL.

Not too fast.


1. A great feast is rea - dy pre - pared now for thee, And
2. Why hun - ger and per - ish? why starve while you may Sit
3. For you I have furnished this end - less re - past, For
4. Then come do not tar - ry, there's room yet for thee, Ac -
Je - sus is call - ing, Oh come un - to me, Par-take of my
down at my ta - ble, And feast there to - day, And find in a -
you all this full-ness for - ev - er shall last, To you it is
cept this sal - va - tion so full and so free, O kind in - vi -
boun - ty a rich am - ple store, The sweet bread of heav - en and
bun dance, A roy - al sup - ply, A king - ly re - cep - tion, a
free - ly and cordially giv - en, This bound-less pro - vi - sion, this
ta - tion from Je - sus to - day, Comes to you my broth - er, O
CHORUS.
hun - ger no more. Oh come to the feast my broth-er, Oh
King-dom on high.
full - ness of heav'n,
come while you may.
come to the feast to - day, The ta - ble is spread, And your

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

O Come to the Feast. Concluded.



Responsive Service.

"O Come to the Feast."

No. 216.

LEADER.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

SCHOOL.

I am that bread of life.

LEADER.

Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead.

*Sing 1st verse No. 215, "A great feast is ready," etc.

LEADER.

This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.

SCHOOL.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever:

LEADER.

And the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

*Sing 2d verse, "Why hunger," etc.

No. 217.

LEADER.

Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat.

SCHOOL.

Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 215, A great feast," etc.

LEADER.

For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

SCHOOL.

Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.

LEADER.

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

*Sing 3rd and 4th verses, No. 215.

No. 218.

LEADER.

Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.

SCHOOL.

Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.

LEADER.

For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

SCHOOL.

He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.

LEADER.

As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.

SCHOOL.

This is the bread which came down from heaven:

LEADER.

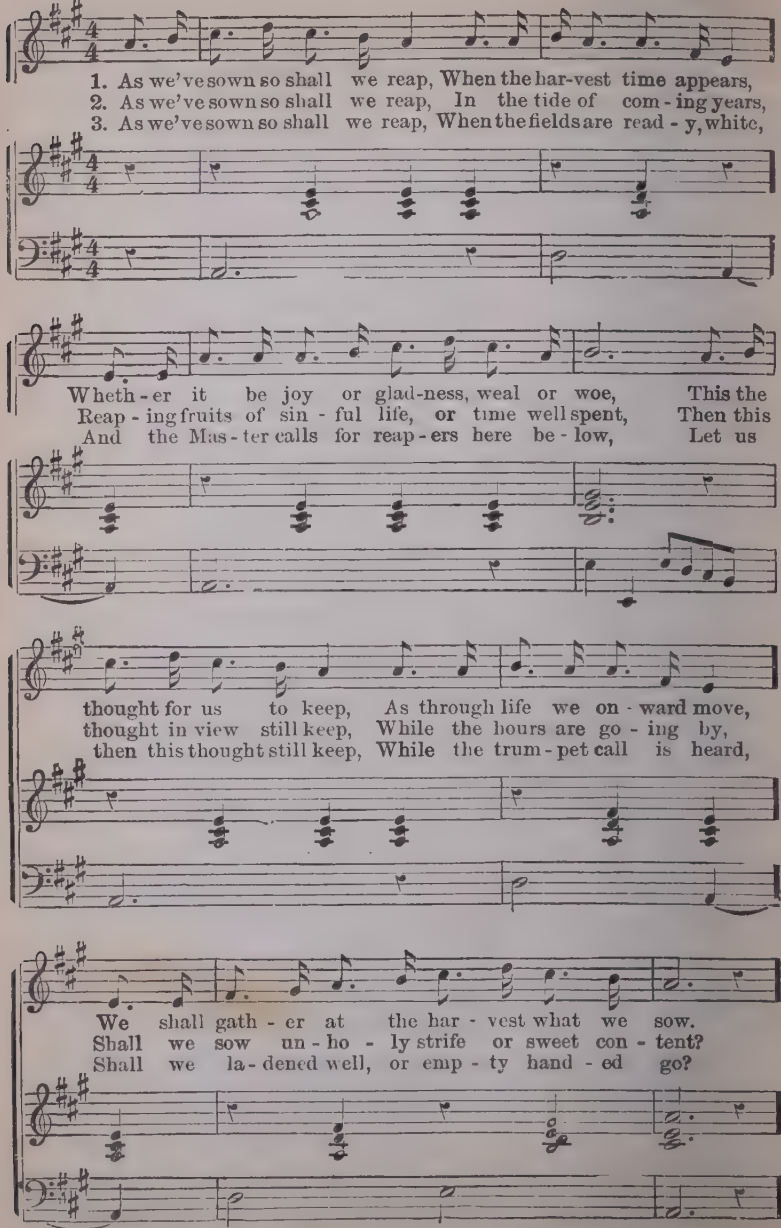
Not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever.

*Sing all or part of No. 215, "A great feast" etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

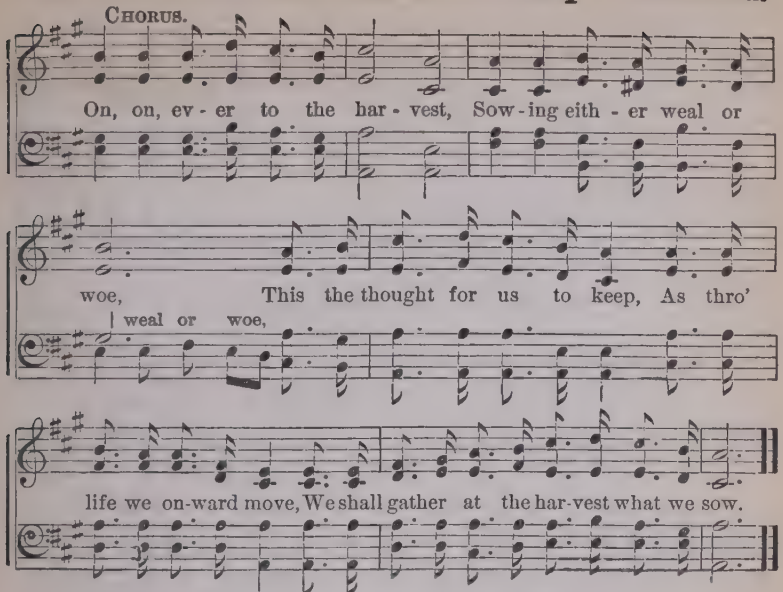
No. 219. As we've sown so shall we reap.

F. M. D. F. M. Davis.


1. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the har-vest time appears,
2. As we've sown so shall we reap, In the tide of com-ing years,
3. As we've sown so shall we reap, When the fields are read-y, white,
Wheth-er it be joy or glad-ness, weal or woe, This the
Reap-ing fruits of sin-ful life, or time well spent, Then this
And the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers here be-low, Let us
thought for us to keep, As through life we on-ward move,
thought in view still keep, While the hours are go-ing by,
then this thought still keep, While the trum-pet call is heard,
We shall gath-er at the har-vest what we sow.
Shall we sow un-ho-ly strife or sweet con-tent?
Shall we la-dened well, or emp-ty hand-ed go?

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

As we've sown so shall we reap. Concluded.


Chorus.
On, on, ev - er to the har - vest, Sow - ing eith - er weal or
woe, This the thought for us to keep, As thro'
weal or woe,
life we on-ward move, We shall gather at the har-vest what we sow.

Responsive Services.

"As we've Sown so shall we Reap."

No. 220.

LEADER.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

SCHOOL.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

LEADER.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 219, "As we've Sown," etc.

LEADER.

For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness.

SCHOOL.

What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death.

LEADER.

As righteousness tendeth to life; so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses, "As we've Sown," etc.

No. 221.

LEADER.

The wicked worketh a deceitful work: but to him that soweth righteousnes shall be a sure reward.

SCHOOL.

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

LEADER.

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 219, "As we've Sown," etc.

LEADER.

But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.

SCHOOL.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

LEADER.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

*Sing 3d verse, "As we've Sown," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 222. Star of the East.

BISHOP HEBER. H. P. DANKS.

mf Flowing
1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our
2. Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de - vo - tion, O - dor's of
dark - ness, And lend us thine aid; Star of the East—the ho -
E - dom, And of-f'rings de - vine? Gems of the moun-tain, and
ri - zon a-dorn - ing, Guide where the in-fant Re - deemer is laid:
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine;
Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies his
Vain - ly we of - fer each am-ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in
gold, would his fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far, is the

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Star of the East. Concluded.

slumber re-clin-ing, Mak-er and Monarch, and Sav-ior of all.
hearts ad-o-ra-tion, Dear-er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing; Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East; the ho-
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

Responsive Service.

No. 223. **"Star of the East."**

LEADER.

When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

SCHOOL.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

LEADER

And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet.

SCHOOL.

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 222, "Brightest and best," etc.

LEADER.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

SCHOOL.

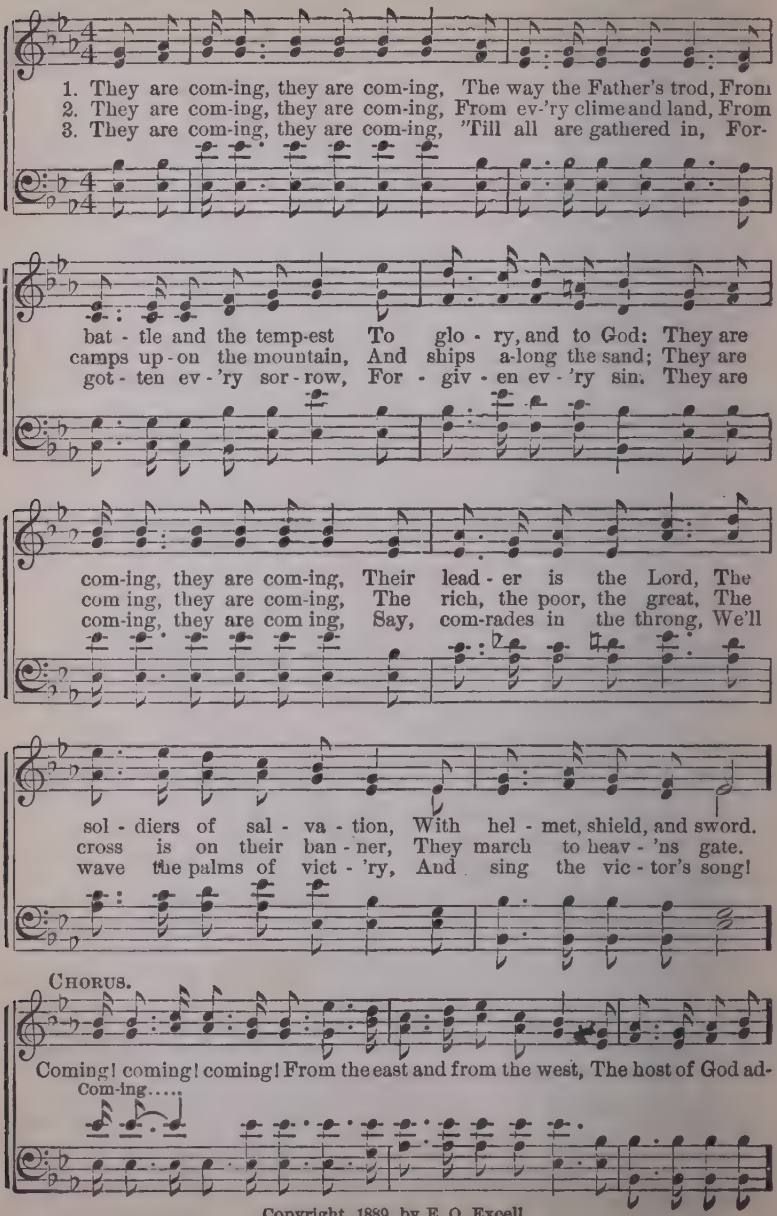
And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said: Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

Sing 2d verse, No. 222, "Say, shall we yield," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to song.

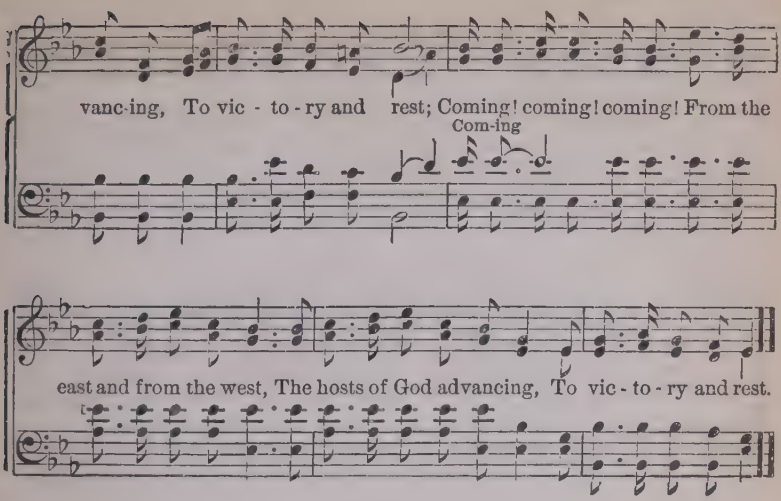
No. 224. They are Coming.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. They are com-ing, they are com-ing, The way the Father's trod, From
2. They are com-ing, they are com-ing, From ev-'ry clime and land, From
3. They are com-ing, they are com-ing, 'Till all are gathered in, For-
bat - tle and the temp-est To glo - ry, and to God: They are
camps up - on the mountain, And ships a-long the sand; They are
got - ten ev - 'ry sor - row, For - giv - en ev - 'ry sin. They are
com-ing, they are com-ing, Their lead - er is the Lord, The
com ing, they are com-ing, The rich, the poor, the great, The
com-ing, they are com ing, Say, com-rades in the throng, We'll
sol - diers of sal - va - tion, With hel - met, shield, and sword.
cross is on their ban - ner, They march to heav - 'ns gate.
wave the palms of vict - 'ry, And sing the vic - tor's song!
CHORUS.
Coming! coming! coming! From the east and from the west, The host of God ad-
Com-ing.....

Copyright, 1889, by E O. Excell.

They are Coming. Concluded.


vanc-ing, To vic - to-ry and rest; Coming! coming! coming! From the
Com-ing
east and from the west, The hosts of God advancing, To vic - to-ry and rest.

Responsive Services.

"They are Coming."

No. 225.

LEADER.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

SCHOOL.

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

LEADER.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he is our help and our shield.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 224, "They are coming," etc.

LEADER.

But let all those that put their trust in thee, rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

SCHOOL.

For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

LEADER.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses.

No. 226.

LEADER.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

SCHOOL.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

LEADER.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 224, "They are coming," etc.

LEADER.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

SCHOOL.

O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield

LEADER.

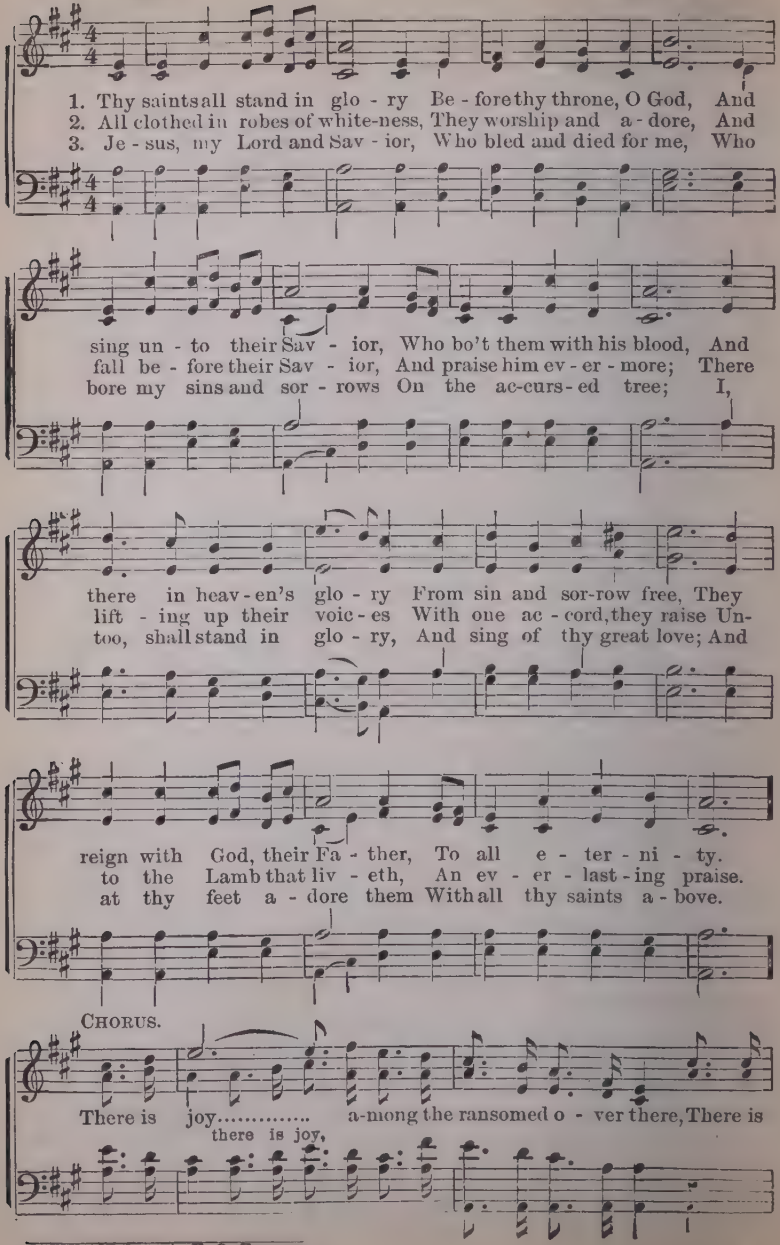
Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses

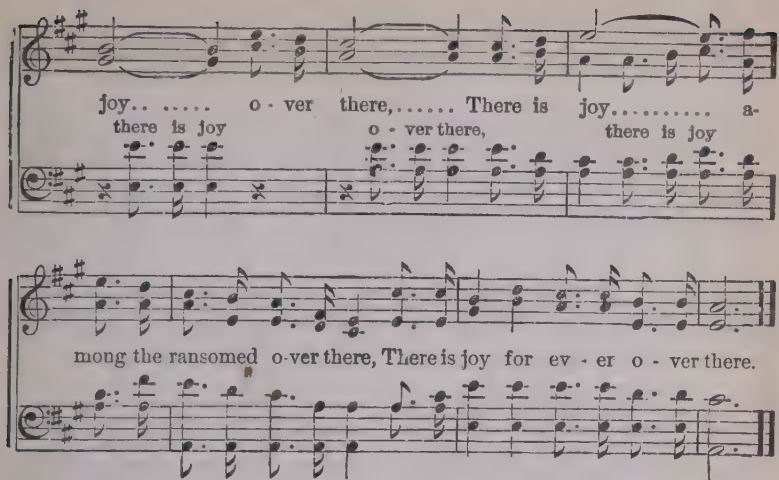
*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 227. Saints in Glory!

C. BISSETT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Thy saints all stand in glo - ry Be - fore thy throne, O God, And
2. All clothed in robes of white-ness, They worship and a - dore, And
3. Je - sus, my Lord and Sav - ior, Who bled and died for me, Who
sing un - to their Sav - ior, Who bo't them with his blood, And
fall be - fore their Sav - ior, And praise him ev - er - more; There
bore my sins and sor - rows On the ac-curs-ed tree; I,
there in heav-en's glo - ry From sin and sor-row free, They
lift - ing up their voic - es With one ac - cord, they raise Un-
too, shall stand in glo - ry, And sing of thy great love; And
reign with God, their Fa - ther, To all e - ter - ni - ty.
to the Lamb that liv - eth, An ev - er - last - ing praise.
at thy feet a - dore them With all thy saints a - bove.
CHORUS.
There is joy..... a-mong the ransomed o - ver there, There is
there is joy,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. EXCELL.


joy.. ..... o - ver there,..... There is joy..... a-
there is joy o - ver there, there is joy
mong the ransomed o-ver there, There is joy for ev - er o - ver there.

Responsive Services.

"Saints in Glory."

No. 228.

LEADER.

I will extol Thee, O Lord: for thou hast lifted me up, and has not made my foes to rejoice over me.

SCHOOL.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

LEADER.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 227. "Thy Saints all stand," etc.

LEADER.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

SCHOOL.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

LEADER.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

*Sing 2d and 3rd verses.

No. 229.

LEADER.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

SCHOOL.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

LEADER.

I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

*Sing 1st verse No. 227. "Thy Saints all stand," etc.

LEADER.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

SCHOOL.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

LEADER.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more.

*Sing 2nd and 3d verses.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

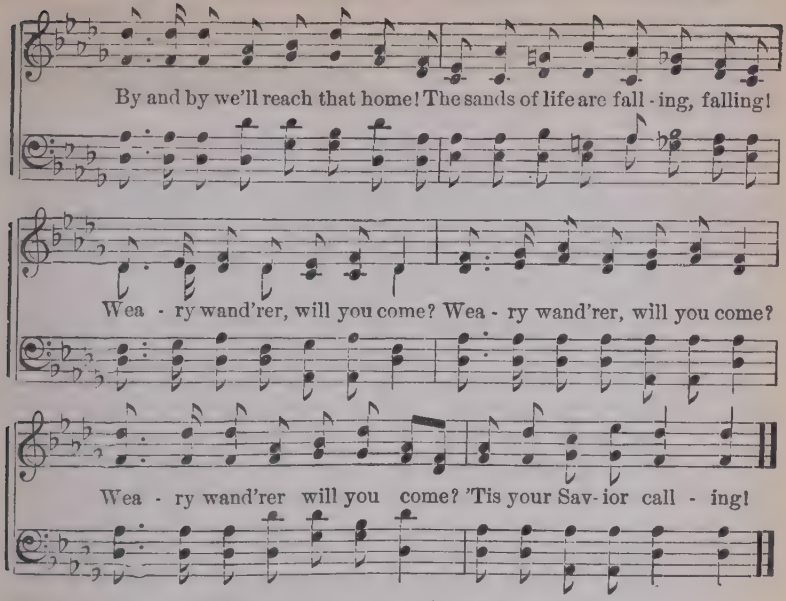
No. 230. Come, 'tis your Savior Calling.

F. L. B. FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Come to Je - sus, sin - ner, come! Come to Je sus, sin- ner, come!
2. Come to Je - sus, wand'rer, come! Come to Je - sus, wand'rer, come!
3. Come to Je - sus, brother, come! Come to Je - sus, brother, come!
4. Come! a fa-ther's in that home! Come! a moth-er's in that home!
Come, home! Come home!
Come to Je sus, sin-ner, come! The sands of life are fall - ing, fall-ing;
Come to Jesus, wand'rer, come! The sands of life are fall - ing, fall-ing;
Come to Jesus, broth-er, come! The sands of life are fall - ing, fall-ing;
Come! a loved one's in that home! The sands of life are fall - ing, fall-ing;
Come, receive a heavenly home! Come, receive a heavenly home!
Come, from love no long - er roam, Come, from love no long-er roam,
Come, beneath the sheltered dome, Come, beneath the sheltered dome,
Come, a fa-ther's pleading, come! Come, a mother's pleading, come!
Come, home! Come home!
Come, re ceive a heavenly home! For 'tis your Sav - ior call - ing!
Come, from love no long - er roam, For 'tis your Sav - ior call - ing!
Come, be-neath the sheltered dome, For 'tis your Sav - ior call - ing!
Come! a lov'd one's pleading, come! Oh heed your Sav-ior's call - ing!
CHORUS.
By and by we'll reach that home, By and by we'll reach that home,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

"Come"! 'Tis Your Savior! Concluded.


By and by we'll reach that home! The sands of life are fall - ing, falling!
Wea - ry wand'rer, will you come? Wea - ry wand'rer, will you come?
Wea - ry wand'rer will you come? 'Tis your Sav - ior call - ing!

Responsive Services.

"Come! 'Tis Your Savior Calling."

No. 231.

LEADER.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

SCHOOL.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

LEADER.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 230, "Come to Jesus, sinner," etc.

LEADER.

And the Spirit and the bride say come.

SCHOOL.

And let him that heareth say come.

LEADER.

And let him that is athirst come.

SCHOOL.

And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

*Sing 2d verse, "Come to Jesus, wand'rer, come," etc.

No. 232.

LEADER.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

SCHOOL.

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

LEADER.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

*Sing 3d verse, No.230, "Come to Jesus; brother," etc.

LEADER.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

SCHOOL.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

LEADER.

Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

*Sing 4th verse, "Come; a father;" etc.

* The organist should be prompt in giving the key to song.

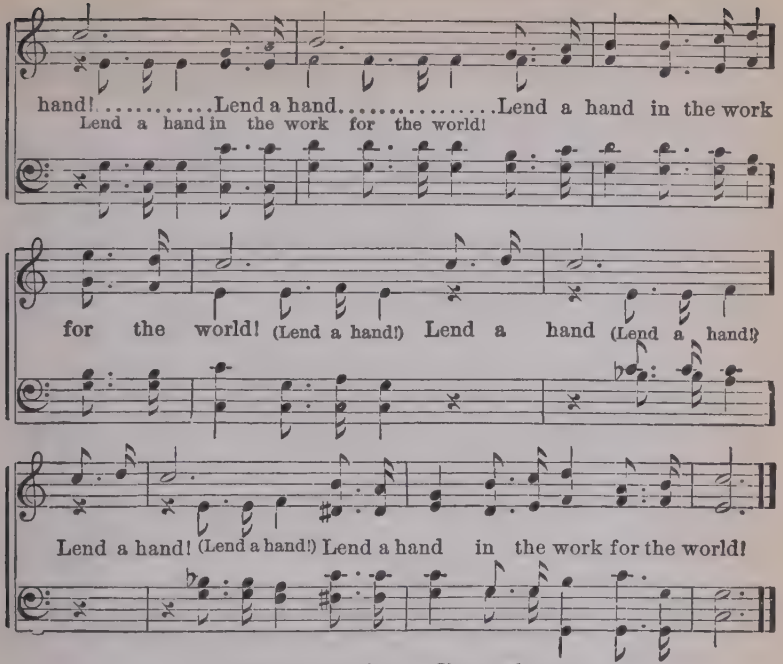
No. 233. Lend a Hand.

JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. Lend a hand! lend a hand! in the work for the world! Place these
2. Lend a hand! do not think that be - cause yours is small, Or be -
3. There are eyes that are weep - ing where none wipe the tear; There are
4. There are lips that are burn ing where none hold the cup; There are
5. Lend a hand! lend a hand! there is com-ing a day When
words in your ban - ner, ne'er let it be furled While
cause from its fin - gers no rich - es may fall, It was
hearts that are break - ing for tid - ings of cheer; There are
chil - dren who starve for a bit and a sup; There are
he who shall weigh us, to each one will say, "Didst thou
sin, pain and sad - ness holds sway in the world, Lend a
meant you should ren - der no suc - cor at all, Lend a
sin - ners would turn from their sins were you near, Lend a
forms that are sink - ing, your hand might hold up, Lend a
help ev - 'ry broth - er thou couldst in the way? Lend a
CHORUS.
hand! lend a hand! in - the work for the world! Lend a

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Lend a Hand. Concluded.


hand! . . . . . Lend a hand. . . . . Lend a hand in the work
Lend a hand in the work for the world!
for the world! (Lend a hand!) Lend a hand (Lend a hand!)
Lend a hand! (Lend a hand!) Lend a hand in the work for the world!

Responsive Services.

"Lend a Hand."

No. 234.

LEADER.

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

SCHOOL.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

LEADER.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

SCHOOL.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him.

LEADER.

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 233, "Lend a hand," etc.

No. 235.

LEADER.

And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

SCHOOL.

And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou?

LEADER.

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

SCHOOL.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

*Sing 2nd verse, No. 233, "Lend a hand," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to song.

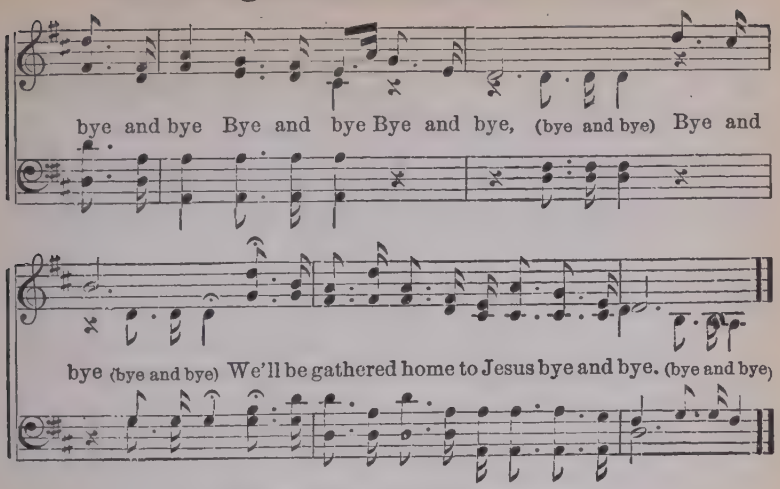
No. 236. We'll be gathered Home.

REV. JNO. MCPHAIL. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Bless the name of Christ the Lord for his soul re-viv-ing word, We'll
2. Life e ter - nal life is sure, if we faithful-ly endure, We'll
3. We have ma - ny tri - als here, but the Lord will soon appear, We'll
4. We will trus and nev - er fear for the triumph's drawing near, We'll
be gathered home to Je - sus bye and bye, Hap-py
be gathered home to Je - sus bye and bye, We can
be gathered home to Je - sus bye and bye, He will
be gathered home to Je - sus bye and bye, If we
Bye and bye,
tho't that fills the soul as we jour-ney to the goal, We'll be
stem the ris - ing tide with the Sav - ior by our side, We'll be
bear us in his love to his per - fect rest a-bove, We'll be
on - ly toil and wait soon be-yond the gol - den gate, We'll be
CHORUS.
gath-ered home to Je - sus bye and bye. Bye and bye, bye and bye,
Bye and bye, bye and bye, We'll be gath-ered home to Je - sus

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell

We'll be gathered Home. Concluded.



Responsive Service.

"We'll be gathered Home."

No. 237.

LEADER.

The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares dre the children of the wicked one.

SCHOOL.

The enemy that sowed them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

LEADER.

As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 236, "Bless the Name of Christ," etc.

LEADER.

The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity.

SCHOOL.

And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

LEADER.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

* Sing 2d verse, "Life eternal," etc.

No. 238.

LEADER.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

SCHOOL.

And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats;

LEADER.

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

*Sing 1st verse No. 236, "Bless the Lord" etc.

LEADER.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

SCHOOL.

For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

LEADER.

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

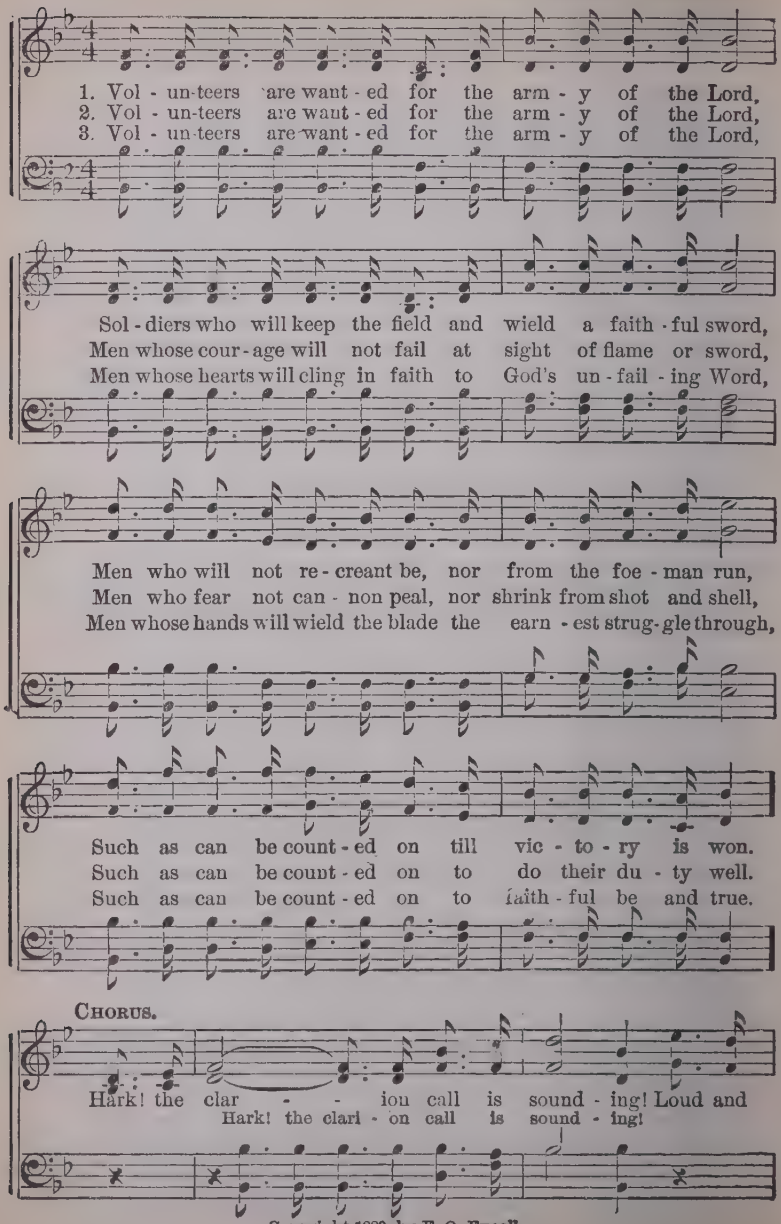
*Sing 2nd 3rd and 4th verses.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 239. "Volunteers are Wanted."

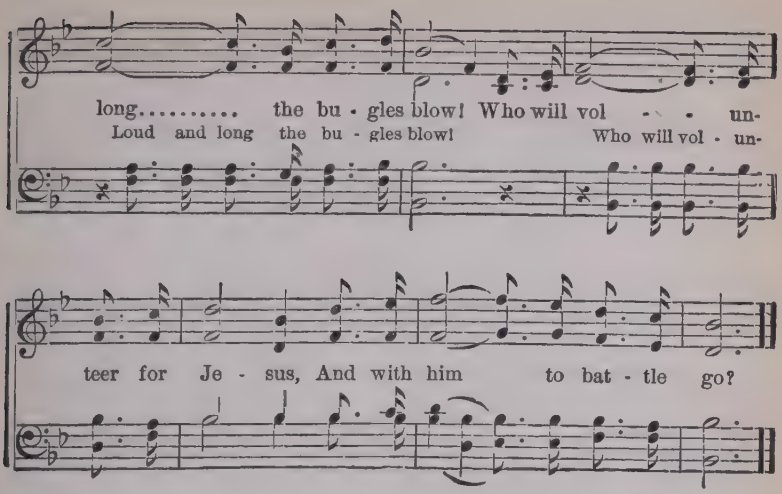
E. A. H

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Vol - un-teers are want - ed for the arm - y of the Lord,
2. Vol - un-teers are want - ed for the arm - y of the Lord,
3. Vol - un-teers are want - ed for the arm - y of the Lord,
Sol - diers who will keep the field and wield a faith - ful sword,
Men whose cour - age will not fail at sight of flame or sword,
Men whose hearts will cling in faith to God's un - fail - ing Word,
Men who will not re - creant be, nor from the foe - man run,
Men who fear not can - non peal, nor shrink from shot and shell,
Men whose hands will wield the blade the earn - est strug - gle through,
Such as can be count - ed on till vic - to - ry is won.
Such as can be count - ed on to do their du - ty well.
Such as can be count - ed on to faith - ful be and true.
CHORUS.
Hark! the clar - - ion call is sound - ing! Loud and
Hark! the clari - on call is sound - ing!

Copyright 1889, by E. O. Excell.

"Volunteers are Wanted." Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"Volunteers are Wanted."

No. 240.

LEADER.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

SCHOOL.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

LEADER.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 239, "Volunteers are Wanted," etc.

LEADER.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

SCHOOL.

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

LEADER.

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

SCHOOL.

And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses,

No. 241.

LEADER.

By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

SCHOOL.

For this is the love of God that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

LEADER.

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

SCHOOL.

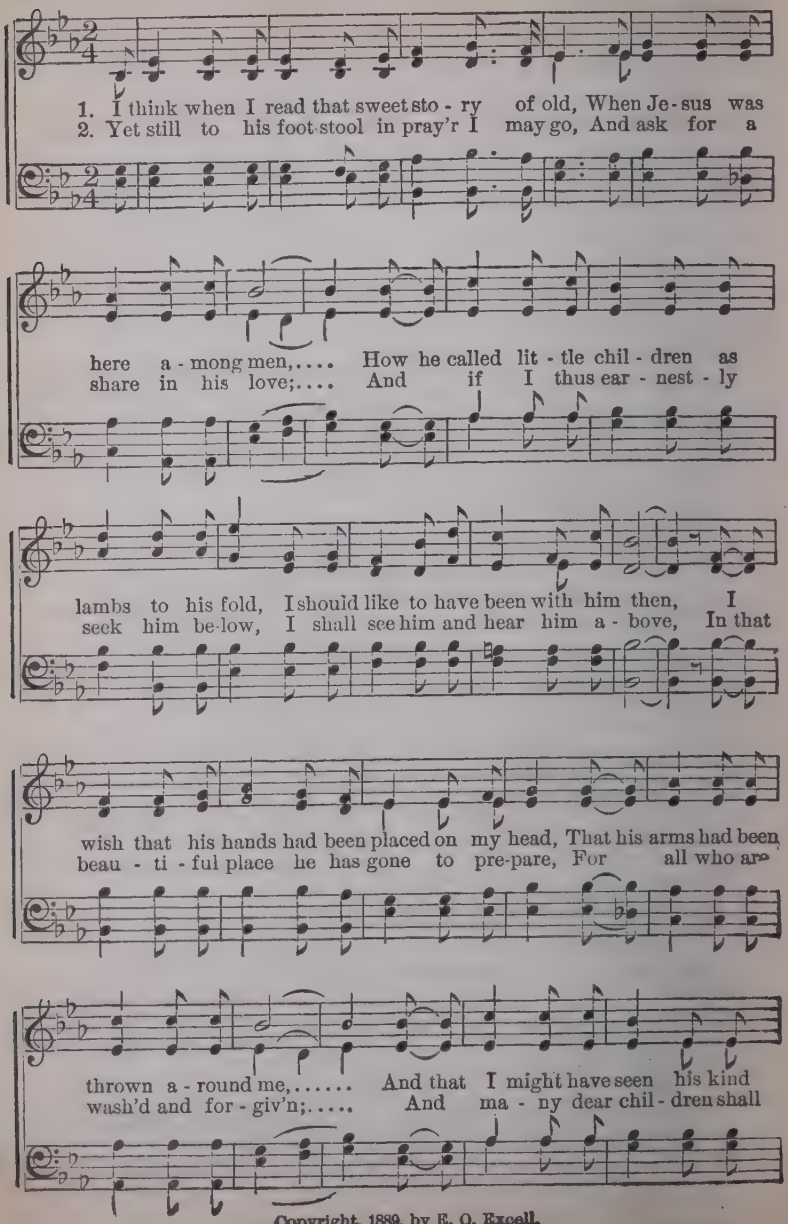
Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

*Sing No. 239, "Volunteers are Wanted," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

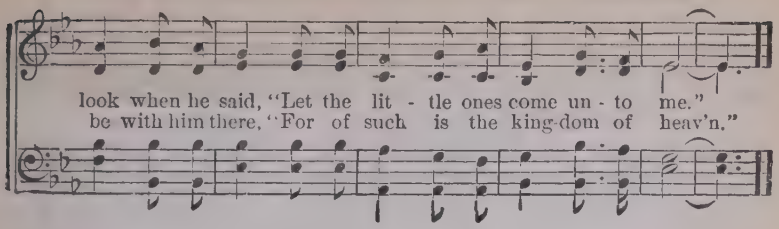
No. 242. Let the Little Ones Come.

JEMIMA LUKE. H. P. DANKS.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a
here a - mong men,.... How he called lit - tle chil - dren as
share in his love;.... And if I thus ear - nest - ly
lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then, I
seek him be-low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove, In that
wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been
beau - ti - ful place he has gone to pre-pare, For all who are
thrown a - round me,..... And that I might have seen his kind
wash'd and for - giv'n;..... And ma - ny dear chil - dren shall

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Let the Little Ones come. Concluded.



Responsive Services.

"Let the Little Ones Come."

No. 243.

LEADER.

Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

SCHOOL.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

LEADER.

And he laid his hands on them.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 242, "I think when I read," etc.

LEADER.

And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it they rebuked them.

SCHOOL.

But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

LEADER.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

* Sing 2nd verse, "Yet still to his footstool, etc."

No. 244.

LEADER.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

SCHOOL.

But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.

LEADER.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 242, "I think when I read," etc.

LEADER.

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

SCHOOL.

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.

LEADER.

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

*Sing 2nd verse, "Yet still to his footstool," etc.

No. 245.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 242, then repeat together the following prayer.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

Amen.

*Sing 2nd verse, "Yet still to his footstool," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

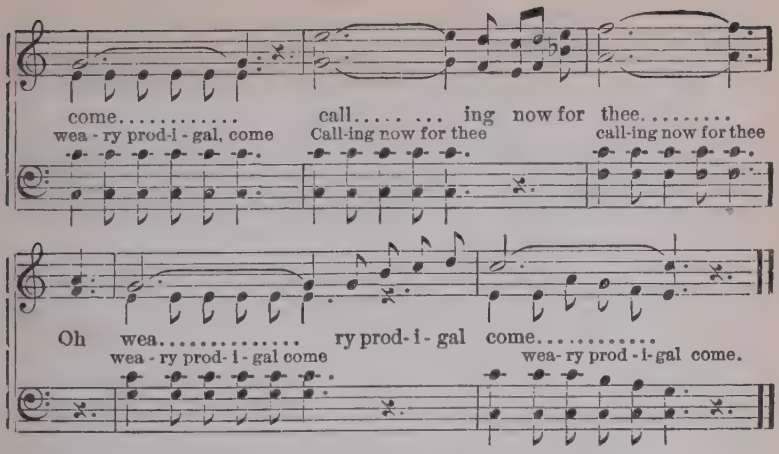
No. 246. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is call - ing the prod - i - gal, come with-out de - lay,
2. Pa - tient, lov - ing and ten-der - ly still the Fa - ther pleads,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa - ther, and to spare,
Hear, O hear him call - ing, call - ing now for thee,.....
For thee,
Though you've wander'd so far from his pre-sence, come to - day,
Oh! re - turn while the spir - it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes,
Lo! the ta - ble is spread, and the feast is wait - ing there,
CHORUS.
Hear his lov-ing voice calling still.....
Call - - ing now for
Call-ing still
Calling now for thee,
thee,.....
Oh! wea - - - ry pro - di - gal
Call-ing, now for thee,
wea - ry pro - di - gal come,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Calling the Prodigal Concluded.


come.....
wea - ry prod-i - gal, come
call..... ing now for thee.....
Call-ing now for thee
call-ing now for thee
Oh wea.....
wea - ry prod- i - gal come
ry prod- i - gal come.....
wea- ry prod - i-gal come.

Responsive Services.

"Calling the Prodigal."

No. 247.

LEADER.

And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples.

SCHOOL.

And when the Pharisees saw it, they said, unto his disciples, Why eateth thou with publicans and sinners?

LEADER.

But when Jesus heard that, he said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 246, "God is calling," etc.

LEADER.

But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

SCHOOL.

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.

LEADER.

How think ye? if a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?

*Sing 2d verse, "Patient and loving," etc.

No. 248.

LEADER.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

SCHOOL.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

LEADER.

Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 246, "God is calling," etc.

LEADER.

When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

SCHOOL.

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

LEADER.

But when thou maketh a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind:

*Sing 3rd verse, "Come there's bread," etc.

The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

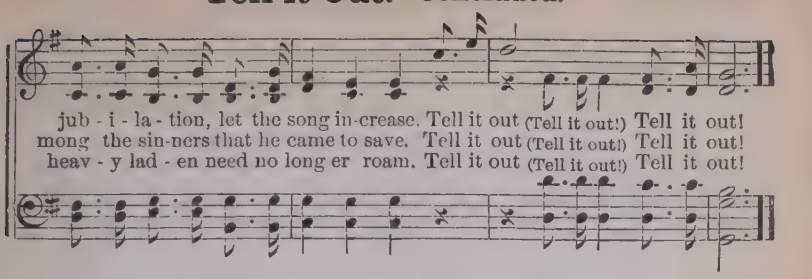
No. 249. Tell it Out.

HAVERGAL. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple that the Lord is King, Tell it
2. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple that the Sav - ior reigns, Tell it
3. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a - mong the
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a - mong the
out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out a - mong the
na - tions, bid them shout and sing, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it
hea - then, bid them break their chains, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it
hea - then, that his reign is love, Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it
out! Tell it out with ad - or - a - tion that he shall in - crease, That the
out! Tell it out a-mong the weep-ing ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it
out! Tell it out a-mong the high-ways and the lanes at home, Let it
migh - ty King of glo - ry is the King of peace. Tell it out with
out a-mong the wea-ry ones the rest he gives. Tell it out a-
ring a - cross the moun-tains and the o - cean's foam, That the wea - ry,

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

Tell it Out. Concluded.


jub - i - la - tion, let the song in-crease. Tell it out (Tell it out!) Tell it out!
mong the sin-ners that he came to save. Tell it out (Tell it out!) Tell it out!
heav - y lad - en need no long er roam. Tell it out (Tell it out!) Tell it out!

Responsive Service.

"Tell it out!"

No. 250.

LEADER.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

SCHOOL.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 249, "Tell it out," etc.

LEADER.

And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

SCHOOL.

They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

*Sing 2d and 3d verses,

No. 251.

LEADER.

Assemble yourselves and come; draw near together, ye that are escaped of the nations: they have no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven image, and pray unto a god that cannot save.

SCHOOL.

Tell ye, and bring them near; yea, let them take counsel together: who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from that time? have not I, the Lord? and there is no God else beside me; a just God and a Savior; there is none beside me.

LEADER.

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.

SCHOOL.

I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return. That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear.

*Sing No. 249, "Tell it out," etc.

No. 252.

LEADER.

How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him.

SCHOOL.

And we are witnesses of all things which he did both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree:

LEADER.

Him God raised up the third day, and shewed him openly;

*Sing 1st verse No. 249, "Tell it out," etc.

LEADER.

Not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead.

SCHOOL.

And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of the quick and the dead.

LEADER.

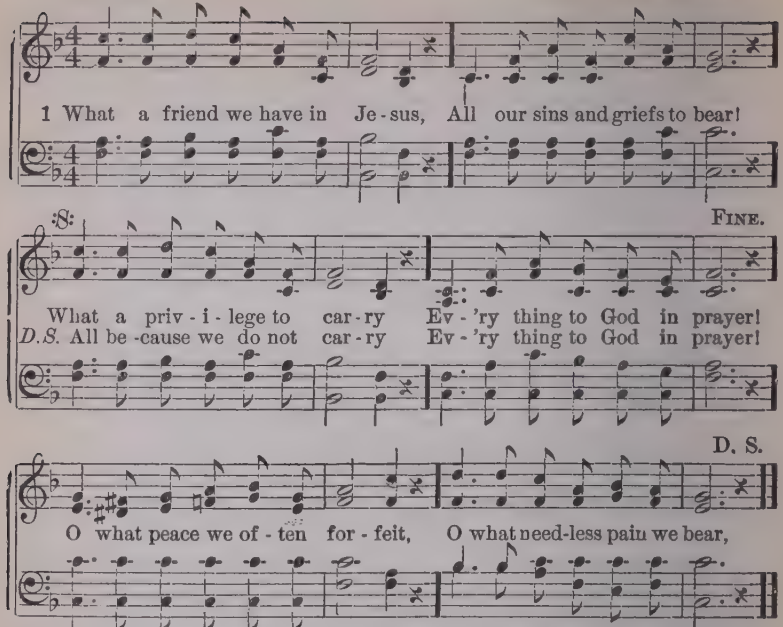
To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.

*Sing 2nd and 3rd verses.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 253. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S. All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Fine.
D. S.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Responsive Service.

"What a Friend."

No. 254.

Leader.

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin.

School.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

*Sing 1st verse No. 253, "What a Friend,"

Leader.

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

School.

The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

*Sing 2d verse, "Have we trials," etc.

Leader

Confess your faults one to another, and pray for one another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

School.

The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is his delight.

*Sing 3d verse, "Are we weak," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 255. Revive Us Again.

Dr. W. P. Mackay. English Melody.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each
Chorus.
Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le -
shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night. Hal - le -
borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le -
bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways. Hal - le -
soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove. Hal - le -
1
2
lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le - lu - jah! A-men. Revive us a-gain.

Responsive Service.

"Revive Us Again."

No. 256.

TEACHER.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

SCHOOL.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

TEACHER.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 255. "We Praise thee," etc.

TEACHER.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

SCHOOL.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.

TEACHER.

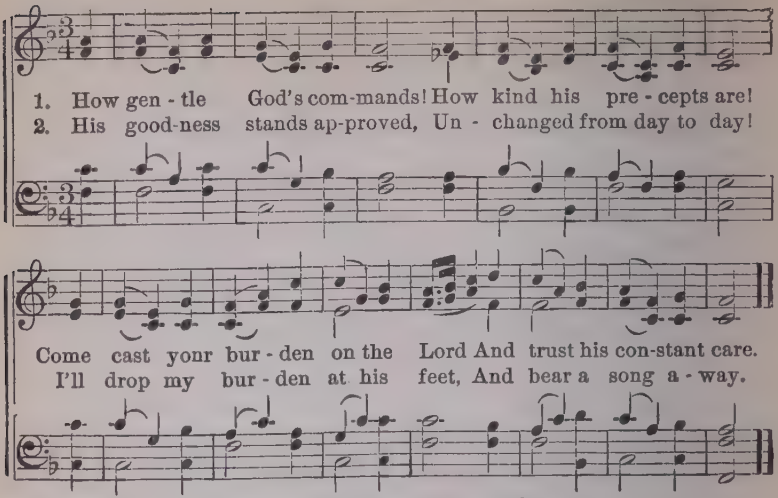
He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

*Sing 2d verse, No. 253, "We Praise thee," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 257. How Gentle God's Commands.

DENNIS. S. M.


1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. His good-ness stands ap-proved, Un - changed from day to day!
Come cast your bur - den on the Lord And trust his con-stant care.
I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 258. Responsive Service.

"How Gentle God's Commands."

LEADER.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Serve him with gladness, and magnify his name forever!

SCHOOL.

What shall I render unto the Lord for his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

LEADER.

Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

SCHOOL.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

LEADER.

Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding.

SCHOOL.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

LEADER.

The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

SCHOOL.

She is more precious than rubies.

LEADER.

And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

SCHOOL.

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor;

LEADER.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

SCHOOL.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

LEADER.

And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

SCHOOL.

And to temperance patience.

LEADER.

And to patience godliness.

SCHOOL.

And to godliness brotherly kindness.

LEADER.

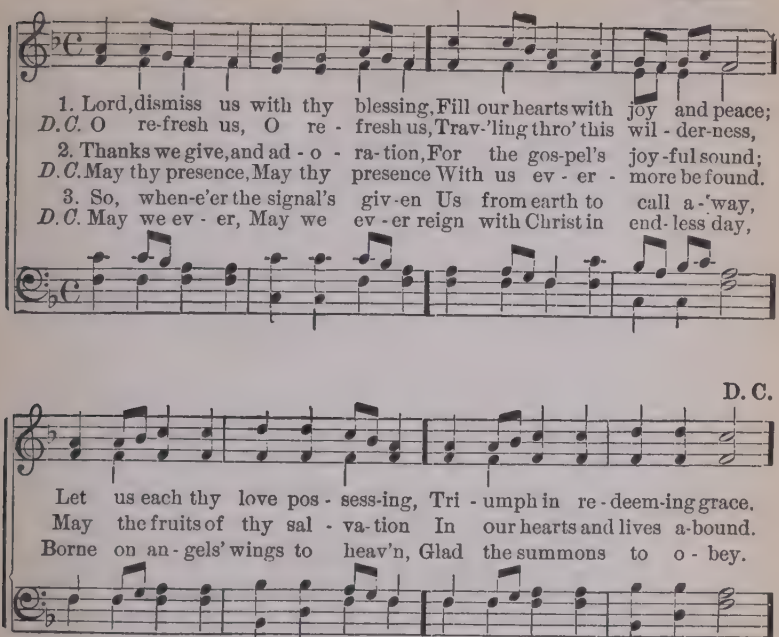
And to brotherly kindness charity.

*Sing 1st and 2d verses No. 257, "How gentle," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 259. Lord dismiss us.

WALTER SHIRLEY. GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4. ROUSSEAU.


1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
D.C. O re-fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil - der-ness,
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
D.C. May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
3. So, when-e'er the signal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-'way,
D.C. May we ev - er, May we ev - er reign with Christ in end-less day,
D. C.
Let us each thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing grace.
May the fruits of thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav'n, Glad the summons to o - bey.

Closing Services.

"Lord, Dismiss us."

No. 260.

LEADER.

And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

SCHOOL

Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

LEADER.

Brethren, pray for us. Greet all thy brethren with a holy kiss.

SCHOOL.

I charge you by the Lord, that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren.

LEADER.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.

*Sing 1st verse, No. 259, "Lord, Dismiss us," etc.

No. 261.

LEADER.

Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.

SCHOOL.

Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

LEADER.

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

SCHOOL.

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.

LEADER.

Grace be with you all. Amen.

*Sing 2d verse, No. 259, "Thanks we give," etc.

*The organist should be prompt in giving the key to the song.

No. 262. Responsive Service.

Note.—Organist will play the 1st chord of the music below while the congregation rise.

(*Congregation Standing.*)

LEADER. Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory.

ALL SING. (*See music below.*)

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

LEADER. For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

CONG. But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

ALL SING. (*See music below.*)

Holy, Holy, Holy! all thy saints adore Thee!
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

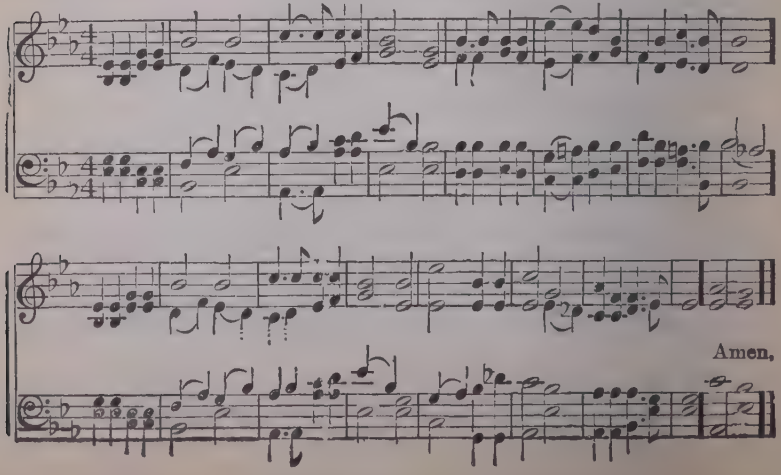
LEADER. Exalt ye the Lord our God and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

CONG. And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

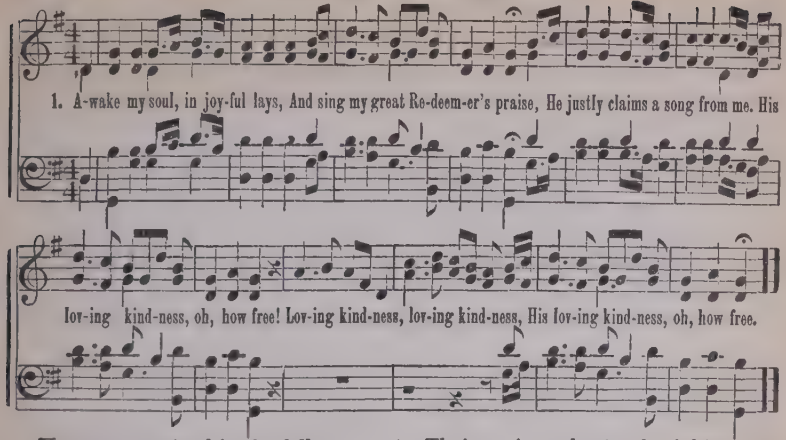
ALL SING.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

No. 263. Holy, Holy!



No. 264. Loving Kindness.


1. A-wake my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing my great Re-deem-er's praise, He justly claims a song from me. His
lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free! Lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free.

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh, how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how great.

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along.
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how strong.

Responsive Services.

No. 265.

LEADER.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High.

SCHOOL.

To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

*Sing 1st verse No. 264, "Awake my soul,"

LEADER.

How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

SCHOOL.

Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

*Sing 2d verse, "He saw me ruined,"

LEADER.

The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.

SCHOOL.

And with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer.

*Sing 3d verse, "Tho num'rous hosts," etc.

No. 266. PSALM LXVI.

LEADER.

Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands.

SCHOOL.

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

LEADER.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

SCHOOL.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name. Selah.

LEADER.

Come and see the works of God; he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

SCHOOL.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

LEADER.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations; let not the rebellious exalt themselves. Selah.

(See music, No. 351.)

ALL SING.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Responsive Services.

No. 267.

PSALM CXXII.

LEADER.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

SCHOOL.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

LEADER.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

SCHOOL.

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

LEADER.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

SCHOOL.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

LEADER.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

SCHOOL.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

LEADER.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

(See music, No. 257.

ALL SING.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode— [saved
The Church our blest Redeemer
With his own precious blood.

No. 268.

PSALM CXXX.

LEADER.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

SCHOOL.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

LEADER.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

SCHOOL.

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

LEADER.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

SCHOOL.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

LEADER.

Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

(See music, No. 362.)

ALL SING.

Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

No. 269.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LEADER.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

O give thanks unto the God of gods:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords.

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him who alone doeth great wonders:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

To him that made great lights:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

The sun to rule by day:

SCHOOL.

For his mercy endureth forever.

LEADER.

The moon and stars to rule by night:

SCHOOL.
For his mercy endureth forever.
(See music, No. 255.)

ALL SING.
We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!
CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

No. 270.

PSALM CL.

LEADER.
Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

SCHOOL.
Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

LEADER.
Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

SCHOOL.
Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

LEADER.
Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

SCHOOL.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.
(See music, No. 370.)

ALL SING.
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 271.

PSALM C.

LEADER.
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

SCHOOL.
Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

LEADER.
Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

SCHOOL.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

LEADER.
For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.
(See music, No. 351.)

ALL SING.
Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 272.

PSALM CIII.

LEADER.
Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

SCHOOL.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

LEADER.
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

SCHOOL.
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

LEADER.
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

SCHOOL.
The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

LEADER.
He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.
(See music, No. 161.)

ALL SING.
Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing for sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied.
Glory to his name,
Glory to his name, etc.

No. 273.

LEADER.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

SCHOOL.

For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

LEADER.

And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace, of them that make peace.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 74.)

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves,
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
REF.—‖:Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.:‖

LEADER.

Say not yea, there are yet four months, and them cometh the harvest? behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to the harvest.

SCHOOL.

And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

LEADER.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening with hold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whither shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall prosper alike good.

SCHOOL.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

(See music, No. 74.)

ALL SING.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—REF.

No. 274.

LEADER.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

SCHOOL.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

LEADER.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.

SCHOOL.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage. Govern them and lift them up forever.

LEADER.

Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship thy name ever, world without end.

SCHOOL.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

LEADER.

O Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon us.

SCHOOL.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us as our trust is in thee.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 371.)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

No. 275.

LEADER.

The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

SCHOOL.

We will bless the Lord, from this time forth, and for evermore, praise the Lord.

LEADER.

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

SCHOOL.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place?

LEADER.

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

ALL SING. (See music, No. 141.)

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice, {come,
Whispering softly, wanderer,
Follow me, I'll guide you home.

No. 276.

PSALM CXVI.

LEADER.
I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

SCHOOL.
Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

LEADER.
The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

SCHOOL.
Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

LEADER.
Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

SCHOOL.
The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

LEADER.
Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

(See music, No. 93.)

ALL SING.
Blessed assurance Jesus is mine,
O what a fortaste of glory divine,
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of the Spirit, washed in the blood.
CHO.—‖:This is my story this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long:‖

No. 277.

PSALM CXXI.

LEADER.
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

SCHOOL.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

LEADER.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

SCHOOL.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

LEADER.
The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

SCHOOL.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

LEADER.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

SCHOOL.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

(See music, No. 362.)

ALL SING.
Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

No. 278.

PSALM LIV.

LEADER.
Save me, O God, by thy name, and judge me by thy strength.

SCHOOL.
Hear my prayer, O God; give ear to the words of my mouth.

LEADER.
For strangers are risen up against me, and oppressers seek after my soul: they have not set God before them. Selah.

SCHOOL.
Behold; God is mine helper: the Lord is with them that uphold my soul.

LEADER.
He shall reward evil unto mine enemies: cut them off in thy truth.

SCHOOL.
I will freely sacrifice unto thee: I will praise thy name, O Lord; for it is good.

LEADER.
For he hath delivered me out of all trouble: and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies.

(See music, No. 355)

ALL SING.
Guide me O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land.
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
‖:Bread of heaven feed me till
I want no more:‖

No. 279.

PSALM XCVI.

LEADER.
God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; Selah.

SCHOOL.
That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

LEADER.
Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

SCHOOL.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

LEADER.
Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

SCHOOL.
Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

LEADER.
God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

(See music, No. 339.)

ALL SING.
Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
CHO.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

No. 280.

PSALM LXVII.

LEADER.
Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

SCHOOL.
Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

LEADER.
Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

SCHOOL.
Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

LEADER.
For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

SCHOOL.
Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

(See music, No. 289.)

ALL SING.
Hear our prayer,
O, Father, hear us,
Accept us, Lord,
For Jesus' sake.

No. 281.

PSALM LXXXVI.

LEADER.
O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

SCHOOL.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

LEADER.
Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

SCHOOL.
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

LEADER.
For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

SCHOOL.
Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

LEADER.
Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

(See music, No. 371.)

ALL SING.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen!

No. 282.

PSALM XIX: 7–14.

LEADER.
The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

SCHOOL.
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

Responsive Service.

LEADER.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

SCHOOL.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

LEADER.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

SCHOOL.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

LEADER.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

SCHOOL.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

(See music, No. 321.)

ALL SING.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

No. 283.

PSALM XLVI: 1–7.

LEADER.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

SCHOOL.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

LEADER.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.

SCHOOL.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

LEADER.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

SCHOOL.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

LEADER.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.

(See music, No. 350.)

ALL SING.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

No. 284.

PSALM LI: 1–7.

LEADER.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

SCHOOL.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

LEADER.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

SCHOOL.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

LEADER.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

SCHOOL.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

LEADER.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

(See music, No. 60.)

ALL SING.

Lord Jesus I long to be perfectly whole,
I want thee forever to live in my soul.
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, yes
Whiter than snow.
Now wash me, etc.

No. 285. The Ten Commandments.

Exodus xx 1–17.

God spake all these words, saying:

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

No. 286. The Lord's Prayer.

Matthew vi. 9–13.

Our Father who art in heaven:

Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

No. 287. The Apostles' Creed.

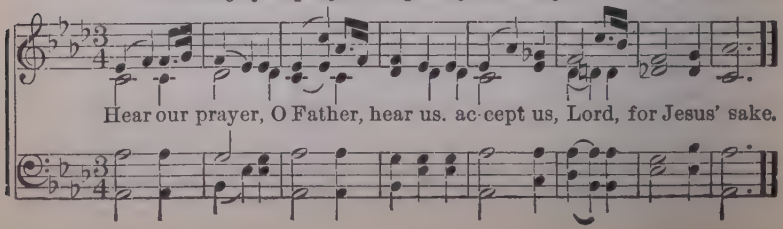
I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

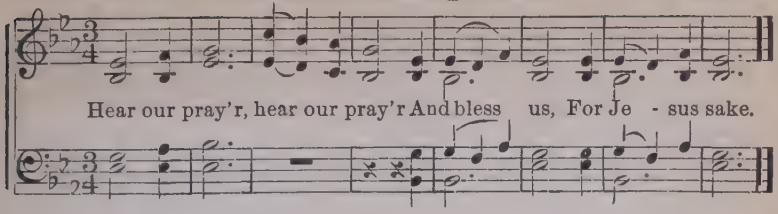
I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

No. 288. First Response.

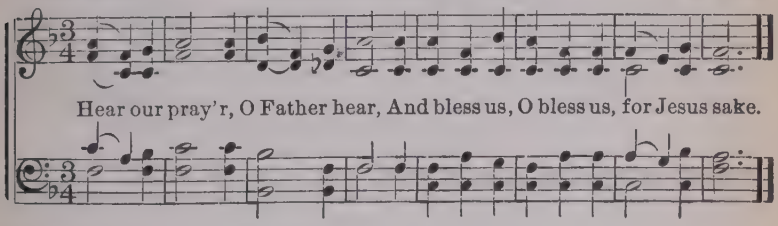
To be sung after prayer, at opening or closing. E. O. E.



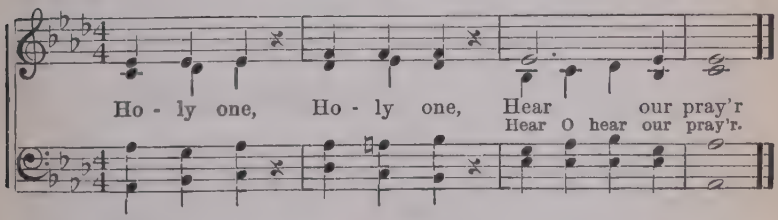
No. 289. Second Response. E. O. E.



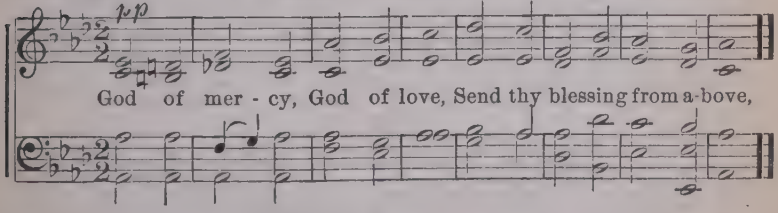
No. 290. Third Response, E. O. E.



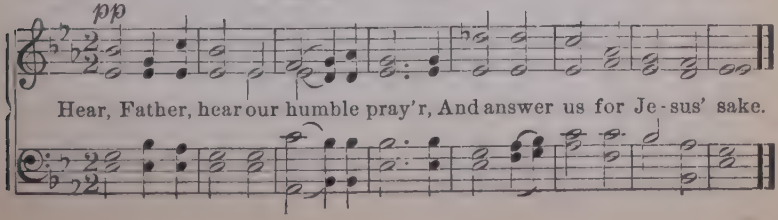
No. 291. Fourth Response. E. O. E.



No. 292. Fifth Response. M. L. McPhail.



No. 293. Sixth Response, M. L. McPhail.



No. 294. Concert Reading, No. 1.

Psa. 23.

All read.—1. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runeth over.

6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

See No. 123 for music.

All sing.

Savior, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

No. 295. Concert Reading, No. 2.

Psa. 122.

All read.—1. I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.

2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

4. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, peace be within thee.

9. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.

See No. 257. for music.

All sing.

I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

No. 296. Concert Reading, No. 3.

Psa. 1.

All read.

1. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But in his delight is the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

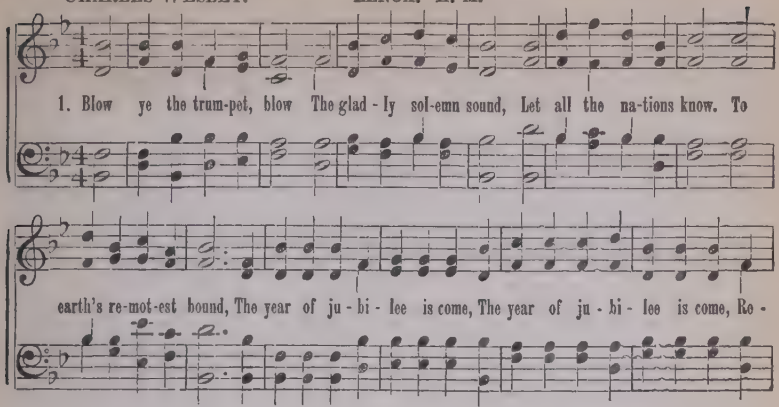
See No, 355. for music.

All sing.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

No. 297. Blow Ye the trumpet, blow.

CHARLES WESLEY. LENOX. H. M.


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad - ly sol-emn sound, Let all the na-tions know. To
earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re -
turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return. ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 298. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
‖: Before the throne my surety stands, :‖
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race; :‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son
‖: His Spirit answers to the blood, :
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 299. Rejoice, the Lord.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
‖: Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. [voice:‖

2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
‖:Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. [voice; :‖

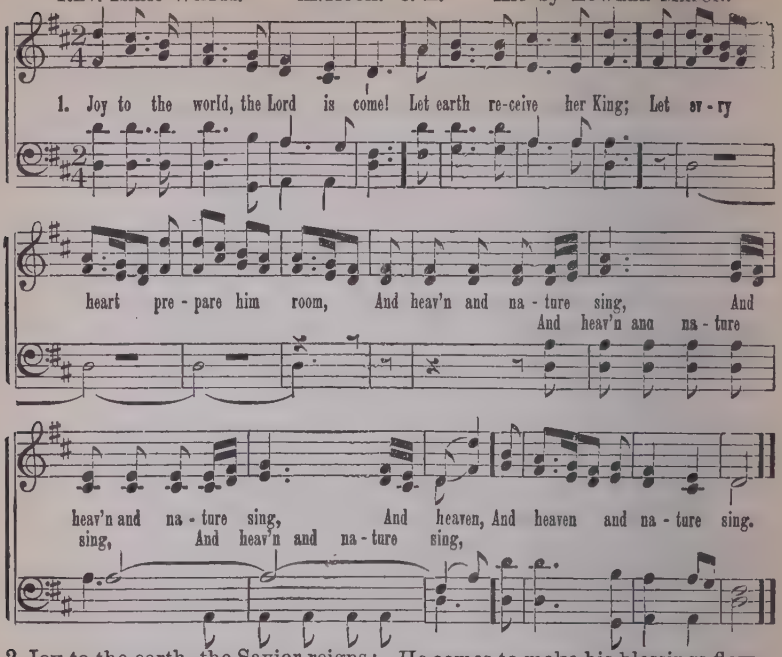
3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
‖:Lift up your hearts, lift up your
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. [voice:‖

No. 300. To God, the Father.

1 To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise;
‖:To all thy powers eternal King:‖
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

No. 301. Joy to the World.

REV. ISAAC WATTS. ANTIOCH. C. M. Arr by LOWELL MASON.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-ry
heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heaven, And heaven and na-ture sing.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

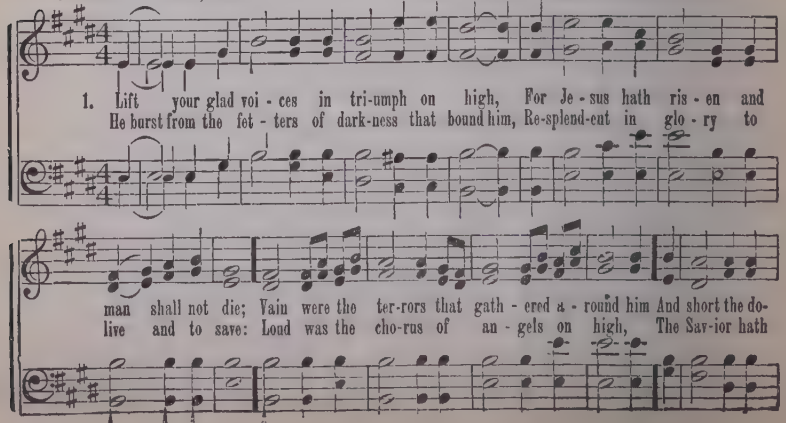
2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

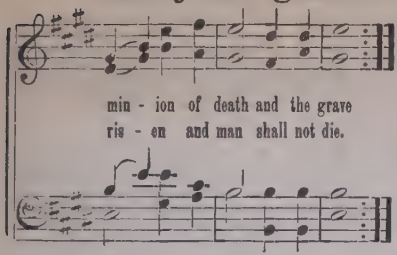
4 He rules the world with truth and
And makes the nations prove [grace,
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

No. 302. Lift your glad Voices.

HENRY WARE, JR. Arr. from JOHN EDGAR GOULD.


1. Lift your glad voi-ces in tri-umph on high, For Je-sus hath ris-en and
He burst from the fet-ters of dark-ness that bound him, Re-splend-ent in glo-ry to
man shall not die; Vain were the ter-rors that gath-ered a-round him And short the do-
live and to save: Loud was the cho-rus of an-gels on high, The Sav-ior hath

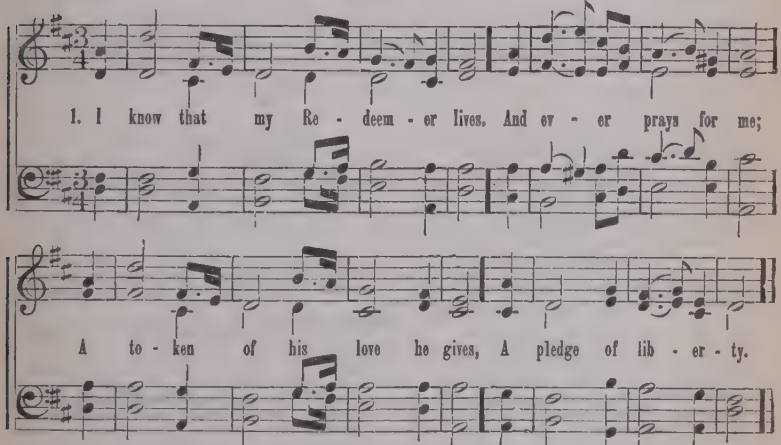
Lift your glad Voices. Concluded.



2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot
destroy; [to-morrow
Sad were the life we may part with
If tears were our birthright, and death
were our end; [of sorrow,
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley
And bade us, immortal, to heaven as-
cend: [high,
Lift then your voices in triumph on
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall
not die.

No. 303. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

CHARLES WESLEY. BRADFORD. C. M. HANDEL.



2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

No. 304. Fountain of Life.

1 Fountain of Life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

C. WESLEY.

No. 305. Father of Jesus.

1 Father of Jesus Christ, My Lord,
My Savior and my Head.
I trust in thee whose powerful word,
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 In hope against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe: [up.
Thy quickening word shall raise me
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

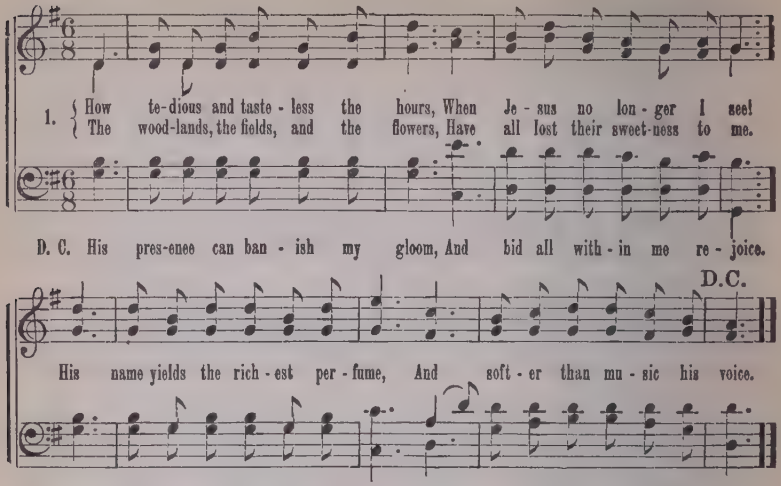
3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

C. WESLEY.

No. 306. How Tedious and Tasteless.

J. Newton. Lewis Edson.


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
The wood-lands, the fields, and the flowers, Have all lost their sweet-ness to me.
D. C. His pres-ence can ban-ish my gloom, And bid all with-in me re-joice.
D.C.
His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And soft-er than mu-sic his voice.

2 Dear Lord! if indeed I am thine,
And thou art my Light and my Song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore;
Or bid me soar upward on high,
Where winters and storms are no more.

No. 307. My Gracious Redeemer.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim.
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King!

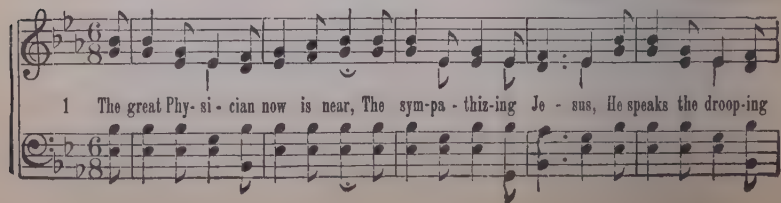
No. 308. To Jesus the Crown.

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power.

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

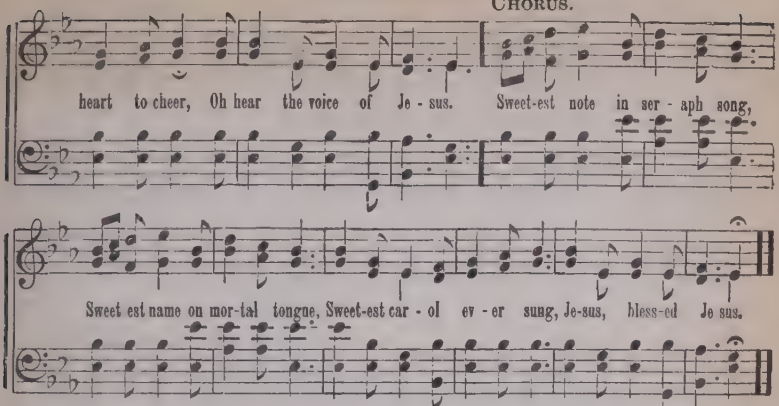
No. 309 The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.



The Great Physician. Concluded.

CHORUS.


heart to cheer, Oh hear the voice of Je - sus. Sweet-est note in ser - aph song,
Sweet est name on mor-tal tongue, Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je sus.

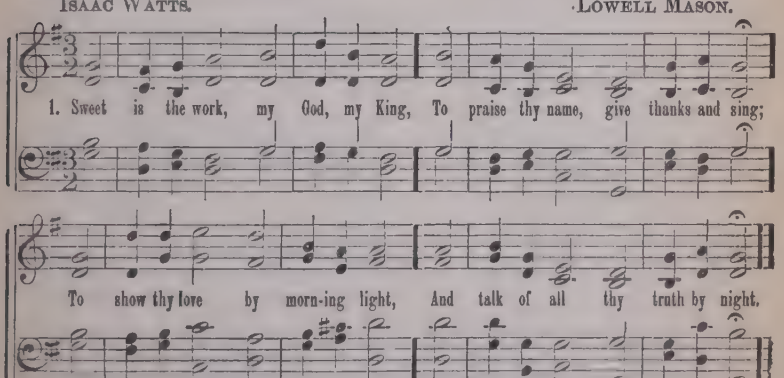
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus,
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt—and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 310. Sweet is the Work.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power fine sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

No. 311. Return, my Soul.

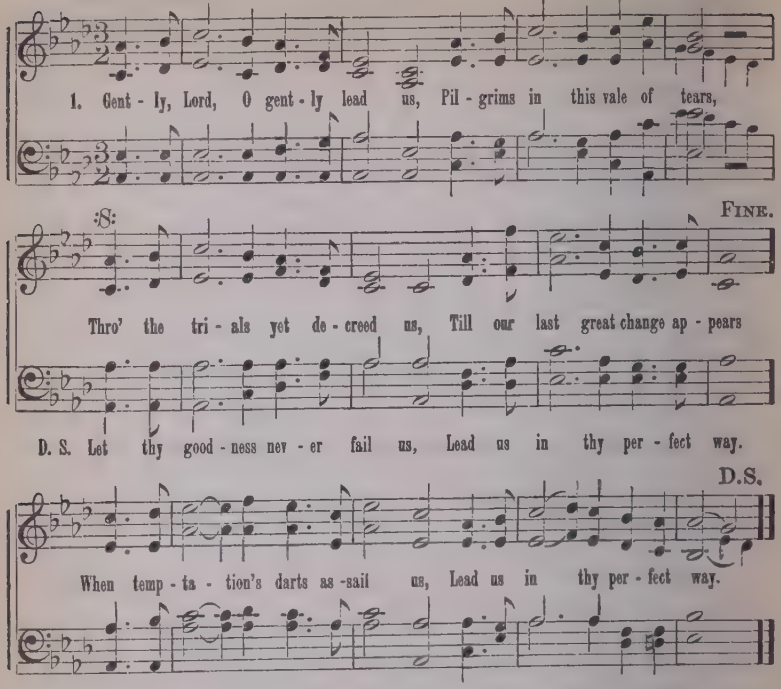
1 Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest:
Another six day's work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest.
Which for the Church of God remains:
The end of cares, the end of pains.

No. 312. Gently, Lord, O Gently.

THOMAS HASTINGS. AUTUMN. 8, 7, D. Spanish Melody.


1. Gent - ly, Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears,
:S:
FINE.
Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears
D. S. Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
D.S.
When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

No. 313. Rise, my Soul.

1 Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee;
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on, his hands protects thee—
Strength that has the captive freed.
In the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heav'nly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from Gods exhaustless tides.

2 Light divine surrounds thy going,
God himself shall mark thy way;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength he'll still renew;
Garments fresh, and feet unweary,
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

3 When to Canaan's long loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling
Zion's songs in rest to sing.
There, no stranger God shall meet thee—
Stranger thou in courts above!
He who to his rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well known love.

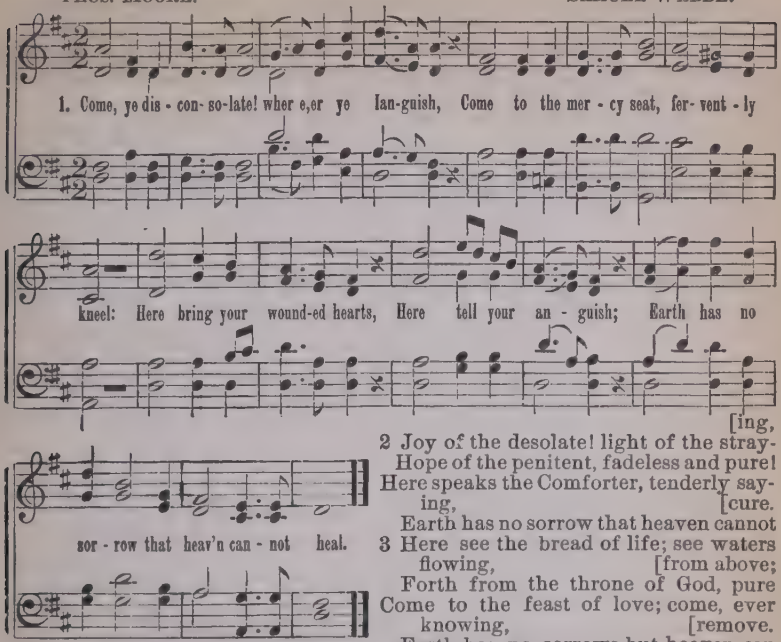
No. 314. Mighty God!

Mighty God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought,
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain.
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

No. 315. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.


1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late! wher e,er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer - cy seat, fer- vent - ly
kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts, Here tell your an - guish; Earth has no
sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.

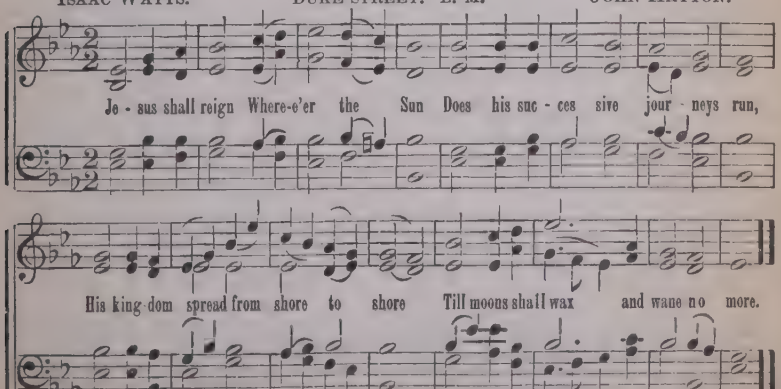
[ing,

2 Joy of the desolate! light of the stray-
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing, [cure.
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing, [from above;
Forth from the throne of God, pure
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing, [remove.
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can

No. 316. Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.


Je - sus shall reign Where-e'er the Sun Does his suc - ces sive jour - neys run,
His king-dom spread from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

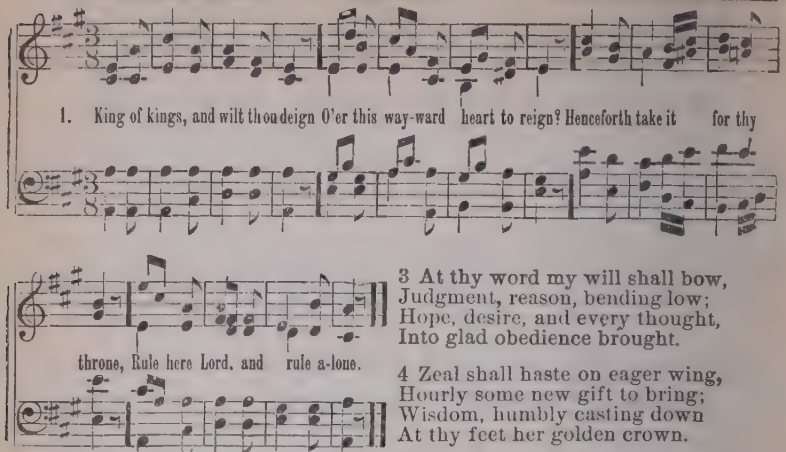
3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His r[illegible].

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

No. 317. King of Kings.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. HORTON. 7. X. S. von WARTENSEE.


1. King of kings, and wilt thou deign O'er this way-ward heart to reign? Henceforth take it for thy
throne, Rule here Lord, and rule a-lone.

2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

3 At thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At thy feet her golden crown.

5 Tuned by thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

No. 318. Prince of Peace.

1 Prince of peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Savior! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

No. 319. Come, my Soul.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.

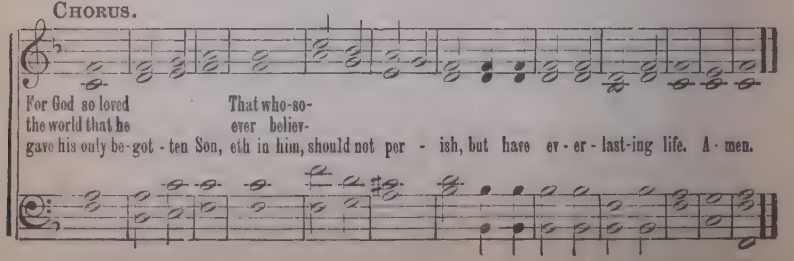
2 Lord, I come to thee for rest:
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do:
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.

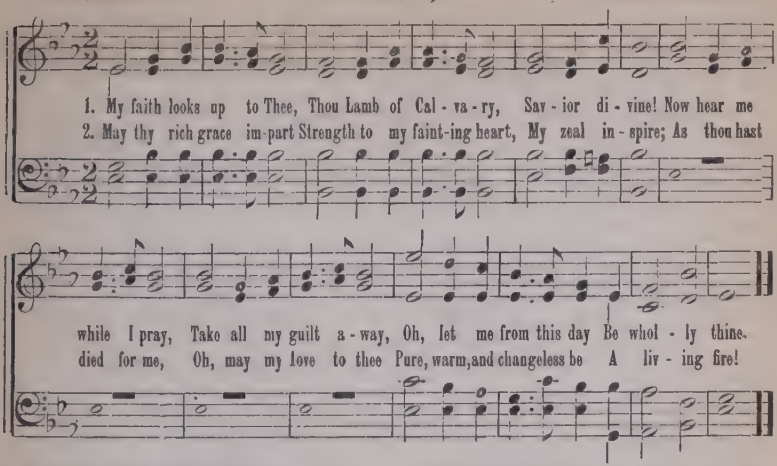
No. 320. God so loved the World.

CHORUS.


For God so loved the world that he gave his only be-got-ten Son, That who-so-ever believ-eth in him, should not per-ish, but have ev-er-last-ing life. A-men.

No. 321. My faith looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. OLIVET. 6, 4. LOWELL MASON.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 322. Jesus, Thy Name I Love. J. G. DECK.

1 Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, My Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

No. 323. Come, Thou Almighty King. C. WESLEY

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

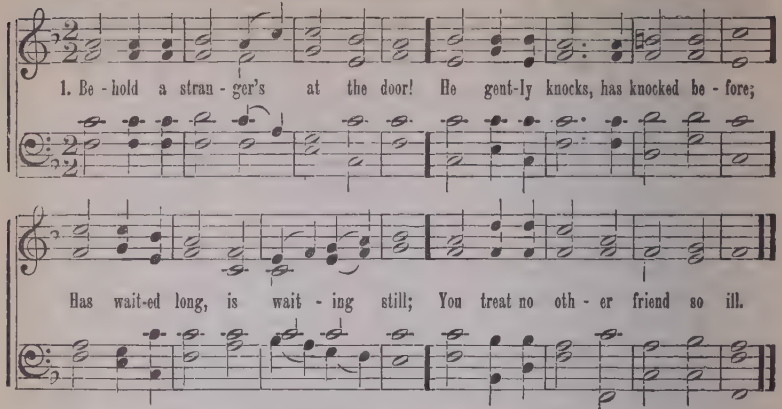
2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

No. 324. Behold! a Stranger.

JOSEPH GRIGG. FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.


1. Be - hold a stran - ger's at the door! He gent-ly knocks, has knocked be - fore;
Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need:
The man of Nazareth—'tis he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 Oh! lovely attitude!—He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes,

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him—or the hour's at hand
When, at his door, denied you'll stand.

No. 325. In Christ I've All.

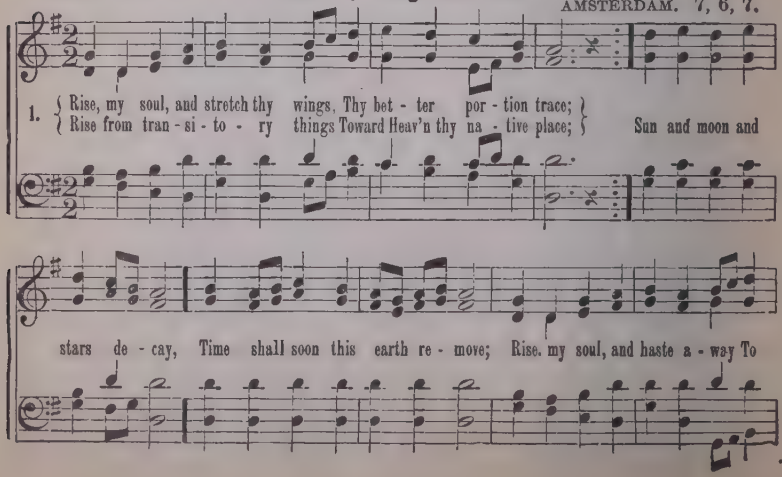
1 In Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His spirit does my heart inspire,
With boundless wishes large and high;
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is the source of all my bliss;
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother and my Friend;
On him alone I now depend.

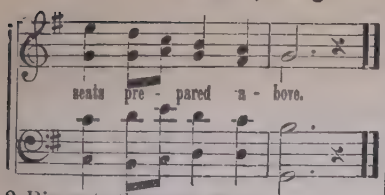
3 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my Salvation and my All,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

No. 326. Rise, my Soul.

AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7.


1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; } { Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward Heav'n thy na - tive place; } Sun and moon and
stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To

Rise, my Soul. Concluded.



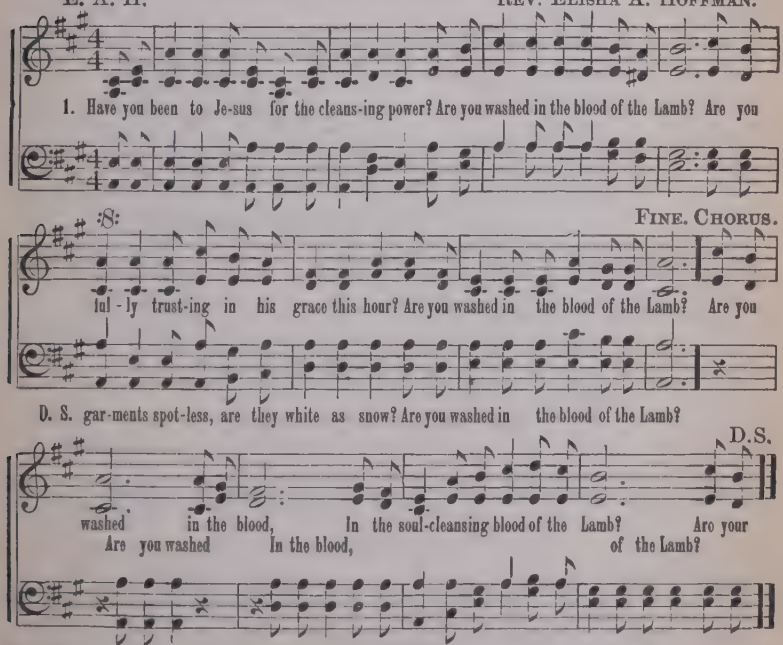
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

4 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home:
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

No. 327. Have you been to Jesus?

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.


1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing power? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
:S:
FINE. CHORUS.
ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
D. S. gar-ments spot-less, are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
D.S.
Are you washed In the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
Are you washed In the blood, of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side? [Lamb?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the
Do you rest each moment in the crucified? [Lamb?
Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

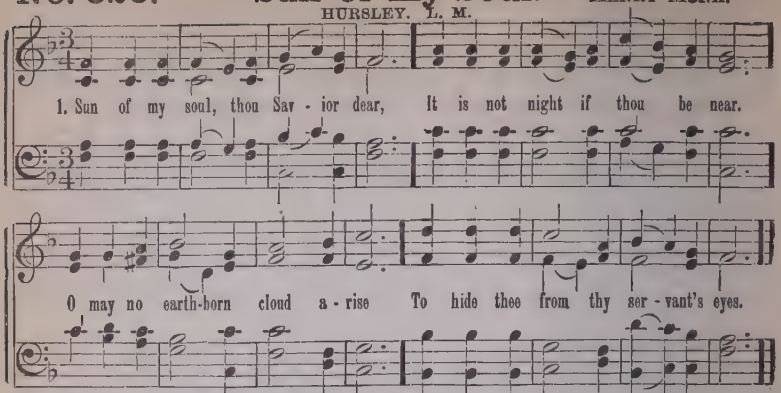
3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, [Lamb?
Pure and white in the blood of the
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be wash'd in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stain'd with sin, [Lamb:
And be wash'd in the blood of the
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, [Lamb:
Oh, be wash'd in the blood of the

By permission.

No. 328. Sun of my Soul. HENRY MONK.

HURSLEY. L. M.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near.
O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

No. 329. Sweet Savior, Bless Us.

1 Sweet Savior, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And thou has taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace have won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

No. 330. My Precious Lord.

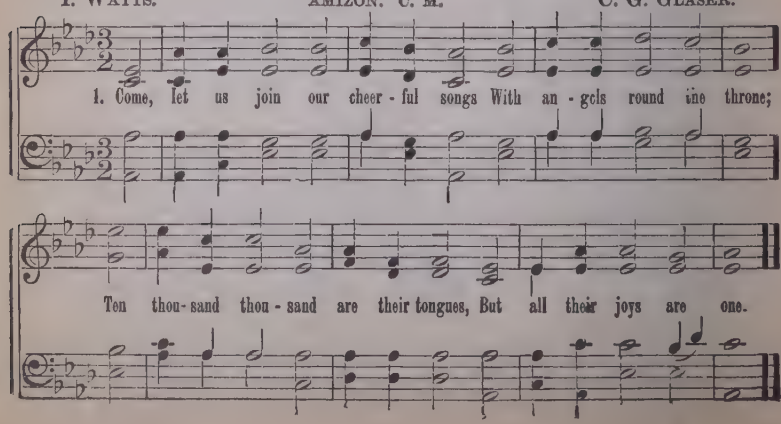
1 My precious Lord, for thy dear name
I bear the cross, despise the shame;
Nor do I faint, while thou art near;
I lean on thee; how can I fear?

2 No other name but thine is given
To cheer my soul, in earth or heaven;
No other wealth will I require;
No other friend can I desire,

3 Yea, into nothing would I fall
For thee alone, my all in all;
To feel thy love, my only joy,
To tell thy love my sole employ.

No. 331. Worthy the Lamb.

I. WATTS. AMIZON. C. M. C. G. GLASER.


1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne
And to adore the Lamb!

No. 332. Come, Let us Lift.

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by. I. WATTS.

No. 333. Oh, See how Jesus.

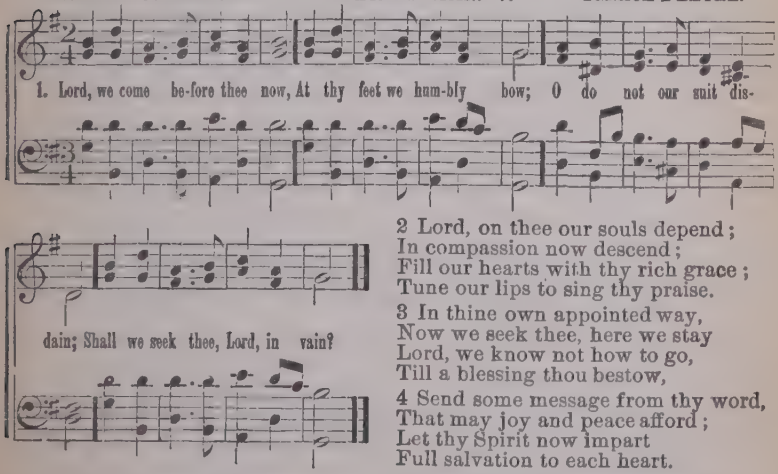
1 Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

2 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

3 Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old. FABER.

No. 334. Lord, We come before Thee.

WILLIAH HAMMOND. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7. IGNACE PLEYEL.



2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow,

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

No. 335. Heavenly Father.

1 Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear:
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

UNKNOWN.

No. 336. Christian Brethren.

1 Christian, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Tho' we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

No. 337. Give Me the Wings of Faith.

ISAAC WATTS. WALTER KITTRIDGE.

1
2
Give me the wings of faith, to rise With-in the vail, and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
CHORUS.
Man-y are the friends who are wait-ing to - day, Happy on the gold - en strand,
Man-y are the voic - es call-ing us a - way, To join their glo - rious band;
Rep. pp
Call-ing us a - way, Call-ing us a - way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vic'try came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb.—
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

No. 338. O Jesus, Sweet.

(For music see No. 145.)

1 O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on thee.

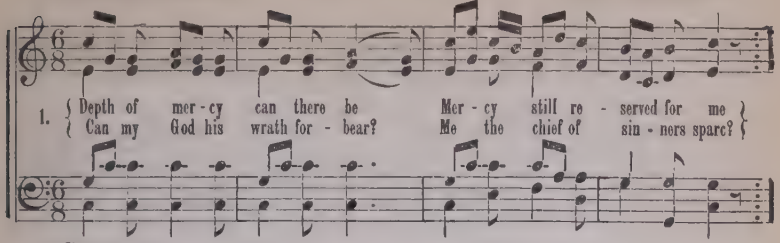
5 O Christ of God, O spotless Lamb,
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, forever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

6 In patient hope, the cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay; [spare,
And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt
On thy great judgment day.

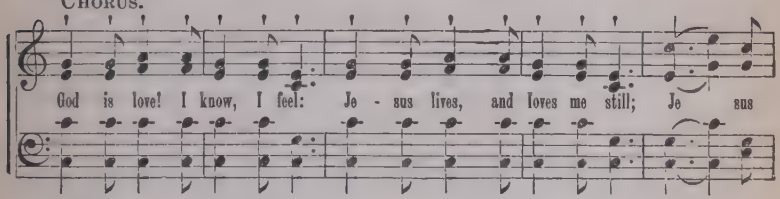
REV. RAY PALMER.

No. 339. Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY. From STEVENSON.



CHORUS.

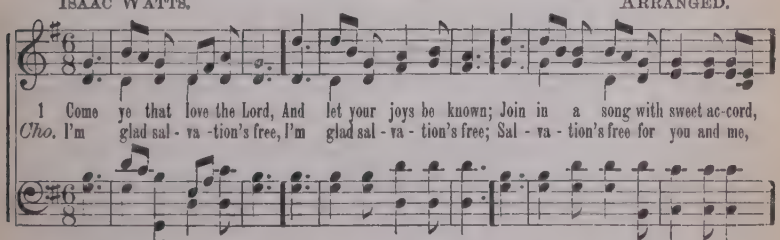


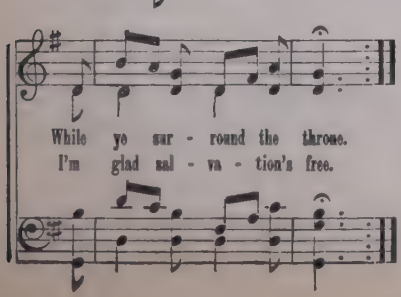
2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 340. Come ye that love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. ARRANGED.


1 Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
Cho. I'm glad sal - va -tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free; Sal - va - tion's free for you and me,



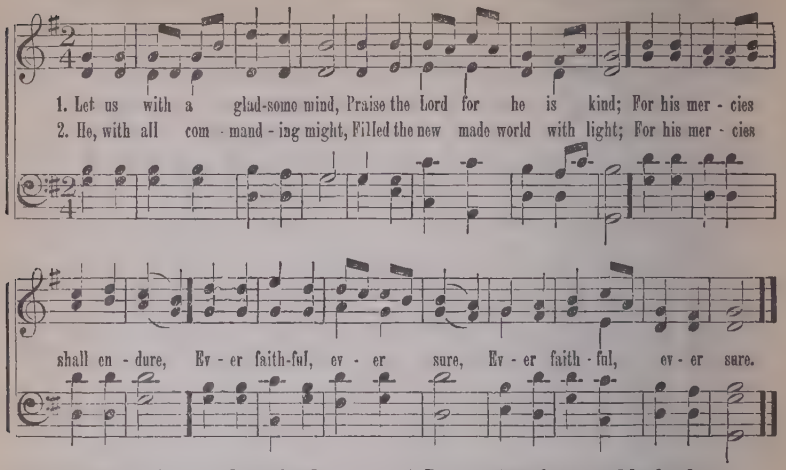
2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heav'nly King
May speak his praise abroad.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 341. Let us, with a Gladsome Mind.

JOHN MILTON. HENDON. 7. REV. CÆSAR MALAN.


1. Let us with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord for he is kind; For his mer - cies
2. He, with all com - mand - ing might, Filled the new made world with light; For his mer - cies
shall en - dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
‖: Ever faithful, ever sure. :‖

4 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies shall endure,
‖: Ever faithful, ever sure. :‖

No. 342. Holy, holy Lord.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,—
‖: Father, hallowed be thy name. :‖

2 Born anew, oh, may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal!
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame;
‖: Father, hallowed be thy name. :‖

3 When in want, or when in wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same,
‖: Father, hallowed be thy name. :‖

CONDER.

No. 343. Fount of Love.

1 Fount of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are—
Flowing purely from above,
‖: Beauty marks their course afar. :‖

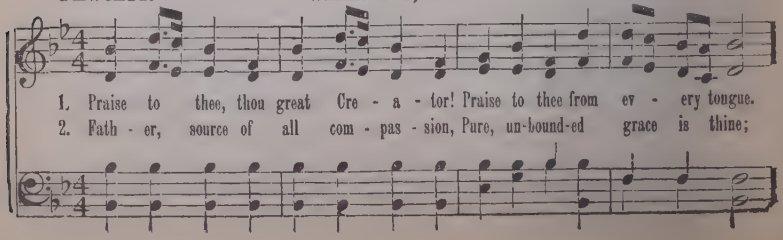
2 Lo! Thy church, thy garden, now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow:
‖: Mild, yet mighty, is thy power. :‖

3 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone;
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

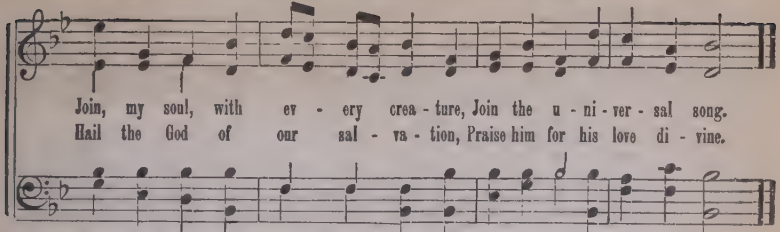
PALMER.

No. 344. Praise to Thee.

FAWCETT. WILMOT. 8, 7. VON WEBER.


1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev - ery tongue.
2. Fath - er, source of all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed grace is thine;

Praise to Thee. Concluded.



3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise:
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

No. 345. Worship, Honor, Glory.

1 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old, their thanks express-
Join, thy goodness to proclaim. [ing

2 As the hosts of Heaven adore thee,
We, too, bow before thy throne;
As the angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

No. 346. Blest be Thou, O God!

1 Blest be thou, O God of Israel!
Thou, our Father and our Lord!
Majesty is thine forever;
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Riches come of thee, and honor;
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

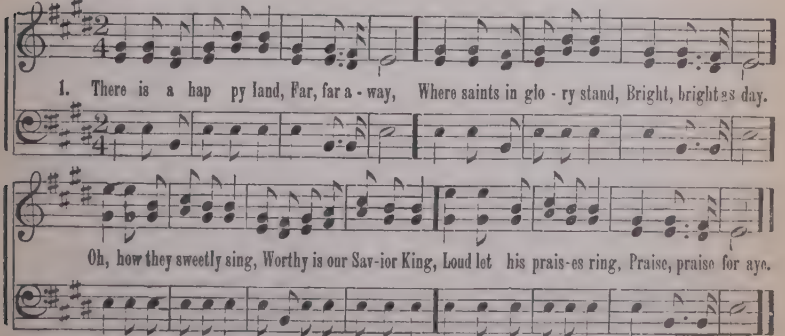
3 Lord, our God, for these thy bounties
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

No. 347. Praise the God.

1 Praise the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above;

2 Praise the fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

No. 348. There is a Happy Land.

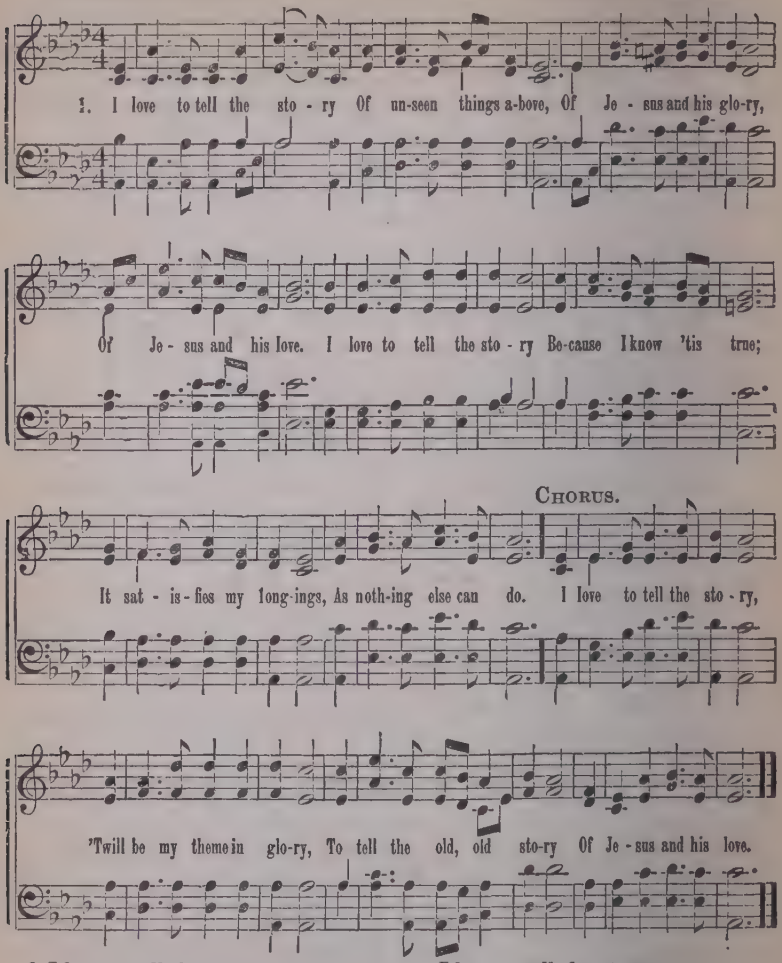

1. There is a hap py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Sav-ior King, Loud let his prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away.
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why, still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

No. 349. I love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and his glo-ry,
Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry Be-cause I know 'tis true;
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long-ings, As noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry,
'Twill be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je - sus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

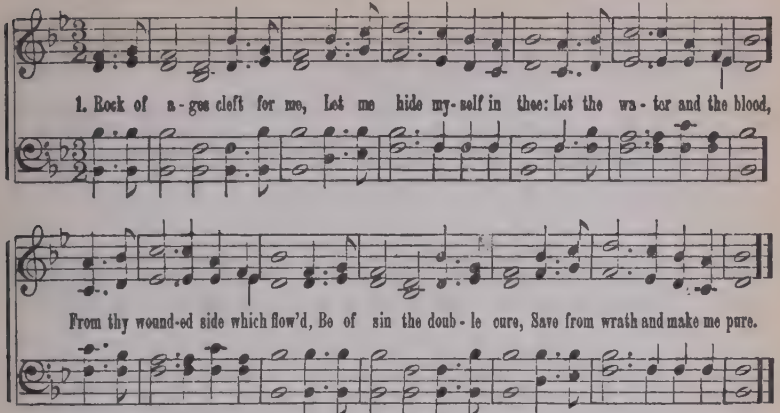
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

By permission.

No. 350. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. TOPLADY. 7, 6, L. THOS. HASTINGS.

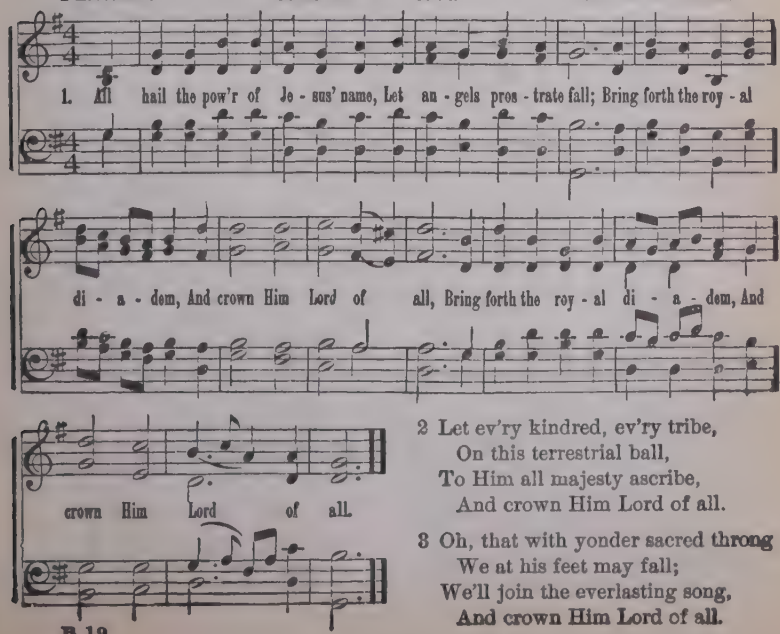

1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee: Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From thy wound-ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 351. All Hail the Power.

PERONET. CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN.

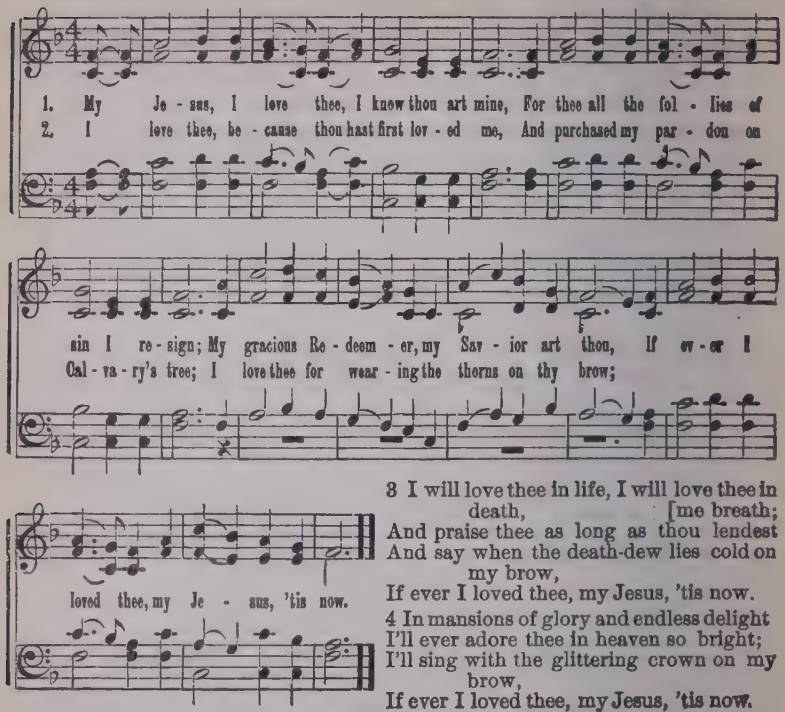

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 352. My Jesus, I love Thee.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. Gordon. By per.

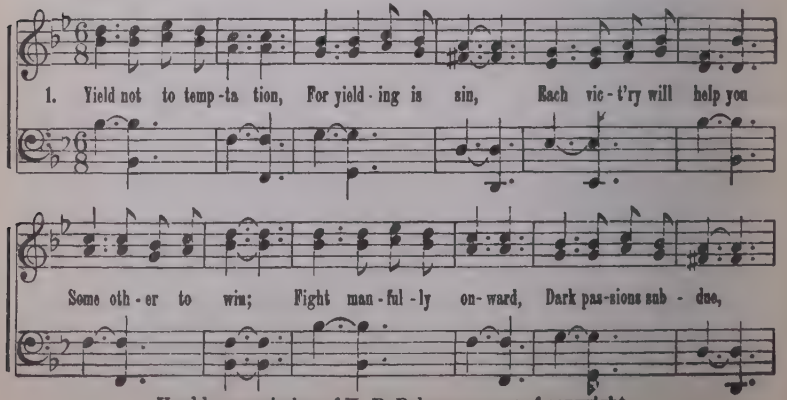

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the fol - lies of
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on
sin I re - sign; My gracious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art thou, If ev - er I
Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, [me breath;
And praise thee as long as thou lendest
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 353. Yield not to Temptation.

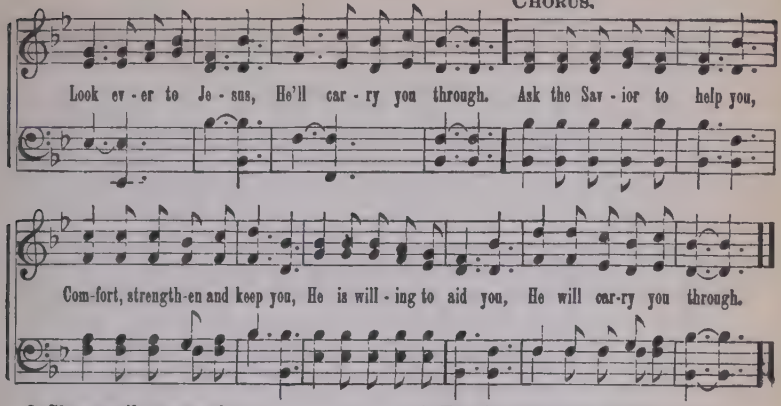
H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.


1. Yield not to temp - ta tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you
Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pas - sions sub - due,

Used by permission of H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

Yield not to Temptation. Concluded.

CHORUS.

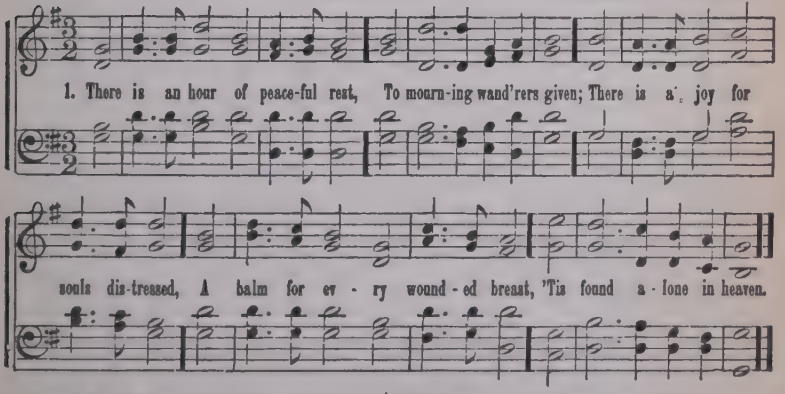

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Sav - ior to help you,
Com-fort, strength-en and keep you, He is will - ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Savior,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

No. 354. There is an Hour.

WOODLAND. C. M. NATHANIEL D. GOULD.


1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn-ing wand'rers given; There is a joy for
souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - ry wound - ed breast, 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

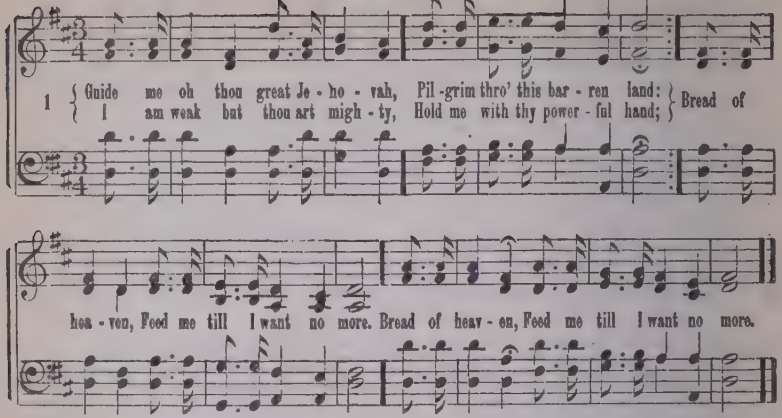
3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

No. 355. Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS. ZION. 8, 7, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1 Guide me oh thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
I am weak but thou art migh - ty, Hold me with thy power - ful hand;
Bread of
hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more. Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
‖: Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield. :‖

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
‖: Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. :‖

No. 356. Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded.

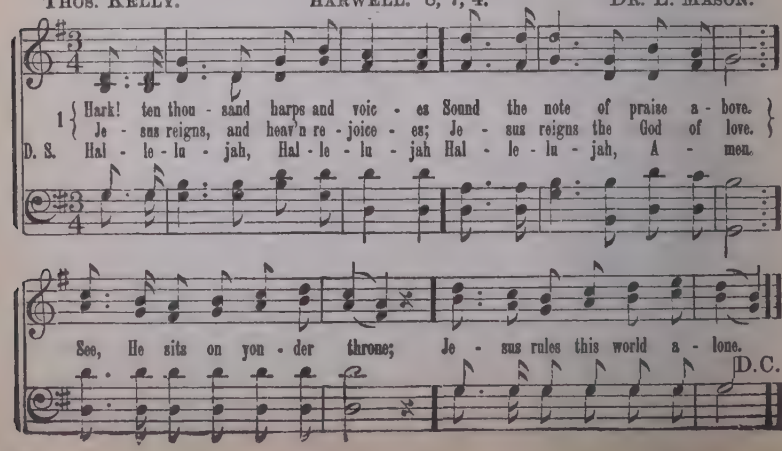
1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee.
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never case to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

No. 357. Hark ten Thousand.

THOS. KELLY. HARWELL. 8, 7, 4. DR. L. MASON.


1 Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove.
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joice - es; Je - sus reigns the God of love.
D. S. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules this world a - lone.
D.C.

Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, &c

3 Savior! hasten thine appearing,
Bring,—O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then with golden harps we'll sing
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, &c.

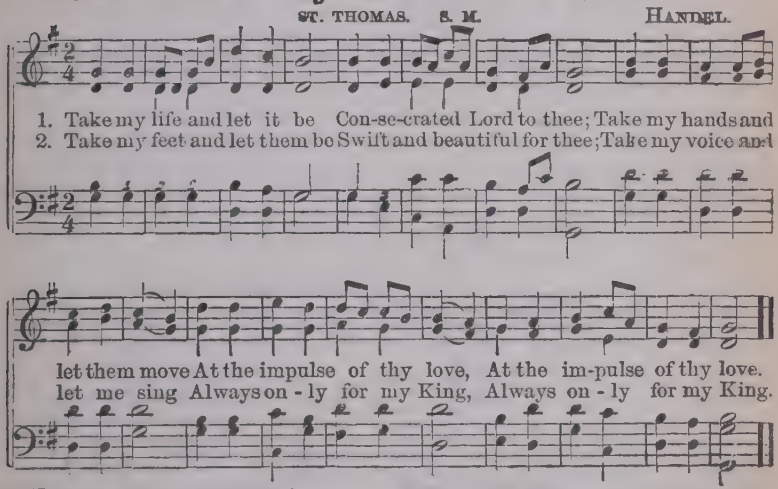
No. 358. Hark the Notes of Angels Singing.

1 Hark! the notes of angels, singing
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Savior's name;
Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

2 Filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.
Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His precious name;
Glory, honor, power and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

No.359. Take my Life and let it Be.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. HANDEL.


1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-crated Lord to thee; Take my hands and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee; Take my voice and
let them move At the impulse of thy love, At the im-pulse of thy love.
let me sing Always on - ly for my King, Always on - ly for my King.

3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

No. 360. Come, said Jesus. ANN L. BARBAULD

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

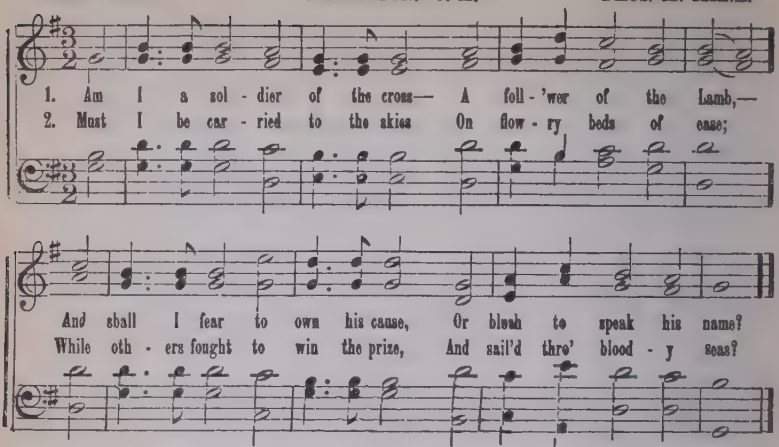
2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn.
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

No. 361. Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS. ARLINGTON. C. M. THOS. A. ARNE.

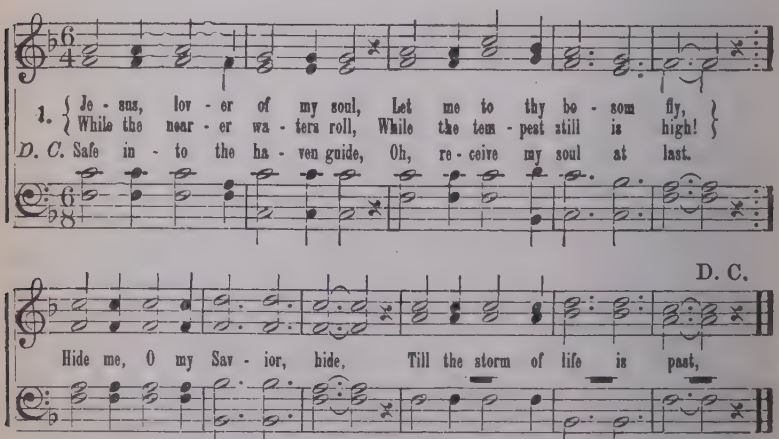

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ry beds of ease;
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 362. Jesus Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY. MARTYN. 7, D. S. B. MARSH.

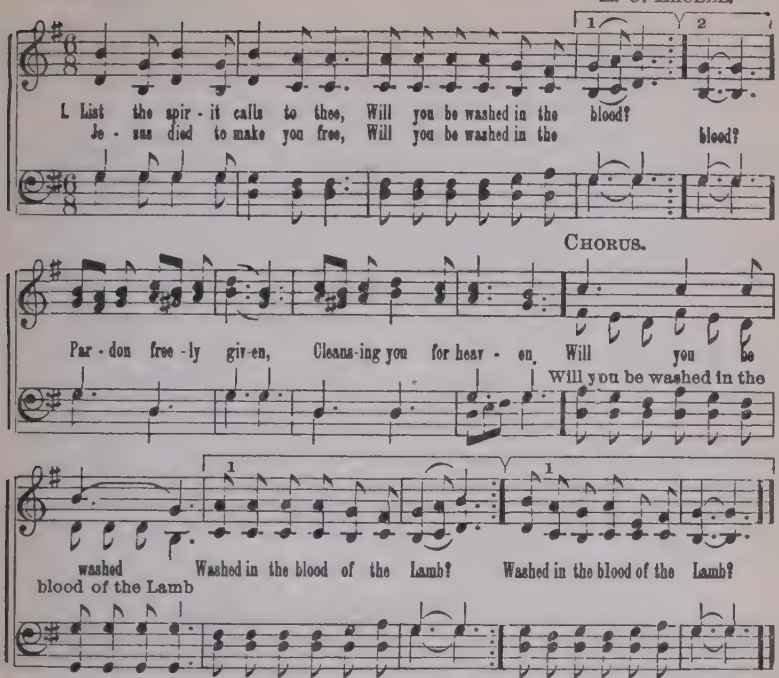

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
D. C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 363. Will You be Washed?

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.


1. List the spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
Chorus.
Par - don free - ly giv-en, Cleans-ing you for hear - en. Will you be
Will you be washed in the
washed Washed in the blood of the Lamb? Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
blood of the Lamb

2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Claim him as your Savior,
He can save forever. Cho.

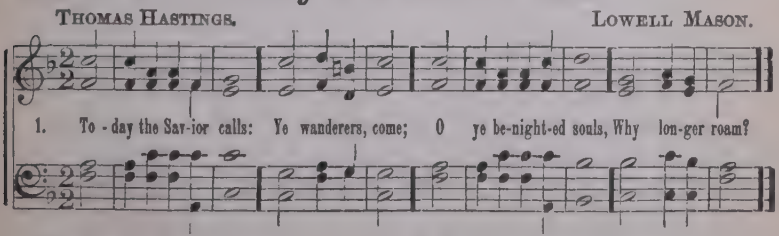
3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be washed in the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be washed in the blood?
You can know this hour
Of his dying power. Cho.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be washed in the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heav'n resounding. Cho.

Copyright 1880, by E. O. Excell.

No. 364. To-day the Savior calls.

Thomas Hastings. Lowell Mason.

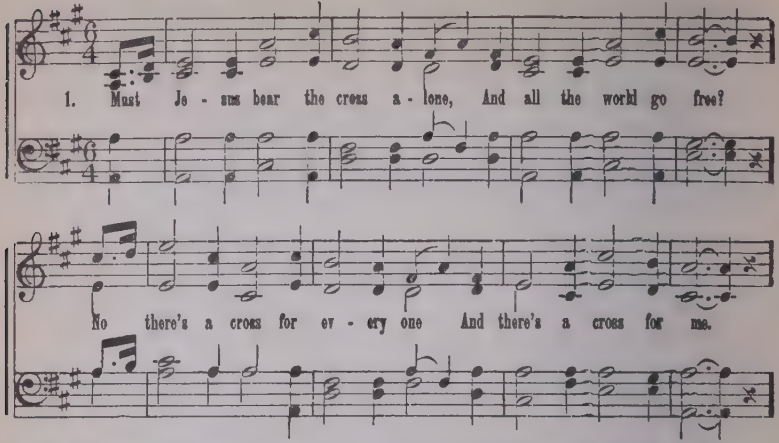


2 To-day the Savior calls:
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 The Spirit calls to day:
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 365. Must Jesus bear the Cross?

THOMAS SHEPHERD. MAITLAND. C. M. GEO. N. ALLEN.

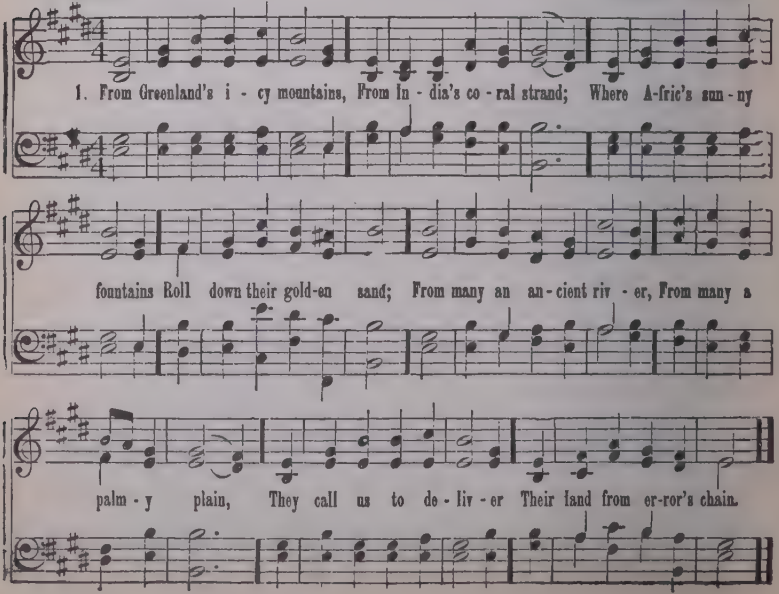


2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 366. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER. LOWELL MASON.


1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand; Where A-fric's sun - ny
fountains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a
palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.

From Greenland's Icy. Concluded.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 367. Jerusalem the Golden

1 Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed;
I know not, oh I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

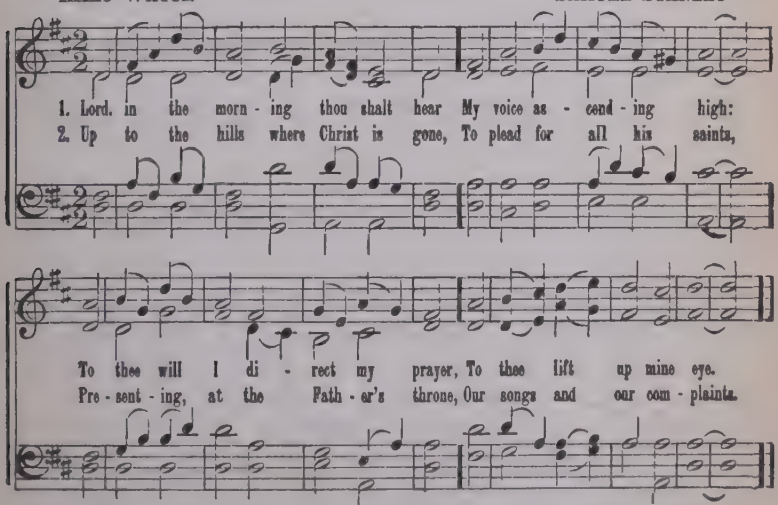
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Tr. by J. M. Neale.

No. 368. Warwick. C. M.

Isaac Watts. Samuel Stanley


1. Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high:
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all his saints,
To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
Pre - sent - ing, at the Fath - er's throne, Our songs and our com - plaints.

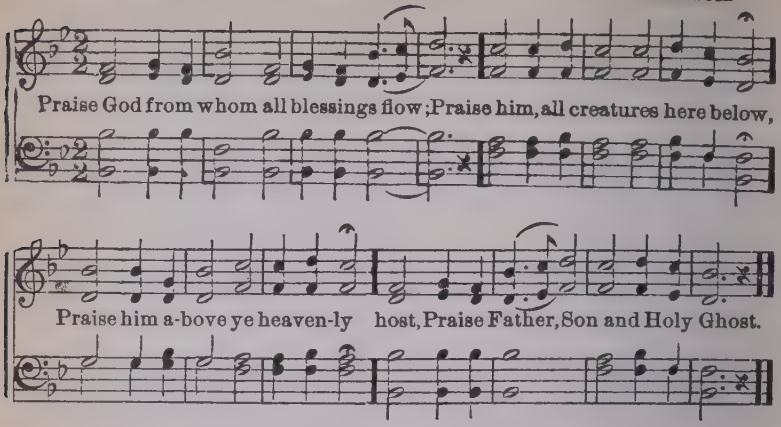
3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

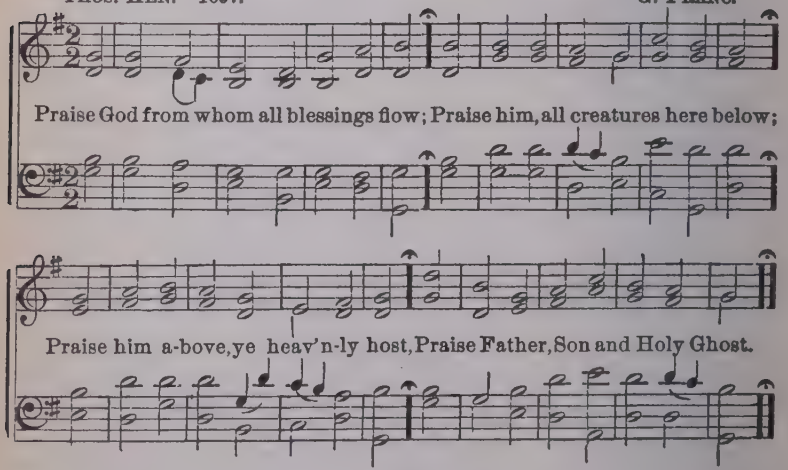
No. 369. Doxology. (SESSIONS.)

THOS. KEN. SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.

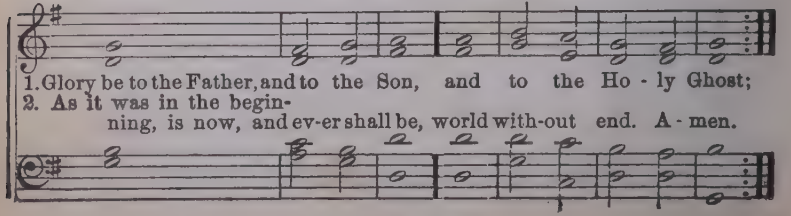

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him a-bove ye heaven-ly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

No. 370. Old Hundred. L. M.

THOS. KEN. 1697. G. FRANC.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

No. 371. Gloria Patri.


1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. As it was in the begin-
ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

INDEX.

Titles in CAPS. First Lines in SMALL CAPS.

NO.

A CHILD'S SERVICE 11
A GREAT FEAST IS READY 215
A GUILTY SINNER ONCE WAS I 43
ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR 63, 145
ALL GLORY TO JESUS 81
ALL FOR JESUS 14
ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS 351
ALL IS WELL 186
ALL, YES ALL, I GIVE TO JESUS 14
ALMOST 15
AM I A SOLDIER OF THE 49, 305, 361
ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE 298, 313
ASHAMED OF JESUS 172
A SINNER WAS WAND'RING 113
AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH 58
AS WE'VE SOWN SO SHALL WE REAP 219
AT JESUS FEET 3
AT THE CROSS 63
AWAKE, MY SOUL 107, 264

B EAUTIFUL CITY 68
BEHOLD A STRANGER 324
BE READY WHEN HE CALLS 137
BEYOND THE DARK MYSTERIOUS 6
BLESSED ASSURANCE 93
BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN 9
BLESS THE NAME OF CHRIST 226
BLESSED WAS THE LIFE OF JESUS 52
BLEST BE THOU, O GOD 346
BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW 297
BOUND FOR MANSIONS OF GLORY 198
BRIGHTEST AND BEST 222
BRINGING THE GOLDEN 198
BRINGING IN THE 74
BROTHER, MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS 114

C ALLING THE PRODIGAL 246
CALVARY 81
CHRISTIAN BRETHREN 336
CHRIST SHALL BE MY SONG 73
CHRIST THE FRIEND OF SINNERS 165
CLOSING SERVICES 260, 261
COME EVERY SOUL 191
COME, HE IS CALLING 28
COME, LET US JOIN 341
COME, LET US LIFT OUR 332
COME MY SOUL 319
COME, SAID JESUS 360
COME SINNER TO THE GOSPEL FEAST 55
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING 323
COME THOU FOUNT 168
COME, 'TIS YOUR SAVIOR CALLING 230
COME TO JESUS, SINNER, COME 230
COME TO JESUS 159
COME TO ME 129
COME TO THE SAVIOR NOW 55
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE 315
COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD 340
CONCERT READING (Psalms.)
PSALM 1 296
PSALM 23 294
PSALM 122 295

NO.

D EEP IS THE DARKNESS 186
DEPTH OF MERCY 339
DO WHAT IS NEXT TO THEE 127
DOWN AT THE CROSS 16
DOXOLOGY 94
DRAW THE LINE OF BATTLE 116
DREAMS OF GLORYLAND 144

E VERLASTING LIFE 22

F ATHER, BLESS US AS WE 153
FATHER, I AM WEAK 98
FATHER, I STRETCH MY HANDS 197
FATHER OF JESUS 305
FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS 200
FLEE AS A BIRD 47
FOLLOW ALL THE WAY 209
FORTH TO THE FIGHT 62
FOUNT OF LOVE 343
FOUNTAIN OF LOVE 304
FROM EVERY STORMY WIND 76, 94
FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNT 366
FULL AND COMPLETE 25

G ENTLY LORD No. 1 ..... 32, 312
GIVE ME THE WINGS OF FAITH 337
GLORY PATRI 371
GLORY IN THE CROSS 54
GLORY TO HIS NAME 161
GO AND FIND THE WANDERER 204
GO AND TELL THE STORY 23
GOD, HELP US AT ONCE 180
GOD IS CALLING THE PRODIGAL 246
GOD IS CALLING YET 162
GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD 320
GO, LABOR IN THE HARVEST FIELDS 193
GOOD NIGHT, WE WILL MEET IN THE 109
GUIDE ME 355

H AIL COLUMBIA 207
HAPPY DAY 173
HARK TEN THOUSAND 357
HARK, THE NOTES 358
HARK THERE'S A CALL 34
HAVEN OF LIFE 109
HAVE YOU BEEN TO JESUS? 327
HEAR THE GENTLE SHEPHERD 151
HEAVENLY FATHER 335
HE HAS COME 95
HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE 146
HE IS RISEN 194
HE LOVES ME 179
HERE STANDS THE CROSS 13
HE'S A DRUNKARD TONIGHT 100
HE WILL CALL ME BY AND BY 137
HO, EVERY ONE THAT IS THIRSTY 86
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY 268-342
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE 141
HOME, HOME 187, 203
HOMEWARD BOUND 192
HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS 277

NO.

HOW HAPPY THE CHILDREN 178
HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS 306
HO, YE WEARY 177

I AM GLAD THAT JESUS LOVES ME. 19
I AM A PILGRIM 199
I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB 121
I AM KNEELING AT THE MERCY 171
I AM PRESSING ON TO THE PRIZE 142
I AM WALKING WITH THE LORD 24
I CAME TO JESUS WITH MY SINS 56
I CANNOT DO GREAT THINGS FOR HIM .. 11
I COME TO THEE 1
I DO BELIEVE 197
IF I WERE A VOICE 110
IF YOU MEET A COMRADE 75
I HAVE HAD THE SWEETEST DREAMS 144
I HAVE HEARD OF A HOME 97
I HAVE OFTEN BEEN TOLD 96
I HAVE TOILED ALL NIGHT 174
I HEARD A VOICE 104
I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS 54
I JOURNEY TO A BETTER LAND 185
I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES. 303
I'LL BEAR THE CROSS 119
I'LL SING OF A STREAM 108
I'LL START FOR THE KINGDOM 40
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 349
I LOVE TO THINK OF THE RANSOMED 132
I'M GOING HOME 6
I MUST FIND CHRIST TO-NIGHT 189
IN A WORLD SO FULL OF WEEPING 124
IN CHRIST I'VE ALL 325
IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING 90
INQUIRING SOULS 160
IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE ... 101
IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS 67
IN THY LOVE 98
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? 61
IS THERE ONE PREPARED FOR ME? .. 39
I THINK WHEN I READ 242
I'VE A MESSAGE FROM THE LORD 126
I'VE BEEN REDEEMED 31
I WANT TO BE MORE 38
I WILL NOT FORGET THEE 190
I WONDER IF THERE'S ROOM 97

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME 33
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN 367
JESUS AND SHALL IT EVER BE 172
JESUS BIDS US SHINE 157
JESUS BLEST MANY LITTLE CHILDREN .. 178
JESUS DIED FOR ME 43
JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN 183
JESUS INVITES ME TO COME 117
JESUS IS CALLING 70
JESUS LISTENING 91
JESUS IS WAITING SO NEAR 28
JESUS' LITTLE LAMB 121
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL 5, 109, 362
JESUS MY SAVIOR 88
JESUS REDEEMER 136
JESUS SAVIOR 29
JESUS SHALL REIGN 316
JESUS THE TRUTH 156
JESUS, THY NAME I LOVE 322
JOYFULLY MARCH ALONG 168
JOY TO THE WORLD 301
JUST AS I AM 112-147
JUST AS THOU ART 21
JUST FOR HIS SAKE 174

KING OF KINGS 317

NO.

LAMP OF OUR FEET 51
LEAD ME GENTLY HOME 128
LEAD THE CHILDREN GENTLY .. 16
LEND A HAND 283
LET HIM IN 85
LET THE LITTLE ONES COME 242
LET THEM COME TO ME 151
LET THE MERRY CHURCH BELLS .. 182
LET US DO WHAT WE CAN 154
LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND .. 341
LIFE WORDS LOVE 52
LIFT UP THE CROSS 13
LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES 302
LILY OF THE VALLEY 29
LINGER WITH ME 130
LITTLE FEET MAY FIND THE PATHWAY .. 30
LITTLE ONES 30
LOOK AND LIVE 126
LORD, DISMISS US 259
LORD, I CARE NOT FOR RICHES 61
LORD, I HEAR OF SHOWERS 143
LORD, IN THE MORNING 368
LORD JESUS, I LONG TO BE 60
LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE 334
LOVING KINDNESS 264

MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS 114
MANSIONS ARE PREPARED ABOVE .. 39
MARCHING ON 102
MEET ME THERE 80
MID SCENES OF CONFUSION 203
MIGHTY GOD 314
MORE LIKE JESUS 38
MORE LOVE TO THEE 8
MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES 134
MUST I ALWAYS TOIL AND LABOR 140
MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS? ... 119-365
MY BOY HAS WANDERED 79
MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE 208
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE 321
MY GOD WILL SEND HIS ANGEL 82
MY GRACIOUS REDEEMER 307
MY HAPPY HOME 33
MY HOPE AND MY GLORY 24
MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE 352
MY PRAYER 200
MY PRECIOUS LORD 330

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE 125
NEARER THE CROSS 36
NOW BEGIN THE HEAVENLY THEME .. 2
NOW THE DAY IS OVER 167

O BRING YOUR BEST SONGS 20
OF HIM WHO DID SALVATION ... 57
OH COME TO THE FEAST 215
OH COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE 206
OH COULD I SPEAK 135
O HELP ME ON MY WAY 185
OH I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS 209
OH SEE HOW JESUS 333
OH STRIKE THE LOUD CYMBALS 176
OH WHAT SHALL WE BRING 41
O JESUS SWEET 338
OLD HUNDRED 370
ON CALVARY'S BROW 81
ONCE HE SAT UPON MY KNEE 118
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT .. 201
ONLY TRUST HIM 191
OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE 212
O NOW I SEE THE CRIMSON 164
ON THE GOLDEN SHORE 80
ON THE WAY 166
O SAY DO YOU KNOW 150
O THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME 103

NO.

O THE WORLD MUST BE CONQUERED 71
O SINNER COME 21
OUR SABBATH DWELLING 26
OUT WITH THE LIFE BOATS 92
OVERCOMERS 196
O WONDROUS CROSS 106
O WORK AND WAIT 37

PILGRIMS TO A BETTER 44
PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM 369, 370
PRAISE THE GOD 347
PRAISE THE LORD 7
PRAISE TO THEE 344
PRESSING ON 142
PRESS ME CLOSER 184
PRINCE OF PEACE 318

REDEEMING LOVE 2
RED, WHITE AND BLUE 206
REJOICE AND BE GLAD 155
REJOICE, REJOICE 168
REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING 299
REMEMBER, KEEP HOLY 75
REMEMBER ME, OH MIGHTY ONE 181

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

AS WE'VE SOWN SO SHALL WE REAP 220, 221
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES 273
CALLING THE PRODIGAL 247, 248
COME, 'TIS YOUR SAVIOR CALLING 231, 232
FOLLOW ALL THE WAY 210, 211
GLORIA PATRI 274
HOLY, HOLY 268
HOLY SPIRIT 275
HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS 258
LEND A HAND 234, 235
LET THE LITTLE ONES COME 243, 244, 245
LOVING KINDNESS 264
O, COME TO THE FEAST 216, 217, 218
OPEN THE DOOR 213, 214
REVIVE US AGAIN 256
SAINTS IN GLORY 228, 229
STAR OF THE EAST 223
TELL IT OUT 250, 251, 252
THEY ARE COMING 225, 226
VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED 240, 241
WE'LL BE GATHERED HOME 237, 238
WHAT A FRIEND 254
1ST RESPONSE (AFTER PRAYER) 288
2ND RESPONSE " " 289
3RD RESPONSE (AFTER PRAYER) 290
4TH RESPONSE " " 291
5TH RESPONSE " " 292
6TH RESPONSE " " 293

RESPONSIVE SERVICES (Psalms).

PSALM 19 282
PSALM 46 283
PSALM 51 284
PSALM 66 266
PSALM 67 280
PSALM 54 278
PSALM 86 281
PSALM 96 279
PSALM 100 271
PSALM 103 272
PSALM 116 276
PSALM 121 277
PSALM 122 267
PSALM 130 268
PSALM 136 269
PSALM 150 270
RETURN MY SOUL 311
REVIVE US AGAIN 255
RING ON, RING ON 50
RING, RING, BEAUTIFUL BELLS 10
RING THE BELLS 152
RISE MY SOUL 326
ROCK OF AGES 105, 350

SAINTS IN GLORY 227
SATAN TARES IS SOWING 85
SAVE THE BOY 118
SAVIOR LIKE A SHEPHERD 123
SAVIOR, WASH ME IN THE BLOOD 87
SAY, IS YOUR LAMP BURNING? 175
SEEKING FOR ME 88
SHALL WE LICENSE THE SALE 180
SHEAF AND CROWN 20
SILENTLY THE SHADES OF 66
SILENT NIGHT 195
SING HOSANNA 78
SING THE TUNEFUL LAY 156
SINNER, TURN 59
SLEEP MY LITTLE ONE, SLEEP 69
SOLDIERS IN THE SAVIOR'S 64
SOLDIERS TO THE WAR 71
SOMEWHERE TO-NIGHT 100
SO NEAR THE DOOR 15
SONG OF THE CROSS 205
SOUND THE BATTLE CRY 84
SOWING AND REAPING 140
SOWING IN THE MORNING 74
STAND BY THE HOME 154
STAR OF HOPE 48
STAR OF THE EAST 222
SUFFER THE CHILDREN 117
SUN OF MY SOUL 328
SWEET IS THE PROMISE 190
SWEET IS THE WORK 310
SWEET SAVIOR BLESS US 329

TAKE DOWN THE RUSTY SICKLE 12
TAKE MY LIFE AND LET 259
TELL IT ALL TO JESUS 115
TELL IT OUT 249
TELL ME MORE OF JESUS 99
TEN COMMANDMENTS 285
THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM 108
THAT JOYFUL SONG 132
THAT OLD, OLD STORY 111
THE APOSTLES' CREED 287
THE BEACON LIGHT 77
THE BELLS OF CONSCIENCE 170
THE BIBLE 51
THE BIRDS ARE SINGING 72
THE BUDS ARE BURSTING 46
THE CHILDREN'S SABBATH 89
THE CLEANSING BLOOD 17
THE CONSCIENCE OF 170
THE CRIMSON STREAM 17
THE GOOD OLD WAY 160
THE GRAND JUBILEE 176
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN 309
THE LORD'S PRAYER 286
THE MERCY SEAT 76
THE MODEL CHURCH 158
THE MORNING LIGHT 149
THE OLD AND THE NEW HOME 103
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN 87-131
THERE IS A HAPPY LAND 343
THERE IS AN HOUR 334
THERE IS MUCH WE CAN DO 82
THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU 122
THERE'S A FRIEND 53
THERE'S A QUESTION 202
THERE'S A STRANGER AT THE DOOR 85
THERE'S A WONDERFUL STORY 111
THE ROLL CALL 42
THE RUSTY SICKLE 12

	No.
THE SINNER AND THE SONG	113
THE SWEETEST VOICE	104
THE TRUE EASTER	50
THE VOWS OF GOD	18
THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY	96
THEY ARE COMING	224
THOU ART MY SHEPHERD	139
THOU ART MY STRENGTH	1
THOU DEAR REDEEMER	73
THOUGH TRIALS OFT BESET ME	82
THREADING THE WAY	166
THROUGH THE LOVE OF GOD	186
THY SAINTS ALL STAND	227
T'IS SWEET IN THE TRIALS	198
T'IS THE GRANDEST THEME	146
TO-DAY AT THE FEET	25
TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS	364
TO GOD THE FATHER'S THRONE	300
TO JESUS THE CROWN	308
TWILIGHT LIGHT IS	65
UNDER THE CROSS	5
VOLUNTEERS ARE WANTED	239
WAITING FOR YOU AND ME	150
WAIT MY SOUL UPON THE	58
WALK IN THE LIGHT	49
WARWICK	368
WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS	184
WE ARE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	138
WE ARE MARCHING ON	102
WE ARE OUT UPON THE OCEAN	192
WE ARE PILGRIMS	44
WEARY SOUL BY SIN OPPRESSED	129
WEIGHED BY THY LOVE	127
WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE	127
WE'LL BE GATHERED HOME	286
WE'LL BE RIGHT INSTEAD OF	188
WE'LL MEET AGAIN	45
WE'LL MEET IN THE MORNING	169
WELL, WIFE, I'VE FOUND	158
WE LOVE OUR HOME	26
WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD	148, 255
WHAT A FRIEND	254
WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOR	56
WHAT SHALL WE BRING	41
WHAT WILL THE ENDING BE	133
WHEN I CAN READ	91
WHEN I SURVEY	106
WHEN THE HEART GROWS	115
WHEN THE MISTS	4
WHEN THE REAPERS COME	85
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED	42
WHEN STORMS AROUND YOU	181
WHEN WE COME TO THY	153
WHERE ART THOU STEERING	77
WHERE SHALL MY WANDERING	165
WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING	124
WHITER THAN SNOW	60
WHOSOEVER WILL	177
WHO, WHO IS HE?	190
WHY ART THOU CHOOSING	133
WHY KEEP JESUS WAITING?	27
WILL IT PAY?	202
WILL YOU BE WASHED?	363
WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE	188
WORK ON	87
WORSHIP, HONOR, GLORY	345
WORTHY THE LAMB	331
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION	352
YONDER A VESSEL	92
YOU ASK ME TO LEAVE	40
ZION STANDS	300

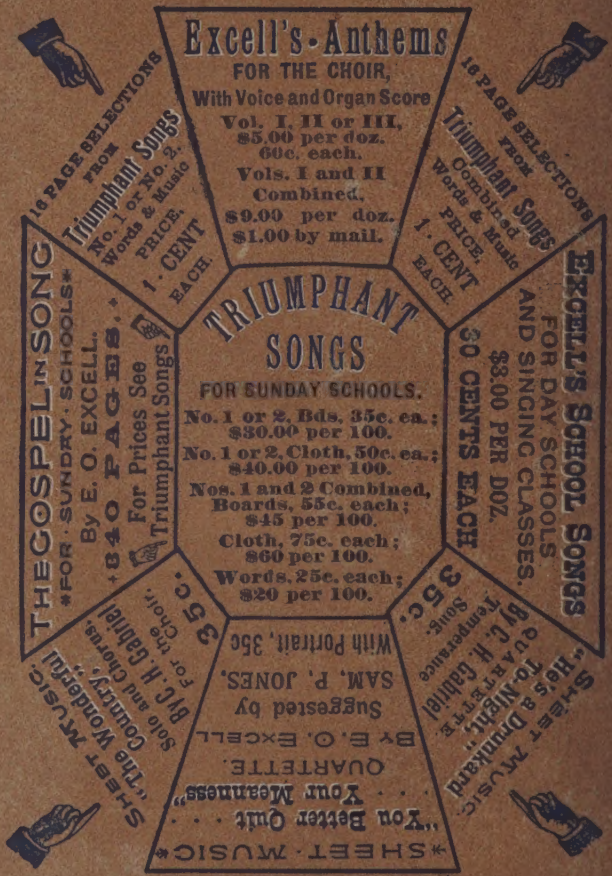
EXCELL'S ANTHEMS

FOR THE CHOIR.

Vol. 1, $5.00 per doz.; 60c. each by mail.
Vol. 2, $5.00 per doz.; 60c. each by mail.
Vol. 3, $5.00 per doz.; 60c. each by mail.
Vols. 1 and 2 combined, $9.00 per doz.; $1.00 each by mail.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

E. O. EXCELL, Publisher,
Lakeside Building, Cor. Clark and Adams Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.


Excell's-Anthems
FOR THE CHOIR,
With Voice and Organ Score
Vol. I, II or III,
$5.00 per doz.
60c. each.
Vols. I and II
Combined,
$9.00 per doz.
$1.00 by mail.
16 PAGE SELECTIONS FROM Triumphant Songs No. 1 or No. 2. Words & Music PRICE, 1 CENT EACH.
16 PAGE SELECTIONS FROM Triumphant Songs Combined Words & Music PRICE 1 CENT EACH
THE GOSPEL IN SONG
FOR SUNDRY SCHOOLS
By E. O. EXCELL.
240 PAGES.
For Prices See Triumphant Songs
TRIUMPHANT SONGS
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.
No. 1 or 2, Bds. 35c. ea.; $30.00 per 100.
No. 1 or 2, Cloth, 50c. ea.; $40.00 per 100.
Nos. 1 and 2 Combined, Boards, 55c. each; $45 per 100.
Cloth, 75c. each; $60 per 100.
Words, 25c. each; $20 per 100.
EXCELL'S SCHOOL SONGS
FOR DAY SCHOOLS AND SINGING CLASSES.
$3.00 PER DOZ.
30 CENTS EACH
35c.
SHEET MUSIC
"He's a Drunkard To-Night"
QUARTETTE
By C. H. Gabriel
Temperance Song.
35c.
SHEET MUSIC
"The Wonderful Solo and Chorus,
"Your Country,"
By C. H. Gabriel
For the Choir.
35c.
SHEET MUSIC
"Your Better Quit . . . Your Meanness"
QUARTETTE.
By E. O. EXCELL
Suggested by SAM. P. JONES.
With Portrait, 35c

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

E. O. EXCELL.

LAKESIDE BLDG. CHICAGO. ILL.